"FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS' REWARD," THE STORY OF A BOY'S DARING, BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE

CHICAGO LEDGER

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By Emma Howard Wight.

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Sailing afar on the Slumberland Sea,
Leaving her playthings, her daddy and me,
Into the dusk like a drowsy gull's flight,
Goes Little Dear One when falleth the night.
Silver star beacons, in Heaven a-shine,
Watch o'er this dimpled, dear sailor of mine.

Out from the candle-lit harbor of Home,
Lulled by the rock-a-by billows of foam,
Over fair gardens of coral and pearl,
Safe past the pool where the mist fairies whirl;
Zephyrs of Dreamland, the course for her keep—
Little Dear One in the shallop of Sleep.

Flushes again the bright magic of morn,
Pink as the petals of roses new born;
See, from the mist wreaths that flee from the sun
Glideth the shallop of Little Dear One!
Homeward she's sailing, my baby, to me—
Back o'er that mystical Slumberland Sea.

—DAISY D. STEPHENSON *in People's Home Journal.*

The Uselessness of Worrying

IT BRINGS the question of where continual worry will drive one rather close to home when the only reason her friends can give for the recent suicide of a well-known actress is that she worried herself into a fit of temporary insanity.

What kind of worry, you ask. Vaguely comes the answers Possible failure of a starring tour. Worry over money matters. Worry over this and that. Yet, if you say, "Had any one of these disasters actually occurred?" you hear the hesitating "No! But then she was so nervous and worried so."

A man who was dying left this message for his family:

"My sons, I have spent much of my life worrying over troubles which never happened!"

I have often wondered if these sons were clever enough to understand what a marvelous comprehensive legacy and life policy were contained in that one sentence.

Even a fool can often give good advice, but only a wise man is ever guided by it.

Distinguished foreigners often make observations in regard to our national characteristics which are so painfully true that we resent them. One recently said that as a nation we all look worried.

Well, we do. The first lines to come to a woman's face are not the dreaded crow's feet. They are lines of worry in the forehead. Of course, at first, these smooth out when she smiles. But soon they become furrows.

If you don't believe this, put the light as high as you can and sit under it. A ceiling light throws all the lines in the human face into prominence. (N. B.—Beauties please take notice. Avoid sitting beneath a light if you care to retain the look of youth.)

The deepest lines thus brought out will be in the forehead. Next comes one from the nose to the lip.

Now most lines come either from ill health or discontent. Foreigners delight in saying that we are a race of dyspeptics. From that it is an easy jump to land on our poor cooks. But I don't admit this. We may have poor cooks. In fact, I have eaten a lot of their stuff. We also admit dyspepsia as our national ailment, along with the eagle as our national emblem, the stars and stripes as our flag, and Uncle Sam as our coat-of-arms—the Yankee rampant.

Then, along with this, we say what we worry because we have dyspepsia. I don't believe it. We have dyspepsia because we worry.

Who could digest even an infant's food tablet with the ordinary conversation we get at the table? People will relate the horrors of a railway accident with the soup; those of an automobile disaster with the fish; work up to the servant question with the roast, and discuss the President's message with the dessert—all topics calculated to upset your digestion and bring a scowl to your brow.

Then, along comes a would-be reformer, who suggests a remedy by saying, "Let's organize a 'Don't Worry Club.'"

Fiddle-de-dee! What woman ever stopped worrying because her husband said, "Don't worry, dear." The negative never rouses. Discontent needs something positive.

For example, to start your mind in a new groove, I would suggest the formation of a club to promote the saying of diverting things. A club to dispense laughter. An hour set apart wherein everything said must needs be your best attempt at being funny. Of course, in some people this would drive you to tears. But there are others who know how to make people laugh. And, oh, the bliss of meeting them now and then along life's way.

If you once make up your mind that worry not only destroys your health, but robs you of your good looks, and if you determine to say at least one thing to make each person you meet laugh you will have solved not only the problem of your nervous and dyspeptic ailments, but you will have started to stem the tide of opinion that Americans are a race who love to worry.

M. K. D.

Another Historical Novel for You

AFTER we had published the concluding installment of "Lazarre, the Lost King," several weeks ago a good many readers wrote in to ask us to run another novel in the same vein. As it happened, we had it on tap in "On Black Hawk's Trail" and it will start in the next issue of the Ledger, dated February 9. Black Hawk, it will be remembered, was a great Indian chief and he fought bitterly the encroachment of the whites in an effort to hold the lands of his tribe. The story is historically true and correct, and among other noted personages who figure in it is Abraham Lincoln. Just now the Nation is thinking a great deal of Lincoln and anything concerning his life should prove of interest. We liked this story of pioneer days and we hope you will. It is teeming with thrills and adventures and the young folks as well as their elders should enjoy following it from week to week.

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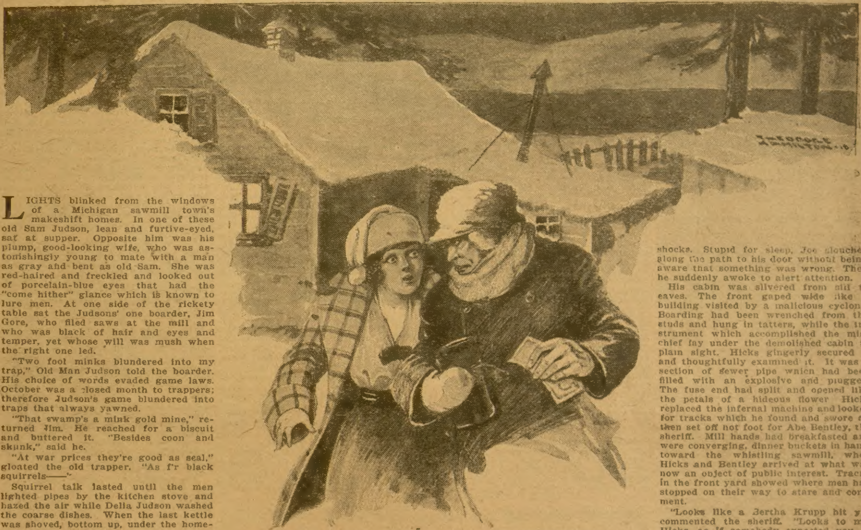
Which Man Shall Pay?

By Mason Ray



"Sam's Out of Jail," She Told Him. "He Mustn't Know About the Divorce or Our Marriage. He Will Kill Us Both."

It was up to a woman to decide the question. Her husband or her lover? Which? She made her decision Would you have done it in the way she did?

LIGHTS blinked from the windows of a Michigan sawmill town's makeshift homes. In one of these old Sam Judson, lean and furtive-eyed, sat at supper. Opposite him was his plump, good-looking wife, who was astonishingly young to mate with a man as gray and bent as old Sam. She was red-haired and freckled and looked out of porcelain-blue eyes that had the "come hither" glance which is known to lure men. At one side of the rickety table sat the Judsons' one boarder, Jim Gore, who filed saws at the mill and who was black of hair and eyes and temper, yet whose will was mush when the right one led.

"Two fool minks blundered into my trap," Old Man Judson told the boarder. His choice of words evaded game laws. October was a closed month to trappers; therefore Judson's game blundered into traps that always yawned.

"That swamp's a mink gold mine," returned Jim. He reached for a biscuit and buttered it. "Besides coon and skunk," said he.

"At war prices they're good as seal," gloated the old trapper. "As f'r black squirrels——"

Squirrel talk lasted until the men lighted pipes by the kitchen stove and hazed the air while Delia Judson washed the coarse dishes. When the last kettle was shoved, bottom up, under the homemade sink, she carried the pan of dishwater to the back door and almost drenched with it a man who was about to enter.

"Why, it's Joe!" she exclaimed. "Here's Joe Hicks with a mess o' fish!"

Instantly Old Man Judson was on his feet.

"Keep out o' here, d—n you," he yelled at the squint-eyed, slack-built figure in the doorway, who carried in both hands a pan piled with fresh-caught perch. "You've been warned. Last time you come slinking with trash I told you never to show your face in my house. You ain't wanted."

"You're mad about that gossips' talk," said Hicks. "It were a lie. I never said it. I ain't such a fool. Delia knows——"

What Delia knew died in his throat. At the name Jim Gore was upon him, seized the fish, pan and all, and threw them in his face

"Now, git!" advised Jim. "Scoot!"

The act was so sudden Hicks reeled back into the night, concluded to take the hint and started for Bender's saloon, where he might cut into a game of penny-ante and forget the insult.

"You ill-mannered brutes!" Delia lectured her husband and the boarder. "That's a fierce way to treat a man, even if he's lied about." She was red with anger and her eyes snapped. "Suppose people talk, who's to blame? He ain't and I ain't. Next time Joe comes you'd better treat him decent."

"Next time he comes," threatened Judson, "I'll kill him."

Without a word in reply his angry wife opened the stair door and went aloft to the room where she slept. In her narrow bed under the sloping roof her resentful mind dwelt on the incident. Judson was ridiculous. He was becoming crazed by jealousy. Because town gossips quoted Hicks as boasting of his friendship for her, Judson publicly declared he would kill him. Now he repeated the threat at his fireside.

"Sam's always shooting off his mouth," Delia told a news-bearing neighbor, "but he's too big a coward to shoot off a gun. It's just hot air."

But as Delia lay tossing in bed that night she thought of Gore's onslaught with apprehension. Jim was big and shy and slow—the sort not to be trifled with. And, during his long stay in their home, an understanding had grown up between them that made her dread Jim's antagonism to Hicks far more than Judson's senile spite. This occupied her troubled mind until she heard Judson drop his boots, one after the other, as he discarded them. She heard him enter his small room next the kitchen, after placing his worn, "run-over" foot-rig by the stove to dry out the swamp ooze. Later the boarder's heavy tread crossed the rag-carpeted parlor to his own apartment. She heard his door close. After that she slept and dreamed of the wretched, over-populated home she had shared as a child.

In her teens she had been too boy-crazy for safety, therefore her poverty-ridden parents urged her marriage to Judson. His wife had died and left him with an embarrassing number of half-grown children. He needed a hired girl, but this luxury was beyond his means even if one might be found willing to care for his household. So he, being 50 years of age, married Delia, who was exactly 16.

She seemed to him more like his daughter than a wife, and her heedlessness exasperated him to violence. He beat her indiscriminately with his unruly youngsters, until they grew up and departed and Delia mentally grew up and seized the household reins and her own freedom. This was a hideous period of brutal treatment and scant food. Her babes died at birth. Finally she began to take boarders. Afterward the Judson table was bountifully supplied, whereupon the half-starved girl began to blossom into delayed beauty. She moreover developed will power, and her elemental character took permanent form and hardened into something beyond Old Man Judson's reach. In dreams she was now dressing in her cotton wedding gown for that long ago burlesque marriage, when something roused her.

A door opened, but did not shut. It was the boarder's door, and his heavy tread once more crossed the small parlor. There was silence save for wind whining about the eaves. It lulled Delia into dreamless sleep.

Back of town at the saloon card table Hicks chanced to win, and became absorbed in the game. The magic cards were shuffled and dealt and played, until the bracket lamp above the gamblers' heads burned low. Yet Dugan thumbed out another deal, and as he dealt there came to their ears a queer, distant, explosive sound.

"If steam was up," observed Hank Rogers, "I'd say that noise was a busting boiler in the tug. It's rusted to rags. Been expecting it to rip wide open."

Again poker claimed their attention. It was gray dawn when Hicks shambled homeward to his cabin in front of his truck patch. Truck gardening was Hicks' leisurely avocation, but now frosts had blighted even the weeds while corn stalks stood in evenly spaced shocks. Stupid for sleep, Joe slouched along the path to his door without being aware that something was wrong. Then he suddenly awoke to alert attention.

His cabin was slivered from sill to eaves. The front gaped wide like a building visited by a malicious cyclone. Boarding had been wrenched from the studs and hung in tatters, while the instrument which accomplished the mischief lay under the demolished cabin in plain sight. Hicks gingerly secured it and thoughtfully examined it. It was a section of sewer pipe which had been filled with an explosive and plugged. The fuse end had split and opened like the petals of a hideous flower Hicks replaced the infernal machine and looked for tracks which he found and swore at, then set off not foot for Abe Bentley, the sheriff. Mill hands had breakfasted and were converging, dinner buckets in hand, toward the whistling sawmill, when Hicks and Bentley arrived at what was now an object of public interest. Tracks in the front yard showed where men had stopped on their way to stare and comment.

"Looks like a Bertha Krupp hit ye," commented the sheriff. "Looks to me, Hicks, as if somebody expected you to stay home nights and get it in the neck."

He fingered the twisted sewer pipe with interest.

"Nifty little cannon," said he. Then he eyed Hicks. "Who made it and who fired it?" he asked. "Any idear?"

Hicks stooped and lifted the board he had placed over certain tracks. They were peculiar tracks. The maker of them had been shod in boots with run-over heels. Hicks pointed at them with a shaking finger.

"Find that shoe," said he, "and you've got the bomb maker." His lean hands clinched into vindictive fists as he eagerly watched the sheriff's expression.

"Lots of folks might wear sidling boots," Abe reminded him. "F'r instance a friend might borry 'em with or without the owner's knowledge or consent."

He paused and studied Joe as if he would read unspoken thoughts. Both men guessed who had worn the run-over footwear. Moreover, Bentley had heard the village talk and knew the motive. To his mind the bombarding of Hicks' shanty was a clear case, and he rejoiced. Since his election he had been unsuccessful in connecting a criminal with his crime, and voters were grumbling. In order to be re-elected he must make a showing. This was his chance. All he needed in this case was the silent evidence of that ill-shaped boot.

"Sam had it in for me," said Hicks, naming the man in the sheriff's thoughts. "He thinks I'm after his wife; and she's his chance of free vittles and a roof while he loafs and traps. He thinks she's his chattel, like a horse, and the old duffer's jealous. I'm sorry for Delia. Sometimes I've took her a treat—maple sugar, or green corn, or a mess of beans. Last night it was fish. They made Sam mad. He swore and said fish was good bait, suckers especial. Threatened to kill me. Then Gore butted in. 'Told me to git and threw the fish in my face.'" At this remembrance Hicks pulled out a grimy bandanna and wiped his visage as if fish slime still trickled down his cheeks.

"Just so," said Bentley. "You see you

went where you wan't welcome. Poor judgment. Now you just watch them tracks while I hunt the boot what made 'em. It might git burned, or buried, or lost. So you keep them marks till I make an impression of them. They're important evidence. And they're all the evidence we've got."

The sheriff hurried out of the foot-tramped yard and hurried along the sawdust road that, further lakeward, became a village street. Two women with shawl-covered heads stood before a gate talking. Bentley heard the name Judson. As he passed the spot the women nodded him a greeting, but their eyes burned with unappeased curiosity. He knew they watched him till he reached the cabin he sought and rapped at the battened door. Then when Delia Judson appeared at his knock, he saw by her expression that she, too, knew of the exploded bomb. Her china-blue eyes, however, were not questioning, but those of a hunted animal, while her plump face had bleached until the freckles stood out in dark splotches.

She forced herself to say, "Good morning, Mr. Bentley," then waited as if expecting a blow.

"What do you want?" she asked sharply, as he stepped across the threshold and closed the door at his back.

"Where is Sam?" asked the sheriff.

"Looking at his traps," Delia told him. But she knew this was preliminary to the real question, whatever that might be, and watched Bentley with mind alert.

In turn the sheriff studied her while he considered. He believed the incriminating boots were in the house. Judson would be too crafty to wear them, knowing the danger of measured tracks, and he was too penurious to destroy them. This was logical reasoning, but it was faulty. It disregarded the unusual. It did not allow for Delia rousing in the night when the boarder's room door opened and did not shut. It missed the business of her examining wet, run-over boots next morning, boots that should have dried overnight. And it did not include Delia's act of hiding the muddy boots in her upstairs chamber after Mrs. Pierce told her about Hicks' wrecked cabin.

"I'm looking for a pair o' boots with the right heel turned," said Bentley, showing his hand.

"You won't find 'em here," stated Delia, as their glances locked. "If somebody in old shoes wrecked Joe's house it wasn't Sam. That 'u'd mean getting up in the night. It 'u'd mean bothering an' prowling. You know Sam. It ain't him."

"Anyhow I'll look," insisted Bentley.

"You've no right snooping," cried Delia, as the sheriff started toward Sam's kitchen bedroom. "I won't let you. It ain't lawful. Stop!"

Big Abe paused until he had an inspiration. From an inside pocket he produced a legal-looking document.

"Here's a search warrant," said he. "Hit gives me the right to hunt them boots. Understand?"

What he showed Delia was nothing but a quit-claim deed he chanced to have in his possession; but deeds and search warrants were identical to Delia's untutored mind, and she cared for neither. To her it was a scrap of paper to be defied. She tried to bar the way as Bentley went from room to room downstairs. Then, as he approached the stair door, she leaned her solid body against the latch. To move her was like rolling the stone from the holy sepulcher, but her fierce resistance advertised what was concealed above. With powerful hands the sheriff tore her aside and clattered up the narrow stair. He found an unmade bed under the sloping roof, a box-made stand and a rude closet. He examined the room and closet without finding any footwear except Mrs. Judson's best shoes with patent leather toes. He was puzzled. But Bentley was a master hand at solving puzzles. He tapped the walls with a jackknife handle, and became aware that the low kitchen wing had an attic which was entered by removing loose boards. These boards formed the back of Delia's closet. A long, investigating arm passed thru where the lowest board was removed, and Jim's fingers encountered the thing he sought.

"Tom Noggle left 'em here last fall," lied Delia, with lips blanched, when Bentley rejoined her, boots in hand.

"Maybe he did," grinned the sheriff, "but they're wet. They're fresh wet and muddy with swamp mud."

Again he studied Delia. In his mind was a question the hider of wet boots must answer.

"Whoever fired that bomb under Joe's shack wore these boots," began the sheriff. "The wearer of these boots thought Hicks was home. He meant to kill Hicks. It was attempted murder."

After all this had time to sink into Mrs. Judson's mind, he sprang his trap.

"Either Sam was in the boots," he rapped out, "or else it was Jim Gore!"

"It was Sam," accused Delia, hypnotized into speech.

At the word she almost swooned. With her had rested the fate of two men. On impulse she condemned the old man who had wrecked her girlhood, but she saved her unsuspected lover. The sheriff who desired another term had won. Delia had named the man who must pay. He could depend upon her when she was subpoenaed to identify the ill-shaped boots.

Whether Judson or Gore committed the deed didn't matter. Judson deserved all that was coming to him, anyhow. It would be merely justified punishment delayed. Either way his re-election was assured. Bentley was satisfied.

But Delia was wretched. Altho Judson had made her a slave and abused her until she had hated him as a lashed beast hates its master, her heart ached for him. Judson had become to her a habit. Despite his bestial cruelty to her in the past, she pitied the old man she had doomed to prison regulations and prison fare. Like a Judas she had betrayed him to shield a lover no one suspected of being her lover. She and Jim had been discreet and patiently willing to wait while Gore's money made the three of them comfortable.

"It was sure Jim's door I heard that night," Delia reasoned. "He must have put on Sam's boots and went the back way to fix Joe. He was mad at Joe coming round wi' presents and making sheep's eyes at me. I've been afraid a long time. Jim must have done it, but I wish he hadn't. My God, I wish he hadn't!"

Day by day she watched Gore's placid countenance for signs of remorse, but his expression remained serene and his black eyes tranquil. He seemed to think of nothing but making it easy for her to provide comforts she wished to give Sam, who waited trial in the county jail. Even to free-hearted Gore the amount Delia spent for tobacco and warm clothes and fine food seemed excessive. If he had guessed that the outlay was to pay old Sam for being jailed in his stead, he might have been even more liberal. But Delia accepted the money and said nothing.

Circuit Court set in November, and Sam Judson's trial proved to be the third and briefest case on the docket. Fred Wyman, the prosecuting attorney, was quite as keen as Bentley to score a success, whereas the lawyer Jim hired for the defense accomplished little for his fee. Three mill men testified to hearing Judson threaten Hicks' life. Two women told of the old man's insane jealousy. Bentley produced duplicates of condemning tracks formed in plaster-of-paris and the boots that fitted them. Delia, white-faced and trembling, identified the boots. And this riveted the fetters which old Sam wore across the State to a penitentiary where he was sent for a number of years that, to him, meant life.

His wife bade him an affectionate good-by. Why not? He would never again trouble her, and the wrong she was doing him evened up the score. At the courthouse steps Jim Gore waited with the horse and rig that had brought Delia to the trial and was now to take her to the railway station. The two had agreed that she was to obtain a divorce from Judson and manage the business so far from the home village that no one they knew would be the wiser. So she had proclaimed to neighbors her intention of visiting a sister in Detroit. As they drove along the country road Delia thought of Judson and the trial, and almost blurted out to Jim the thing that preyed on her mind. Instead she wept and reminded her lover of her devotion.

"You see, Jim," she sobbed, "I'd do anything on earth for you. I'd perjure myself or kill myself for you."

But Jim didn't see anything obscure. "All you need do for me," he told her, "is to get that divorce quick and marry me. Just tell 'em how 'tis. Tell the lawyer Sam's convicted and sent up. That's a divorce itself."

Delia stared. Evidently Jim's nature lacked something usually included in human make-up. He not only was willing to profit by his crime, but he felt no twinge of remorse. He lacked a conscience. Instead of acting as if disturbed by a murderous secret, he looked at her with the open-faced candor of a child.

"We've waited long enough, ain't we, sweetheart?" he demanded. "And you've worked enough and fretted enough and suffered enough to begin taking comfort. I tell you what, Delia, when you get that decree and we're married, we'll fix a sort o' heaven and naturally soak up happiness. It's coming our way, ain't it, my girl?"

"I guess so," said Delia.

But she was reserved and thoughtful until she was put aboard the G. R. & I. train. After that she became hideously homesick, and the homesickness intensified when she reached her sister's and found her sick in bed, while a neglected brood of children clamored for cooked meals.

"I wrote you to come before," wailed Mrs. Stratton. "Why didn't you? Ed's on the cars all day and the kids are running wild. We needed you and Sam ain't treated you right. You shoulda left him and come."

The sight of Delia undermined Mrs. Stratton's resistance to her disease. She permitted herself the luxury of a complete collapse. Between Ed and the children and the sick woman Delia found difficulty in applying for her divorce; but this was managed, and by spring the coveted document was in her possession. Then Mrs. Stratton died, and yet Delia could not decently give up her charges and return to Jim. Neither could Jim relinquish a four-dollar-a-day job to join her. It was a prankish trick of fate. Delia cooked and washed and scrubbed and waited while a pardon board and the Governor became interested in Judson because of his poor health, his age and the flimsy evidence which had sent him to State's prison. The Governor was convinced that no one should be imprisoned for a pair of boots unless they were stolen. The ones in question might have been borrowed for that night's business. The young wife, herself, was not above suspicion.

Judson was granted a parole.

Delia knew nothing of this. Neither did Jim, to whom she wrote illiterate, badly penned letters each fortnight. Her final ill-spelled missive told him that Stratton's cousin, Esther, was coming to keep house in her place, and she was at liberty. It equaled a summons. Jim came, bought the license and they were unobtrusively married. When they hurried back on the next north-bound train, Delia tucked two important papers inside her new silk blouse. One was her decree of divorce and the other was her marriage certificate.

"This is the first time I've been truly married, Jim," she declared. "It's the only time I've understood. It's the only time I've cared. Before, I was just an ignorant child. I'd run from a bad home. But what I come to was worse. Jim—it was hell. I hadn't really grown up. Not in mind, anyway. When I grew strong in body and will I earned his living with boarders and kept a roof over his head; but after that I never let him touch me. After that he never beat me. I was too much for him. I made him respect me, and I sort of began to respect him. When he was manacled like a mad dog and sent to the pen. I was sorry, Jim."

"You needn't be," said Jim. "I think it was luck."

Delia gasped. She thought the man who attempted murder, even for her sake, should speak in a different tone. It outraged her sense of decency. Incidentally it paved the way for what followed.

When the G. R. & I. engine puffed into their home station a spring snow dimmed the landscape, but they hired a livery rig and drove home. When they reached the sodden village the hour was late; because of that and the snow, no one was about and their marriage was unannounced. No one suspected either her divorce or the marriage. Delia anticipated a sensation. In the morning she would enlighten Mrs. Pierce, and the town would know everything by noon. As they drove in sight of their tar-papered home, the windows glowed with light, when, by rights, it should have been dark.

"Look, Jim, somebody's lighted a lamp!" cried Delia.

"Maybe Mis' Pierce smelt a rat and lit up," suggested Jim.

The moment the livery team stopped Delia sprang from the rig, sped along the short path, and flung open a door that should have been locked.

"Sam!" she shrieked. "You here!"

"Yes," said Judson; "I was let go."

The situation was appalling. For a moment Delia's wits were paralyzed. In his own particular chair sat her old husband who had been jailed for another's crime. Out at the road, settling their livery bill, was the man she had just married. The two would meet. Judson, the wronged, would kill the man who had made him suffer and had taken his wife. Delia closed the door behind her and flew back to Jim.

"Sam's out of jail," she told him. "He mustn't know for a while about the divorce or our marriage. He'd kill you! He'd kill us both!"

Jim believed her. The jealous brute was capable of doing just that. So Jim readily agreed to silence which hurt no one, and left the household exactly as it was before Judson went to jail.

Delia prepared a late supper, while she told Judson of her sister's death and her long visit. All winter Gore had kept bach. He had been away two days, and they drove over together from the station. At last the hastily prepared meal was on the table and the three sat in their usual places, Judson and Delia at the head and foot, with Gore at the side. Sam helped himself to oysters the younger people had brought home for the wedding feast, and related incidents of his imprisonment, which was the event of his life.

"There's long corridors wi' rows of cells piled like stairs, an' the top o' one row is the walk where guards tramp up and down on watch. It's wonnerful, Jim. There's hunnerds o' men back 'o iron bars same's wil' animals. And we et at long tables. Such meals! Mush an' a hunk o' bread mornings. Stew and a hunk o' bread noons. Trusties fetched and carried. If a chap asked one for bread he throwed it like tossing bones to a dog. And we was dogs. They worked us like dogs and I petered out. Couldn't stand it. Set me shoveling coal. They see I was tuckered out. I got sick."

Delia and Jim listened to Sam's endless reminiscences as they ate their wedding supper. When Delia dished up sauce and handed a portion to her new husband, their glances met.

"He hasn't heard of the divorce," said Jim's eyes.

"He thinks everything's just the same," said Delia's.

Evidently Old Man Judson was very glad to be home. Prison discipline of regular hours and haircuts and baths had jolted him from his rut. The trip and excitement of a big institution had roused him to what was a flash in the pan, the swift blaze of a fluttering candle. After the warm meal he settled in his armchair and fell asleep. He looked like death. It was as if something that had been lighted back of the lean face was snuffed out. Delia signaled Jim out into the night.

(Continued on Page 18.)

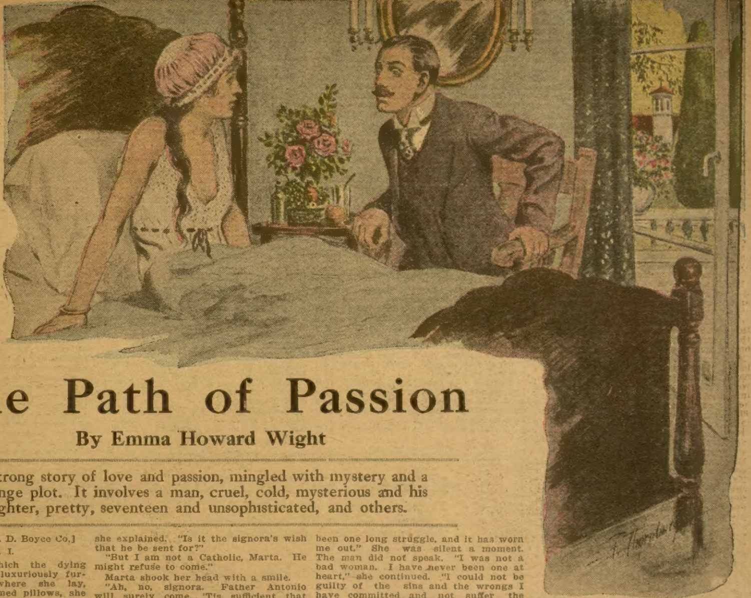
THE MOTHER OF A SOLDIER

He stood before me—Oh, so big and strong!
I scarcely could believe he was my child—
My little boy who never had grown up—
Who always seemed so carefree, young and wild.
But his grim khaki and its solemn thoughts
Had brought a world-old sorrow to his eyes
As tenderly he whispered, "Dear, be brave!
The mother of a soldier never cries!"

And all alone, in ceaseless agony,
I try to hope and work, to wait and pray,
But, oh, how hard it is to sit at home
With all my fears and hopes so far away!
Then comes a letter—what a wondrous joy!
And tremblingly I read, with tear-dimmed eyes:
"Just keep on smiling, honey, Don't forget
The mother of a soldier never cries!"

He's dead!—Just numb, I sit and try to think;
All I can realize is a big, dull pain.
The world's so empty, robbed of all life's joy,
How can I go on living just the same,
And keep up courage, when my heart is lead,
With nothing left to live for, or to prize?
But hark! His dear voice whispers, "Don't give up!
The mother of a soldier never cries!"

No, I will not give up! For there's a thought
That gives me strength to live my empty life;
A man must die some day. The noblest death
Is surely in the glorious heat of strife
Where man, by courage and true sacrifice,
Can prove to God his manhood as he dies,
And so my heart is glad, and I see why—
The mother of a soldier never cries!



"I Am Not a Bad Woman. I Have Never Been One at Heart," She Said.

The Path of Passion

By Emma Howard Wight

A strong story of love and passion, mingled with mystery and a strange plot. It involves a man, cruel, cold, mysterious and his daughter, pretty, seventeen and unsophisticated, and others.

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CHAPTER I.

THE room in which the dying woman lay was luxuriously furnished. From where she lay, propped with lace-trimmed pillows, she could look thru a window at the rippling waters of a lake framed in an emerald setting, beautiful grounds in which rare flowers made a riot of color, with the snowy gleam of statues, and beyond, the matchless azure mountains of Italy. The air that drifted in at the window was exquisitely balmy and soft and drenched with the perfume of flowers.

But even the magic air of Italy had failed to bring healing to Charlotte Renault. Her frail hold on life had been a little longer drawn out, perhaps, but that was all. The end was very near, and she was not sorry, for she was weary with the deep weariness of approaching death.

A soft-footed, white-capped nurse, with olive skin and lustrous dark eyes, carrying a salver on which was an iced drink and a cut-glass bowl of wonderful purple grapes, came into the room.

"The signora must drink this sherbet and eat a few of the grapes," said the nurse, placing the salver on a stand beside the bed.

Mrs. Renault drank a little of the delicious, refreshing drink, but refused the grapes with a faint smile. The nurse stole a glance at the white face, and her dark eyes grew very sad.

"How is the signora feeling?" she asked, steadying her voice with an effort.

Charlotte Renault looked up at her and smiled.

"It will not be long now, Marta, before I shall be at rest," she replied.

Tears filled the eyes of the Italian woman.

"Alas, signora!" she murmured sorrowfully.

"You have been very good to me, Marta," said Mrs. Renault, looking at her with affectionate gratitude.

Marta knelt down beside the bed, took the frail white hand and lifted it to her lips.

"I have been happy in doing what I could for the signora," she declared. "She is so gentle, so patient, so good."

Across the face of the dying woman there quivered a spasm of pain.

"Good!" she sighed. "I—am not good."

Marta arose with a gentle, incredulous smile. Mrs. Renault watched her for a moment as she went about the room putting things to rights.

"Marta, is there a minister anywhere near?" she asked, at length.

"No, signora, there is no minister," replied Marta. "But there is Father Antonio."

"A priest?" exclaimed Mrs. Renault.

"Yes, signora."

She moved to the window and pointed to a church a short distance off, the spire, surmounted by a cross, pointing heavenward, and beside it a gray stone cottage.

"There is where Father Antonio lives," she explained. "Is it the signora's wish that he be sent for?"

"But I am not a Catholic, Marta. He might refuse to come."

Marta shook her head with a smile.

"Ah, no, signora. Father Antonio will surely come. 'Tis sufficient that the signora is ill." Marta came up to the bed. "Shall I send for him, signora?"

"Yes," the word came like a sigh over the pale lips.

Marta nodded her head approvingly, as she arranged more comfortably the pillows and silken coverlets of the bed. She lingered to smooth back, with gentle touch, the masses of dark hair, thickly flecked with gray, from the pale brow of the dying woman.

Charlotte Renault was about 40 years of age. She had never been a beautiful woman, but she possessed a certain charm and individuality more potent, perhaps, than mere beauty would have proved in the influence she had exerted.

"The signora's daughter will soon be with her," said Marta. "That will make the signora very glad."

An odd expression crossed the white face—tenderness, pain, yearning, all mingled.

"I want to live until my child arrives," she said, in a low voice that thrilled with infinite yearning.

"I am sure the good God will bring the signorina in time," declared Marta, with conviction. "Now I go to have the good Father Antonio sent for," and she left the room.

Charlotte Renault lay gazing at the door thru which Marta had passed

"I must try to make my peace with God," she murmured. "Surely there is rest to be found beyond the grave"

The door opened and a superbly handsome man—blond, tall, athletically built—entered the room. The light of a great love came into the dying woman's eyes as he approached the bed.

"How are you feeling, Charlotte?" he asked, in a rich, mellow voice, as he stood looking down upon her.

"I am dying," she replied quietly.

He started slightly and glanced at her keenly; then he seated himself beside her and took her hand gently in his.

"My poor Charlotte!" he murmured, with feeling.

She turned her head restlessly on the pillows, and feebly tried to free her hand from the clasp of his strong white fingers. He released it, presently, laying it gently upon the silken coverlet.

"I had great hopes that this wonderful air of Italy would restore your health," he said.

"Nothing could do that," she declared. "My disease has been more of the mind than of the body."

He glanced at her quickly, a half-furtive glance that had in it the suspicion of a frown.

"Of the mind?" he murmured.

"Yes. My life, Eugene, from the time I became your wife and learned the truth—you know what I mean—has been one long struggle, and it has worn me out." She was silent a moment. The man did not speak. "I was not a bad woman. I have never been one at heart," she continued. "I could not be guilty of the sins and the wrongs I have committed and not suffer the pangs of remorse, the reproaches of conscience. And, oh, the shame, the degradation of a life like mine!"

He lifted his handsome brows.

"Shame? Degradation?" he murmured softly. "Absurd! No one knows, no one suspects—anything."

She smiled very sadly.

"The sense of shame and of degradation came from my own knowledge of the life I led," she said. He shrugged his shoulders. She looked at him in silence a moment. "You cannot understand—that?"

He shook his head.

"No."

"And, yet, there must have been a time when your conscience reproached you, before—before you had become hardened," she said, half-questioningly.

Eugene Renault smiled cynically.

"A man cannot afford to have a conscience these days," he declared. "If he ran his life along the lines which moralists and religion define as the promptings of conscience, he would soon be left behind in the race. The conscientious man is regarded by the world as a sort of curiosity or freak. There is only one thing the world respects—success. The man who allows his conscience to interfere with achievement is a fool!" He broke off suddenly with a concerned glance at the white weariness of her face. "I beg your pardon, my dear," he added, with gentleness. "I have tired you. I will go now and let you rest."

He started to rise, but she stopped him with a gesture.

"Don't go." He sat down and waited for her to speak. "Eugene, there is something I must say to you, now while I have the strength. I cannot die in peace with it unsaid." He glanced at her questioningly. "I want you to make me a promise."

"A promise?"

"Yes. Eugene, you know how dearly I have loved you?" She paused.

He bent his head. "Yes, I know," he replied.

"I have loved you," her voice was very sad, "better than anything else in all the world. I have loved you better than my hopes of heaven, more than God. When I became your wife I did not know you as you—are. When that knowledge came to me the shock of it almost broke my heart. But," a quivering sigh fluttered over her lips, "it could not kill my love. Women are weak when they love as I love, and I was as wax in your hands."

The man moved restlessly, with a touch of impatience.

"Do you think it wise to exhaust yourself with unprofitable reminiscences?" he asked.

"I want you to remember."

"I do remember," he declared. "You say you wish me to make you a promise?"

"Yes."

"What is the promise?"

She turned her face to him and in her dark eyes was a look of unspeakable appeal.

"I want you to promise me, Eugene, that you will not use Eugenie, my daughter, as you have used—me," she said.

His lips tightened and his eyes narrowed, the expression on the handsome face was not pleasant to see, and an exclamation of pain broke from the woman.

"Eugene, you will not refuse to make me that promise?" she cried.

He did not immediately speak; then, with an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders, he replied:

"I give you the promise you wish."

A long sigh of relief quivered over the dying woman's lips. It was strange that, knowing him to be devoid of truth and of honor, she did not question his sincerity in his ready acquiescence. Perhaps she did not conceive it possible that even he would lie to the dying.

"I want my child to be good, honest and true," she said. "Oh, Eugene," she clasped her thin hands together imploringly, "for her sake and also because it's the last request I shall ever make of you in this world, give up the life you are leading! Cease to prey upon men."

"Hush!" he exclaimed harshly, rising hastily with an apprehensive look about the room and at the open windows. "You talk wildly."

"You know what I mean, Eugene," she persisted, with a courage born of a great desire.

"Yes, I know what you mean," he admitted, with a touch of sullenness. "But," doggedly, "what you ask is impossible."

"No, no it is not impossible!" she declared passionately. "You can make an honest living. The very talent you employ in preying upon society could be turned to good account.

He gave a short, contemptuous laugh.

"That is sheer rot!" he declared. "It's a damnably difficult matter in these days to make an honest living. And it is rather late in the day for me to make the attempt." His lips twisted in a sardonic smile. "We have talked this over so often, Charlotte," he went on, turning and walking to the window, "and all to no purpose." He stood looking out frowningly.

"That is true." She spoke with great sadness

She lay looking at him in silence as he stood, handsome as a Greek god, with the glow of the sunlight on his blond head, on his fair, moody face, the splendid strong lines of his shoulders outlined against the brilliant light and rosy haze formed by the window. Even with the chilling mists of death closing about her, the superb personality of the man still had power to stir her. She had worshiped his physical perfection, knowing that it was but a shell that covered rottenness within. She knew him to be a whited sepulcher, his attractive personality in itself a menace. But she loved him devotedly, absolutely, as good women often do love men who are utterly unworthy. When she learned to know him as he really was, the shock of disillusionment struck her to the very heart, but had not the power to kill her love. Because that survived, she clung to him, tho it meant not alone the tacit acceptance of the criminal purposes of his life, but the giving of herself to the furthering of his purposes.

"I know only too well how vain all my pleading has been," she continued, sadly. "But I am dying, Eugene, and sometimes there is granted to the dying that which has been refused the living."

He turned from the window and came back to the bed.

"Be satisfied with the promise I have made you," he said, not ungently, but very resolutely. "And now I would suggest that you rest. Gene may arrive at any time, and you will want all your strength."

He bent over the bed, touched his lips lightly to her pale brow, and moved toward the door. Her eyes followed him, and in them there was the pathos of pain, but there was also the yearning and light of a love strong as death itself.

Eugene Renault went slowly down the winding stairway, a look of gravity on his face. As far as he was capable of loving any human creature, he loved his wife. He had spared no expense in the endeavor to restore her to health. He had made what was to a man of his caliber a great sacrifice; he had torn himself from Paris and accompanied his wife to Italy, spending two months at the lonely and secluded villa very patiently and uncomplainingly, despite the inward restlessness that possessed him.

He passed along the hall, out upon the veranda and down into the grounds. The black-robed, stooped figure of a silver-haired priest was approaching the house. Renault looked at him curiously. As he drew near, the priest bent his head in greeting.

"Good evening, signor," he said in English, with a liquid Italian accent.

And moved by an impulse he could not have defined, Renault lifted his hat.

The priest passed on. Eugene Renault went on for a little way, then stopped, turned and looked after the priest. The latter had passed up on the veranda, and was in the act of sounding the brass knocker on the door. Renault stood watching curiously. After some moments a servant appeared, a few words were exchanged, the servant standing with reverently bowed head; then the priest passed into the house.

Renault stood knitting his brows for a moment; then he went toward the house. As he mounted the steps of the veranda, the servant was moving down the hall. Renault entered and called to him. The servant returned.

"Who is the man you have just admitted?" he asked sharply.

"Father Antonio, signor," was the reply.

"A priest?"

"Yes, signor."

"What is his business here?"

"The signora sent for him, signor."

It was just a moment before Renault spoke.

"You can go," he said, and the servant bowed and retired.

Renault made a swift movement toward the stairway, his first impulse being to go to his wife's room and interrupt her conference with the priest. He knew the Catholic doctrine of confession, and a thrill of fear went thru him at the thought of the confidence that might be reposed in the priest by Mrs. Renault in the way of deathbed repentance.

At the foot of the stairway he paused in sudden irresolution. The gentle face of the silver-haired priest, with the look of childlike simplicity in his eyes, rose before him, and he grew calm, reassured. Skeptical as he was, little as he believed in men, trusting no man, with faith in no man, he found it impossible to distrust the priest ministering at the deathbed of his wife. The conviction came to him that whatever confidence might be reposed in him would be held sacredly inviolate. A feeling of helplessness came over him. He knew he dared not intrude in that room where a dying woman sought to make her peace with God.

CHAPTER II.

THE sound of an automobile approaching the house caused Eugene Renault to turn sharply and go toward the door. The car stopped at the foot of the steps and a young girl sprang out.

"Eugenie!" exclaimed Renault.

The girl ran up the steps and threw herself into his arms.

"Father!" she murmured, thrusting aside the veil wound about her glittering gold hair and lifting an exquisite face, tinted like a rose, to Renault.

Renault bent and kissed the vivid lips.

"I did not expect you quite so soon, Gene," he said.

"I caught an earlier train," the girl explained, slipping from his arms with a birdlike grace peculiar to her. Renault went down the steps, paid the chauffeur and returned. "How is mother?" asked Eugenie, anxiously.

They had passed into the hall, and Renault opened a door on the right.

"Come in here, Gene," he said.

The girl followed him into the room, loosening and throwing aside her long traveling cloak. She was not tall, rather below medium height, dainty and fairylike in figure. There was a striking resemblance between her and Eugene Renault. In no particular did she resemble in appearance her mother.

As she turned to him questioningly, Renault said gravely:

"Your mother is very ill, Eugenie. That is why you were sent for."

"Do you mean that she is dying?" faltered the girl.

Renault gravely inclined his head.

"Yes."

"Oh!" gasped Eugenie, the lovely color dying out of her cheeks.

She appeared more shocked and startled than grieved. Renault noted this as he observed her keenly. He was quietly studying her.

"We came to Italy for your mother's health," he said. "But it was of no avail. I wired you to come when I found that the end was near."

Eugenie was removing her hat. She had wonderful hair, a bright, glittering gold with ripples in it. Renault looked at her with a keen appreciation of her rose-and-gold beauty.

"Shall we go to mother now?" she asked, and Renault saw that she was struggling against a shrinking that amounted almost to fear.

MESSAGE OF TWILIGHT

Beyond the crimson verge of twilight
Evening bells of some far village sound,
And the dusky vales where thrush-notes linger
Seem holy ground.

Like wayside altars softly glimmer
Golden lights in homes where love abides,
And the hills give back to skies the shimmer
Of the sunset tides.

The winds with hymns of peace are passing
Thru the aisles of woodlands dim and long;
Where brooks their ancient runes are singing
The dusk is sweet with song.

And thru the peace the spirit senses
Gentle voices that it cannot hear,
That say when questions old are pressing:
"Fear not! Be of good cheer!"

—ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH *in Boston Evening Transcript.*

Eugenie Renault had spent the last three years almost entirely at a fashionable school near Paris. Renault really knew very little about her. He had regarded her as a child, but he realized that she was almost a woman.

"How old are you, Gene?" he asked, as they went toward the door.

"I am 17, father," she replied.

Renault was surprised.

"I had no idea you were so old as that," he declared. "I have never realized that you were actually grown up. About time for you to be leaving school, I fancy," he added thoughtfully.

He held the door open for her to pass out. She did not reply.

Marta, the nurse, had just shown out Father Antonio and was returning. She stared at Eugenie.

"Ah, the signorina!" she exclaimed "The signora anxiously awaits her."

"Take me to her," said Eugenie, with a break in her voice, looking at Marta.

Marta led the way upstairs, Eugenie following. Renault stood irresolute a moment, then he turned and went back into the room.

Charlotte Renault lay looking out of the window with an expression of peace on her face.

The sun was setting and a golden shaft of light lay across the bed, touching the thin hands of the dying woman clasped on her breast as tho in prayer.

She did not turn her head as the door opened softly. She thought it was the nurse returning. Eugenie stopped upon the threshold, gazing at the quiet figure on the bed, her breath coming quickly. The white face with the ashen shadow of death upon it seemed strange to her. It filled her with awe. Slowly, hesitatingly, she advanced into the room.

Charlotte Renault turned.

"Gene!" she murmured, a faint, tender smile crossing her lips.

Eugenie dropped on her knees beside the bed. The golden light caught her rippling hair, and it shone and glittered with dazzling splendor.

"Mother!" she whispered brokenly. "Oh, mother!"

"Gene, my child!"

The weak hand fluttered to the beautiful, sun-crowned head and rested there tenderly, the dimming eyes gazed yearningly at the fair young face.

"God bless and keep you, my darling!"

Her voice was very faint, her hand slipped from the girl's radiant head, she lay very still.

"Mother!" whispered the girl.

There was no answer. The shaft of golden light had crept upward and lay across the still face. The girl began to tremble.

The door opened and Renault came into the room. Eugenie arose, gazing at him shiveringly. Eugene Renault glanced at the still figure on the bed, then he looked at Eugenie.

"Your mother is dead," he said.

The girl burst into tears.

CHAPTER III.

CHARLOTTE RENAULT was buried in the beautiful little Catholic cemetery on the hill above the church. Father Antonio, the silver-haired priest, read the service for the dead.

"Earth to earth; ashes to ashes; dust to dust."

Renault felt the shiver that ran thru Eugenie's slim form as the clods fell upon the coffin lid. A sob mingled with the falling clods. Marta, the dark-eyed nurse, was weeping. She had loved the dead woman.

When all was over, Renault and Eugenie turned away from the grave and went back to the carriage. Eugenie threw back the veil which covered her face with a sigh of relief. Renault gave her a keen glance. He had been quietly observing and studying the girl during the two days that had passed since she reached the villa. He noted that her exquisite coloring was unmarred by the tears she had shed since her mother's death. He guessed shrewdly that after the first passionate outburst, when she learned that her mother was dead, she had not grieved very intensely. He mused over this as a probable index to the girl's nature.

Later in the day he sent for her to come to him in the room he had fitted up as a study. He looked at her admiringly as she came toward him. She was wonderfully pretty in her black gown, the somber hue of which brought out the glinting gold of her hair and her white-and-rose coloring.

"Sit down, Eugenie; I want to talk with you," said Renault.

She sat down, glancing at him a little questioningly.

"We will return to Paris almost immediately," he said.

He saw her face light.

"I am so glad!" she exclaimed.

"You are anxious to return to school?" he queried.

He saw her color deepen. She was silent for a moment.

"It isn't school so much," she replied, at length. "But I was looking forward to spending the Easter holidays with one of my schoolmates, Aimee de St. Maur."

"Aimee de St. Maur!" exclaimed Renault, with sudden interest. "Is she related to the Duke and Duchess de St. Maur?"

Eugenie laughed.

"She's their daughter."

"Ah!" exclaimed Renault. "You and she must be quite intimate?" he added, after a moment.

"Aimee is my dearest friend," declared Eugenie.

"You have visited her before?"

"Oh, yes. I have spent the holidays with her always when I did not come home."

"She has a brother, the young Vicomte de St. Maur," remarked Renault, after a moment.

Eugenie flushed. "Yes," she answered.

"I remember his coming of age last summer and the great celebration at the Chateau de St. Maur," continued Renault. "The Vicomte is a good-looking young fellow."

The girl's eyes drooped. Renault watched her keenly.

"Yes," she murmured. Then she added, a little hurriedly, to cover her self-consciousness, "I think the Duchess de St. Maur is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen; but her face is so sad."

"Sad!" exclaimed Renault.

"Yes. Sometimes I think she isn't happy," said Eugenie.

"Do you know of any reason why she shouldn't be happy?" asked Renault, with a carelessness that covered a quick interest.

"Why, no, indeed," replied Eugenie "She has rank, wealth; her husband and children adore her."

"Nevertheless, she gives you the impression that she is not happy?"

"Yes," replied Eugenie.

Renault sat thoughtfully for a moment, then he arose and crossed the room to a desk, from one of the compartments of which he took a small leather-bound book resembling a memorandum book. He opened it and with a pencil wrote a couple of lines.

"I think you had better finish out this term at school," he said, as he replaced the book. Eugenie looked at him eagerly as he returned to his chair. "And, of course, have your visit with your friend, Mademoiselle de St. Maur," he added, with a smile.

Eugenie flushed with pleasure. "I thought that perhaps you would wish me to spend the holidays with you, now that you are alone," she said.

"And disappoint your friend? Oh, no!" declared Renault. "The friendship of a duke's daughter is not to be despised." He smiled.

"I would love Aimee just the same if she were not a duke's daughter," said Eugenie, loyally.

"Schoolgirl friendships are not always enduring," remarked Renault.

"Aimee and I will always be friends," declared Eugenie. "We love each other dearly. They are all so good to me—the Duke, the Duchess, and—" she paused, flushed, then added with an effort—"the Vicomte."

"How does the Vicomte manifest his goodness?" asked Renault, with a smiling lightness that covered the real interest he felt.

"Oh, he is always thinking how to give Aimee and myself a good time," said Eugenie, naively.

Renault studied his daughter thru narrowed lids. She was very pretty. It was not surprising if the Vicomte de St. Maur were in love with her. Her blushes, her self-consciousness when she spoke of the Vicomte, would imply that she was very much attracted by him. If she knew how to play her cards properly—he regarded her musingly.

He was not sure that he really wished her to marry. Properly trained she could be of great use to him. The memory of the promise he had made his dead wife flashed across him. He told himself that he had not meant to keep the promise; he had given it to quiet his wife's apprehensions in order that her last hours on earth might be peaceful. The girl was his and must do his will. Her beauty, her youth, her attractiveness were all valuable assets.

He aroused himself and said: "We will start for Paris the day after tomorrow."

The girl smiled contentedly. "It will be nice living with you, father," she declared, looking at him affectionately.

She admired her handsome father and was devoted to him. In fact, she had always cared more for him than she did for her mother. Perhaps the sadness that was so essentially part of Charlotte Renault's life had cast its shadow upon her child, causing her to turn instinctively to the brighter influence of her father.

She arose and went to him, leaning affectionately on his shoulder.

"We shall have such good times together," she said, running her slim fingers caressingly thru his blond hair.

As he met her innocent blue eyes, something like a twinge of compunction shot thru the man. He shrank from her.

"Run along now; I have some business letters to write," he said.

She kissed him lightly on the head and turned away.

When he was alone, Renault arose and walked to the window, where he stood in deep thought. His face, handsome as it was, was not pleasant to see. The tightened lips looked cruel, the narrowed eyes crafty. The entire face was sinister, repelling.

"Sad face! Doesn't seem happy!" he muttered. "A possible case and a profitable one, if there is anything in it."

There came a knock on the door. Renault started slightly and his face changed, resuming its normal expression. He crossed the room and opened the door. A servant handed him a telegram, bowed and went away.

Renault broke the seal with eager fingers. The telegram was dated from Paris. It read:

"L—— has come to terms; 30,000 francs. PERROT."

An exultant exclamation broke from Renault's lips.

"I never expected that to go thru," he murmured. "Lecomte is a bulldog. I expected him to hold out at all costs. But he turned coward at last."

He tore the telegram carefully into little bits and dropped them into the wastebasket.

CHAPTER IV.

THE porch in front of Father Antonio's house was overrun with red roses and Cape jasmine. On the low stone step of the porch was seated Paola, the priest's adopted son, a handsome young fellow about 24 years of age. It was the day following the funeral of Charlotte Renault.

Paola's eyes were fixed upon the dainty, black-robed figure of a girl coming along the white road from the direction of the villa. He watched her at first without any great amount of interest, tho he was vaguely conscious of the grace with which she moved. As she came nearer and he saw how pretty she was, his eyes lighted admiringly, while the blood quickened in his veins. Used to the dark-haired, dark-eyed, olive-skinned Italian girls, Eugenie's glittering gold hair and exquisite fairness appealed to him the more strongly. To him she seemed like some wonderful creature from another world. He leaned forward, gazing at her with quickened breath, forgetful of the fact that he was destined for priesthood and should not allow himself to be so affected by a woman's beauty. The Italian girls were beautiful, some of them, but his pulses had never quickened as he looked at them. His heart leaped wildly as Eugenie stopped at the gate.

"Oh, how beautiful!" she exclaimed, gazing admiringly at the rioting mass of roses, flecked with the snow of the Cape jasmine, with which the porch was smothered.

Paola arose, coloring vividly.

"Would you like some of the flowers?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, please," replied Eugenie, eagerly.

She looked at Paola with interest. He spoke with a slight Italian accent, but he did not look like an Italian. He had gray eyes, lightish brown hair and skin inclined to fairness. It struck Eugenie that he resembled some one she knew, but whom she could not at the time recall.

"I would like the flowers to place upon my mother's grave," she added, in a lower tone and with a touch of sadness.

Paola bent his head gravely and turned to gather the flowers. As she stood watching him, Eugenie was again conscious of the elusive, baffling resemblance. After a little while, Paola came to her and filled her arms with the roses and jasmine, then caught his breath at the lovely picture she made. She thanked him and turned away. He stood looking after her for a moment or so, as she went up the hill. Then slowly he returned to the porch and sat down again. But in those few minutes the world had changed for Paola Antonio, and life was never quite the same again.

Eugenie went up the hill to her mother's grave and placed the lovely flowers upon it. Then she slipped to the ground and laid her cheek against the white bloom of the jasmine where it lay above the still heart of the dead.

"Good-by, mother!" she murmured.

She arose, and, taking a spray of the jasmine, fastened it in her black gown. She caught her breath with a half-sob as she turned away and went down the hill.

Paola was seated upon the porch of the priest's house as she went by. She looked at him smilingly and he lifted his cap, the blood racing tumultuously thru his veins. The white of the jasmine against the somberness of the girl's gown thrilled him with a sense of reasonless joy. He stood up and looked after her, and a sudden feeling of desolation swept over him as he realized that she was going out of his life perhaps forever. He made an involuntary movement as tho to go after her. Then, with a laugh which had in it the bitterness of tears, he turned and dropped back upon the bench, bowing his head on his arm.

"I must be mad!" he cried.

And he was, for such love as had suddenly flamed in his heart yields a sort of madness. To Paola life was never again to be the same.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE kitchen of the little stone house, Reta, the old servant woman of the priest, was busily preparing the noonday meal. She looked up as Paola entered, and something in his face arrested her attention. She stared at him.

"What ails thee, Paola mia?" she asked. "Thou lookest as tho thou hadst been dreaming."

Paola passed his hand in a dazed manner over his brow.

"Dreaming!" he repeated, with an uncertain laugh. "I think, Reta, that I have but just awakened."

The next moment a shadow fell across his face. He walked to the window and stood looking out. Reta returned to her cooking with a little shrug of her shoulders.

"The rich folks at the villa will be going away now, I guess," she said, after a few moments, as she deftly turned the steak she was broiling.

Paola turned and looked at her. "They will go away?" he murmured.

"Yes, back to Paris," replied Reta. "They came for the signora's health and she is dead. Marta told me that the signor and his daughter would leave for Paris tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Paola's face paled. Was he never to see again the golden-haired girl whose arms he had filled with the roses and jasmine while he marveled at her beauty with wildly beating heart? The thought brought with it a sickening pang.

"The father has gone to John Ricci," said Reta. "He'll be late for his meal and this steak done to a turn. I shall be glad when thou art ordained, Paola mia, and can lift part of the burden from the father's shoulders."

Paola started and an odd look flashed across his face. He went out of the kitchen and made his way to Father Antonio's study, a tiny room, its one window facing the graveyard that spanned the hill. Paola dropped into the worn leather chair before the writing table. He sat there for hours gazing straight before him. Reta called him to come to dinner, but he paid no heed. When he at length arose he looked pale and very tired, his eyes were troubled, but there was a look of determination on his set lips.

He went in search of Father Antonio, whom he found walking back and forth in the garden, saying his office. The priest's gentle eyes softened at the sight of Paola. He closed his book and went to meet him smilingly.

"You look tired, my Paola," he said, with a glance at the young man's pale, weary face. "You must have walked far. Reta said you went away before lunch."

Paola did not set him right. He turned and walked silently beside the priest to the porch, where they seated themselves upon the stone bench. The mingled perfume of the roses and jasmine stirred Paola's pulses and a dash of red flamed on his pale cheek. He waited a moment before speaking until he had grown calmer.

"Father, I fear that I am going to hurt and disappoint you," he began.

Father Antonio smiled. "It would be the first time since you came to me a little lad of 5, Paola mia," he declared.

Paola laid his strong young hand on the frail, wrinkled one of the priest.

"Forgive me if I do so now," he murmured. "I would almost rather die than hurt you, but I cannot help myself."

The priest looked at him very steadily for a moment.

"I see that thou are greatly troubled, Paola," he said very gently. "Tell me what troubles thee."

"Father, you have set your heart upon my becoming a priest?" Paola spoke in a low voice and with downcast eyes.

"Yes," was the quiet answer.

There was a moment's silence; then, with an effort, Paola spoke.—"I cannot enter the priesthood," he said.

The serene face of the priest changed slightly for the moment, but he spoke calmly.

"Why hast thou changed thy mind so suddenly, Paola?" he asked.

Paola flushed. "The beauty of a girl," he replied.

Father Antonio smiled.

"Thou art a man, Paola, and all men are subject to temptation," he declared. "We would not be human if it were not so. Thou hast been tempted, perhaps, and looked upon this girl with the eyes of desire. But," he leaned toward Paola a little anxiously, a little troubled, "thou hast not sinned, my Paola?"

Paola's face flamed scarlet from chin to brow. For a moment hot anger surged over him. The perfume of the roses, blended with that of the jasmine, brought before him vividly the exquisite face of Eugenie Renault, as she stood with arms full of the flowers he had given her for her mother's grave. The words of the priest sounded like desecration. Father Antonio, who had learned to read men's faces, gave Paola a keen glance and drew back with a sigh of relief.

"I wronged thee, Paola," he said. "Pardon me."

The flush died out of Paola's face, the heat in his blood cooled. He was conscious of a feeling of great weariness.

"Father, you do not understand," he said. He paused a moment. "I, myself, do not understand. I only know that all the world has changed since I looked upon her face. It will never be the same again."

Father Antonio gazed at Paola wonderingly. There was an enrapt look on Paola's face, his eyes were shining with a passionate light. And it dawned slowly upon the priest that the boyish innocence, the calm of unawakened desire, were gone from Paola's face forever.

"My Paola, who is the woman that has wrought this change in you?" he asked.

A dreamy smile passed over Paola's lips.

"Not a woman," he replied, his voice soft and low. "A girl very young and very beautiful, the girl whose mother was buried yesterday."

Father Antonio gave a start of surprise.

"The daughter of the rich signor!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Paola.

"And because of this girl whom you have seen but once and who will go out of your life and become to you but as a dream, you would renounce your vocation to the holy priesthood?" exclaimed Father Antonio, in a pained voice.

Paola bowed his head. "Forgive me if I am causing you pain, father," he pleaded. "I cannot enter the priesthood. It is no longer possible," he added, very firmly.

Father Antonio looked at him very sadly. "My poor Paola, I would have given thee to God in atonement," he said.

Paola turned to him questioningly.

"In atonement?" he repeated, wonderingly.

"Yes, for the sin of thy parents."

Paola gazed at him wonderingly, with a troubled contraction of the brows.

"What do you mean, father?" he asked. "My parents were peasants who led simple, honest lives. They could not have been guilty of a sin calling for atonement."

Father Antonio smiled sadly.

"The peasant woman, Francesco Romano, who, when she was dying, gave you, a little lad of 5, into my care, was not your mother," he said. Paola stared at him speechless. "She told this on her deathbed. Thou, my poor Paola, art a child of sin; thou wert born in shame. That is why I would have given thee to God in atonement, consecrated thy life to Heaven."

"Why did you not tell me this before?" asked Paola, almost roughly, his eyes dark with pain.

"I would never have told thee, Paola mia, hadst thou entered the priesthood and passed thy life here," replied Father Antonio. "But I know that now thou wilt not be content to remain here, thou wilt go forth into the world and it is not well for thee to remain in ignorance. Listen, and I will tell thee what was told to me by the peasant woman, Francesco, on her deathbed."

He paused, with a compassionate glance at the pale face and bowed head of the young man. Paola looked up.

"Go on," he said, dully.

"One night in December, twenty-four years ago, a carriage stopped at the cottage of Pedro Romano and Francesco, his wife," began the priest. "A beautiful young girl, attended by a middle-aged servant woman, alighted and asked for lodgings for the night. During the night the girl was taken ill; before morning she had given birth to a child. She remained at the cottage until she had recovered her strength. When she went away she left the child with Francesco. They never heard from her again. You were that child." He laid his hand affectionately on Paola's shoulder. "I have loved thee very dearly, my Paola. I had hoped to have thee to cheer my declining years; but it is not to be."

Paola took the wrinkled hand and lifted it to his lips.

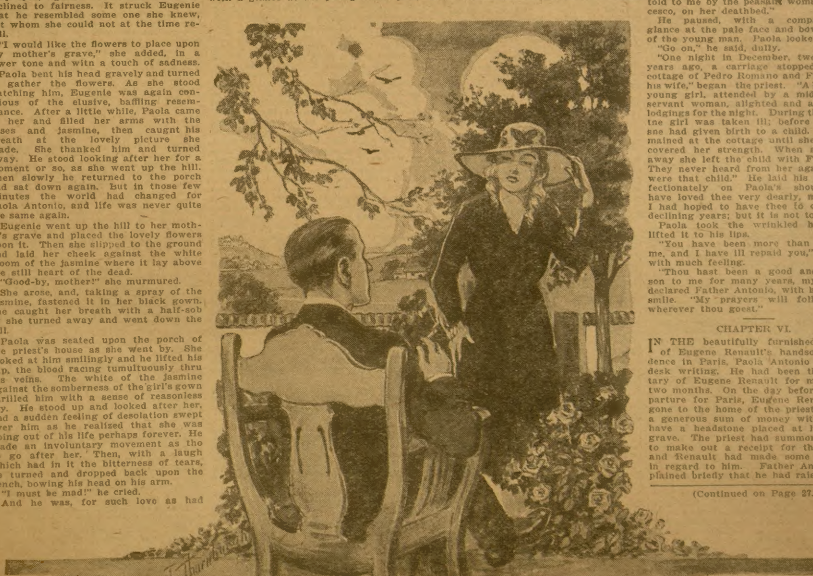
"You have been more than good to me, and I have ill repaid you," he said, with much feeling.

"Thou hast been a good and dutiful son to me for many years, my Paola," declared Father Antonio, with his gentle smile. "My prayers will follow thee wherever thou goest."

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE beautifully furnished library of Eugene Renault's handsome residence in Paris, Paola Antonio sat at a desk writing. He had been the secretary of Eugene Renault for more than two months. On the day before his departure for Paris, Eugene Renault had gone to the home of the priest and left a generous sum of money with him to have a headstone placed at his wife's grave. The priest had summoned Paola to make out a receipt for the money, and Renault had made some inquiries in regard to him. Father Antonio explained briefly that he had raised Paola,

(Continued on Page 27.)



To Him She Seemed Like Some Wonderful Creature From Another World. He Leaned Forward With Quickened Breath.

The Other Man's Wife

By Margery Land May

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The Story Up to Now.

CHAPPIE RODERICK had loved beautiful Joan Derwent, in New York, and they had been betrothed, but the captivating Joan had thrown him over, and, coveting a title of European nobility, had married Count de la Cour, of Paris. Roderick, being an educated engineer, for a number of years found partial forgetfulness in big engineering tasks in South America. Then his father dying and leaving him some millions, he left the swamps and jungles of South America behind and appeared in Paris, hungry for a different sort of life. He found it. His very first night at the opera he met Joan Derwent, now the gay wife of Count de la Cour. His old passion for her burst into fresh flame. Joan eagerly sought to renew her power over him. The same night he met Bijou Johns, a most exquisite young girl, niece of Count de la Cour. Strange and momentous things grew out of the meeting. Roderick also met that first night Monsieur Felipe Fernandez, a Spaniard, who was paying amorous court to Joan. Jealousy kindled into life at once. Roderick, who was connected with the American Embassy at Paris, began to find more interesting entertainment than questions of international politics. Roderick is unable to break away from Joan and finally quarrels with Fernandez over her. He also pays attention to Bijou Johns, who lives at Joan's house, in order to conceal his real actions. Bijou falls in love with him. Fernandez and the Count finally conspire to blackmail Roderick into marrying Bijou. Roderick's embassy position becomes endangered and the Cout threatens to name him as co-respondent in a divorce action. Roderick betroths himself to Bijou as a protection for himself and Joan, who becomes jealous.

If you wish to go on with the story you can do so from here, but if you prefer you can get the first chapters by ordering back copies. The story began in No. 3, dated January 19. Back copies may be obtained from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication.

CHAPTER VII.

AND so Roderick's engagement to Bijou was announced, as had been arranged between La Cour and Fernandez, and those people who had suspected him of an intrigue with Joan shrugged their shoulders, and reasoned that in some unaccountable way they had been mistaken.

The marriage, which was to be a quiet one, was dated for the following month, and Bijou, passionately and jealously in love with her big American, busied herself with the purchasing of her trousseau. During those days Roderick was most ardent in his devotion to her, concealing by his gayety and his lover's ways the struggle that was going on his heart.

He realized that tho he was disgusted with Joan, the embers of his passion for her still kept flickering into feeble flame at frequent intervals. Somehow he could not get away from the thrill that ran thru him when he saw her sitting at the opera, slim and beautifully attired, her gowns clinging to her as if they were the natural petals of a lovely flower, her hair fashionably coiffured, and her whole aristocratic little being proclaiming her the poised and gracious woman of the world that she was. Occasionally, when he met her at Longchamps and the Skating Club, his blood would fire again at the sight of her beauty, and he would realize that his infatuation for her had been of too long duration to permit of an easy death. In spite of the attraction and the appeal she had for him, however, he held himself rigorously in check, resolving in his heart to be true to Bijou in action if he could not be so in spirit.

That he was unworthy of his fiancee, he recognized with no great difficulty, and a great fear filled him lest she should discover that her king was but a poor erring mortal after all. He felt that in making her his wife he was assuming a great and crushing responsibility, knowing as he did that once she was his her happiness would be for him to break or make. He marveled, too, as he watched her blossom into rich and glowing beauty under the touch of love, as he saw her develop overnight from the timid virgin bud into the passionate rose, that there was no passion mixed in his tenderness for her. He had always been a man whose blood ran swift and hot, and he was vaguely disquieted that the sight of her—slim, alluring, roundly curved, and intoxicatingly clinging—did not cause his pulses to beat wildly, as beauty in any type of woman usually did.

He realized that his memories of Joan, tho he fought against them, were keeping him from enjoying the full fruitage of Bijou's evident passion for him—that the bitterness and disappointment of his old love's aftermath were preventing him from answering the girl's tenderness with that intensity which he recognized that such a love as hers deserved. And so he plodded thru the days, dreading the approach of his marriage and yet hoping that by it he might break from the terrible spell that Joan had cast over his senses.

If he was miserable in those days, Joan was unhappy, also; yet her misery arose not from a feeling of unworthiness, but from sheer feminine pique. She was dismayed that Roderick should so openly shun her, and she thought that her charm must be waning that a man who had loved her so long should suddenly studiously avoid her. Altho she knew that his engagement to Bijou had saved her from disgrace, she was angry that he should, with such apparent willingness, transfer his affections suddenly to another woman.

As far as she was capable of experiencing deep emotion, she cared for Roderick. In her selfish, shallow way she loved him, yearned for his tender devotion and the artistic display of passion that she had always been able to arouse within him. Could it be possible that he no longer cared for her—that he had forgotten those days and nights of the long ago when his heart was so indissolubly linked with hers, she wondered, and wondering, determined to find out.

After vain efforts to attract his attention to her in the public places where they met, after repeatedly issuing him invitations to the dinners and parties which she gave, and after experiencing the mortification of his refusal each time, she suddenly decided to go to see him at his home. After ascertaining, one evening at dusk, that he could be found at Faubourg St. Honore, she arrayed herself in a stunning costume of black, and pinning on a huge violet corsage bouquette, ordered her limousine to take her to his house.

She was ushered into his salon by his man, and, after an interminable wait, or what seemed to her to be an interminable one, heard Roderick's familiar footstep, and rose to face him as he entered the room. She stretched out her little hands to him, and he bent over them, bringing them gallantly but formally to his lips.

"This is indeed a surprise," he said, lowering his eyes that she might not see how the sight of her caused them to flash with desire.

"A pleasant one, I hope?" She lifted her brows in question, and sat down, motioning him to a seat beside her.

"Visits from beautiful women are always pleasant, but unfortunately not always discreet. It is never wise for a woman to see a man in his own home." He spoke coldly and turned his face away from her, controlling his desire to crush her in his arms.

"I am not a child that I should be rebuked for indiscretion," she said tartly.

"No, but you are a woman, and you can well understand my reluctance at receiving you here when my marriage is hardly a month off."

She glanced about her, and as she did so her eyes fell upon a pair of long white gloves that lay on the table. She pointed to them. "These articles, so utterly feminine, betray the fact that you sometimes make an exception to your rule of fidelity to your fiancee," she remarked meaningly.

"Those gloves happen to belong to Bijou herself, so you see that you are mistaken in condemning me," he replied sternly.

Joan threw back her head and laughed. "I see that our little jewel inherits the Bohemian instincts of her charming uncle, and is not averse to the unconventionality of visiting her lover in his home."

Roderick frowned darkly. "You do her a great injustice, Joan. She had tea here with me, chaperoned by an elderly friend—a woman. You may rest assured that I would not allow her to subject herself to criticism and gossip."

"I see that you are much more solicitous of her good name than you ever were of mine," she said curtly, and then smiled at him with arch sweetness. "But why should we quarrel, Chappie?" She put her hand on his knee. "Have you forgotten your little pal—and your love for her?"

He groaned inwardly at her touch. "I have no right to love any woman but one."

"Are you a person to speak of rights to me?" she asked softly. "After all that has passed between us?" She leaned toward him and brought her tantalizing lips close to his. "Are you, Chappie?"

"My God, Joan!" he moaned, "why do you torture me like this—you little fiend? Why do you?"

"Can't you guess why?

The perfume that breathed from her intoxicated him. "Don't talk to me! Don't talk to me!" he cried in anguish.

"I will talk to you! I will tell you that I love you! I love you! Take me away with you, Chappie! Take me away!"

She put her arms about his neck. Suddenly his passion broke its bounds, and he crushed her to him.

"Joan, Joan, my darling!" he cried, and his lips closed fiercely on hers. With her in his arms the world swam into space. His breath came fast, and it seemed that his arms, strong as they were, could not hold her near enough to him. While they were still locked in this passionate embrace a voice broke the stillness—the voice of Bijou.

"I see," she choked out the words, "that I am an intruder here. I only came for my gloves. I thought that I had lost them, but I see that I have lost something far dearer—my love and respect for the man that I was going to marry."

Roderick thrust Joan from him and sprang to his feet.

"Bijou—little sweetheart!" he cried.

She laughed harshly. "You seem to be very promiscuous with your terms of endearment! Under the circumstances I will gladly give my share of them to the woman who evidently possesses your love—my aunt." She swayed weakly and clutched the table for support.

"Bijou, let me explain!" Roderick begged. "Do not turn away from me."

"There is no explanation to be made—I see that my aunt has stolen your love." Her face went white with anger.

"Bah, Chappie, don't lie to the child! She may as well know the truth. I could not steal what has never been yours. Chappie loved me years before my marriage."

"And so he lied to me! He fooled me into consenting to be his wife! But why—why?" She moaned the piteous words.

Joan rose and went over to her. "You little fool! Didn't you know that he loved me? Didn't you know that his engagement to you was nothing but a means for stopping the gossip about him and me? Didn't you know that Henri demanded his marriage to you in order that the mouths of our friends might be stopped, and that had Roderick refused to yield to that demand Henri would have divorced me? Were you blind that you did not see all that?" She shrieked at her in the heat of an angry passion.

There was a terrible hush, and then Bijou drew herself up and replied coldly: "Oh, I understand now! I was simply being used as a cat's-paw—a cover for your amour." Slowly she drew her engagement ring from her left hand. "Do not let me intrude on you two any longer. I understand the situation quite plainly. It is cruelly clear to me." She placed the diamond on the table. "Perhaps Chappie will need this as a gift for his sweetheart on her birthday, or some other auspicious occasion. I am quite sure that I have no further use for it, or for him. Good-by, and thank God that my eyes have been opened to see the man I had thought to be a gentleman in his true role of a cad." She whipped the words out stingingly, turned and left the room.

For a moment Roderick stood staring after her speechless; then he turned on Joan white with fury.

"How could you have been so cruel and heartless, Joan—how could you?" he cried angrily.

"Hush, do not speak in that tone to me. You brought all this on yourself, you fool, you fool!"

He strode over to her and caught her by her wrist. "With the same intensity with which I once loved you, I now hate you! Leave me at once, before I lose control of myself—before I become what that dear child thinks I now am—a cur and a cad with teeth that bruise and bite."

She shrank under the blaze of his wrath. "But you do not love her, Chappie. You know that you do not!" she protested weakly.

"You are quite mistaken, for if I was ever sure of a thing in this world I am now sure of my absolute adoration for her. My God, to think that I have held an angel in my arms and not known it! Go, go! I never want to see you again." And pointing to the door, he turned his head away from her in loathing and disgust, as she whimperingly made her way from his presence.

CHAPTER VIII.

SIX months passed—six months in which Roderick buried his misery in his arduous work at the Embassy. During that time he did not see Bijou. He had learned that she had inherited a fortune and had gone to London for a visit of indefinite length. When at last she returned to Paris, he was not admitted to the house that she had purchased in the Boulevard de Haussmann. Every effort that he made to see her was thwarted. His letters were returned unopened, his gifts were spurned, he himself was turned away from her door.

True to human nature, Roderick's love for her grew as it was scorned. He recognized now that his love for Joan had simply sprung from the soil of desire and passion, and that it had had in it none of those fine, enduring qualities which make the tender affection of a man for a woman one of the most beautiful things in the world. After that terrible afternoon on which Joan and he had been found locked in each other's arms by Bijou—that afternoon that had been a bitter but educative milestone in his life—Roderick had suddenly awakened to the fact that Joan no longer had any power over him. This was conclusively proved to him when he was thrown with her quite by chance at a dinner party and her beauty had failed to thrill and intoxicate him as it had in those days of old. He felt, when he was engaging in friendly and balanced conversation with her, that a great burden had been lifted from his spirit—a burden of unwholesome emotion that had enthralled him and weighed him down for so long. He noticed, too, with keen amusement, that Joan had evidently recovered from the sting of his dismissal of her, for, at the moment, she was engaged in a very lively and animated flirtation with a young English lieutenant.

Feeling that he was a freed man at last, he plunged himself enthusiastically into his work at the Embassy, and as a reward for his perseverance received a most complimentary letter from his uncle, who felt that his promising nephew had at last got into his stride. As success crowned his labors, his popularity in diplomatic circles increased, and statesmen and official dignitaries looked upon him as one of the coming men in political affairs.

But tho his work was a great comfort to him during many dark hours, Roderick realized that life would hold little for him if he could not again win Bijou's love. Freed from Joan's destructive influence, his affection for her burst into passionate bloom, and was made up of all those elements of tender reverence, gentleness and warm desire which make love a perfect gift. Occasionally, at the opera and in the parks, he got a glimpse of Bijou at a distance, and when he did his pulses beat wildly and his heart suffocated him, and by these signs he knew that he could no longer be cold at the sight of her beauty.

He was thinking of her one early morning as he motored in the Bois, wondering if the time would ever come when he should hold her in his arms again, when a horse dashed madly past him with a woman clinging desperately to its mane, as it ran away. Speeding up his car, Roderick flew over the ground, and alighted from the machine just in time to catch the rider as her mount pitched her in the air and onto the ground.

Gathering her in his arms, Roderick carried her gently to his machine, without taking time to look into her face, and it was not until he was resting her gently on the seat that he recognized the exquisite features of Bijou, and knew that Fate had literally thrown her into his embrace again. Jumping into the car, he pillowed her head against his arm, and while her eyes were still closed and she was still in a daze, motored with her to his house on the Faubourg St. Honore.

Once there, he carried her into the library, laid her on a divan, and forced some wine thru her lips, rubbing her wrists as he did so. Slowly she revived and opened her eyes.

"Where am I?" she asked weakly. "Chappie——"

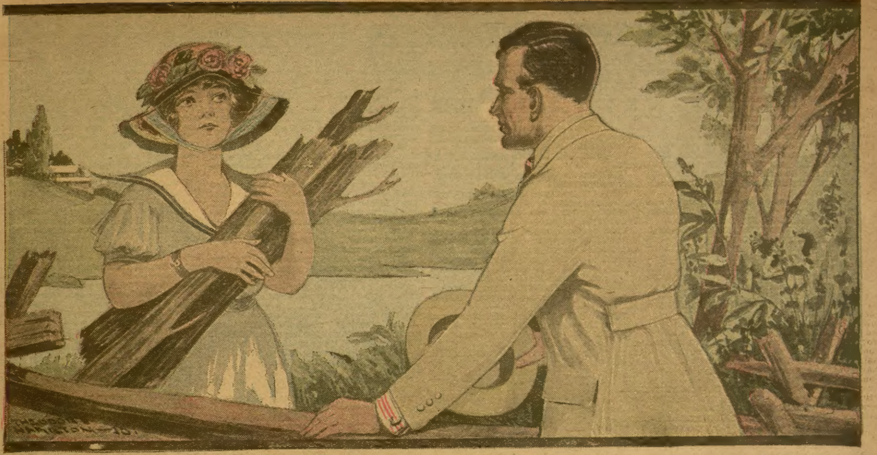
"Hush, my darling! You had a bad fall from your horse, but you are all right now. Try to be quiet and rest. Thank God I have you with me at last!"

She gazed at him as if in a stupor, and then suddenly a blush suffused her cheeks. She sat upright. "I must go! I have no right here."

He pushed her back gently. "You have every right here. Bijou, I love you. Won't you believe that and forgive me."

"How can I believe in the love of a man who has treated me as you have?" she asked coldly. "A man who would trick a girl into loving him in order to shield himself from the breath of scandal. No, I cannot stay here. I must leave at

(Continued on Page 18.)



Struggling Under the Burden of an Armful of Sticks Was a Slim Young Woman, So Good Looking That He Caught His Breath.

A Man, a Maid, a Babbling Brook

By Robert Newton

A man, a maid, a babbling brook—it's an old combination, but the story doesn't always work out as well as this one did and quite satisfactorily, too.

PAUL BRINTON, embryo playwright, clad in brown sweater, khaki trousers and tan puttees, strode over the rolling land of the interior of Staten Island, that anomalous borough of the Greatest City in the World. At the top of the hill he halted and looked down the slope thru the clearing where a brook usually ran in the little valley. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. The brook was not there!

"I'll be doggoned!" he burst out and plunged down the path.

"By the Jumping Jupiter!" he exploded again, when he came to the foot of the hill and looked over the fence into the neighboring pasture. Some one had built a rude dam of small logs, sticks and stones on the other side of the fence, and there, backing up over a depression in the field, was a new, pretty, little pond.

"Well, of all the nerve!" said the playwright, in heated colloquialisms. "This is the limit!"

Now it should be explained that Paul Brinton had bought the land upon which he was now standing, and had built on the lee side of the hill a comfortable cabin. There he would retire from the busy life of the city to read, write, smoke, walk and admire the little brook which crossed the corner of his land. When he saw its bed as dry as a bone, he was much incensed.

Tearing a rail from the disintegrating fence, he viciously jabbed it into the offending obstruction. A few minutes' angry work, and the water burst thru, and such a stream as the little brook had never felt before poured over its clay and gravel bed. The satisfaction which ensued mollified him greatly, and after carefully looking over the length of his ownership in the brook, and being assured that it was running with its accustomed purling placidity, he started for the cabin.

At the top of the hill he turned for a last look at the precious stream. His gaze wandered across the meadow and up the slope beyond to the roof of a cottage behind it. A curling wisp of smoke rose from the chimney.

"Hm! The Charlton place occupied, eh? I should say there must be several boys in the family," he mused.

A brisk walk brought him to the cabin, the center of the simple life he led. Lest you should hold the belief that playwrights live on nightingales' tongues and other ethereal dishes, I'll mention that he cooked over the small range a supper of steak, onions, potatoes and baked apples, while a cup of coffee and a cigar, served on the screened porch by himself, completed the evening meal. An hour or so of reverie, and he betook himself to the living-room, to stretch out, book in hand, in a big easy chair. Then early to bed and early to rise.

Have you ever spent a June morning on the hills of Staten Island? The sun comes up out of the sea and the mists in the little valleys float out to meet it. The birds—and this is New York City, mind you—sing in the maples and beeches, while now and then a gray squirrel chases out on a branch to chatter any number of saucy things at you. The fresh morning breeze blows the ashes from your cigar—or the hair in your eyes. You think of Manhattan, already sweltering a few miles up the bay, and you thank your lucky stars that you can be in the country.

At least that is the way Paul Brinton felt as he stood on his porch the next morning, a smug, land-ownery smile on his good-humored face. He cocked an amateur weather-eye up thru the trees and addressing a gray squirrel on the nearest branch said:

"It is well. 'I can get over for the mail."

The postoffice was a quarter of a mile away.

He put on his coat and cap and started up the path. Toward the top he quickened his pace as he thought of the brook.

A strange sight met his eyes when he had reached the summit and looked down, for there, struggling under the burden of an armful of sticks, was a slim, graceful young lady. Now and then she raised a wide-brimmed hat and dried a perspiring brow with an infinitesmal handkerchief.

Fascinated, Paul watched the various operations and noted the determination and energy of the girlish figure—a little over five feet in height. Wild speculations entered his brain in the effort to unravel the mystery of these labors. A whimsical idea struck him.

"Does um want a little wading pond for um's ittle footums?" he asked under his breath.

Then, with elaborate nonchalance, he sauntered down, hoping against hope that she was good looking. She was—so much so that he caught his breath in surprise. Of course one greets strangers in the country. Paul knew his rural etiquette.

"Good morning," he said, in velvet tones.

She dropped the log which she was pushing over the fence.

"Oh! How you startled me! Good morning," she exclaimed.

"I beg your pardon. I thought you heard me coming," fibbed Paul.

"No, I didn't know there was any one around," she answered. "Would you mind helping me with this log, please. It's just what I need."

Paul looked at the log. It was to have been the foundation of a rustic seat overlooking the brook. He picked it up and tossed it over the fence.

"May I ask what you intend building?" he requested.

"Oh, I'm going to make a little pond on our land," she answered, with a note of pride on the possessive.

Paul reviewed the future pond with judicial deliberation.

"Have you considered what the owner of the property next to yours might say to the damming up of the brook?" he asked.

She looked up, startled.

"Why, no-o! It's of no use to him, is it? And I don't know him anyway," was the naive reply.

Paul chuckled.

"Feminine logic!" he ejaculated.

She drew up her five-feet-three with a touch of hauteur.

"I apologize," he laughed. "But did you consider the legal aspects of your project. The owner of this property has rights in the waterways thereon."

"My! You talk like a lawyer," she said, with mock respect. "But, really, I believe you're right. Do you know the owner? Oh! You are the owner!"

He made a dignified bow.

"Permit me to introduce myself, Paul Brinton," he said. "One of the landed gentry of Staten Island. I landed here last year and now own three acres."

"And I am Elsie Ferguson," she said, with a pretty courtesy. "We've just bought the Charlton place and mother and I live there."

"This is a pleasure, I'm sure," he answered, in his most dulcet, drawing-room tones, and added, "Now, as neighbors, we'll have to settle the questions of the brook."

"Surely you won't object," he asserted.

"I'm afraid I do," he replied regretfully. "I put a good deal of store by that brook. I think it's the finest one on Staten Island."

"Oh, dear! I do want to raise some ducks," she wailed.

"Ducks?" exclaimed Paul.

"Yes, I had it all planned to make a pond and raise a few. We already have some chickens."

"Are you an expert poultry—er—woman?" he asked.

"No, but I like them—they're so cute. And there is money in them," she said with a far-away look in her brown eyes.

"Well, of all youthful ambitions! But I'm afraid your ducks wouldn't get along with what I'm trying to raise," he temporized, in a tone of real despair.

"Why, what are you raising?" she interestedly asked.

"Plays," was the laconic reply.

"Plays? Why how could my ducks interfere with your plays?"

"They might drown out the music of my typewriter," he answered.

"Oh, fiddlesticks! You don't do your writing near here, do you?"

"No, I live on the other side of the hill, but I thought of bringing my machine down near the brook—for inspiration, you know."

"You might write a bird play, like 'Chanticler,' and put my ducks in it," she railed.

He brought out a notebook and made an entry.

"Not a bad idea," he said.

"I shall expect royalties, of course," she laughed.

"Don't count your ducks before they're hatched into plays," he said.

"Do you write plays that are produced?" she asked, eying him curiously.

"No, I write plays that are mostly rejected," he answered sadly. "And that reminds me—I must get over to the postoffice and send one of them off."

"I wish you luck with it," she said shyly.

"Thank you," said Paul. "Good day."

He started with a swinging stride, not altogether unconscious of his broad shoulders and manly carriage.

"Oh, just a minute," called the girl softly. "What about the dam? May I build it?"

He stopped. He was determined not to commit himself just yet.

"Suppose we leave it to chance," he suggested. "If my play is successful I'll allow you to build the dam."

"Oh, dear! I don't know whether you are a playwright or not," she pouted. "Maybe you are driving a hard bargain."

"That question lies on the knees of the gods, otherwise known as the Broadway managers. However, it's my only promise," he said, with finality.

"All right, then. I wish you double luck—and here's a four-leaf clover I found this morning. Put it in with the play."

"They'll probably think it's a shamrock—and that would be fatal with some show-brokers," laughed Paul, as he took the clover leaf.

He found the dainty duck farmer haunting his thoughts daily after his encounter with her, and he saw her a few times in the distance crossing the fields near her home. Once she waved to him. A few days later he met her on the road as he was returning with the rejected play in his pocket and a dejected expression on his face.

"Why so sad on such a lovely morning?" she inquired.

"I'm sad because you are going to be disappointed. My play has been rejected," he replied.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said. "But don't worry about me. I'm too busy to bother with ducks, just at present, anyway."

He found himself wondering what

was keeping her so busy, but his spirits rose at the sincerity of her condolences. Besides, she appeared particularly fetching in a white silk sweater and sailor straw. Natty, he thought, and compared her cheeks to roses—a very hackneyed comparison for a playwright.

"Oh, well, I'm used to it," he said cheerily. "It is the fortunes of war. I'm only sorry that I made its acceptance the condition for permission to you to build the dam."

"Aha! The grim oger relents!" she cried. "Of course you could make newer and less arduous conditions."

"A promise is a promise—and how do I know that I'd ever see you again once the dam is built," he boldly said.

"Probably you won't wish to. You'd better try to sell the play," she said, with a touch of reserve which made Paul flush.

"However, you may come over to see me, anyway," she relented. "Mother will be glad to meet you."

"I'll be over tonight, if I may come," he declared instantly.

"Do, please," she said. "Good-by."

Paul's feeling of elation was amplified as he made his way over to the little cottage after supper that evening.

Elise made a joking reference to the dam in introducing him to her mother, and then said, "But let's drop business. It is too lovely a night."

It was lovely. Thru a big sycamore the moon sifted its beams over a small garden. A dreamy content settled upon them. From the Bay the horns and whistles of the steamers echoed, far-away sounds made mellow and mysterious by distance. Conversation flourished at intervals, and languished to brief sentences in low tones voicing the beauty of the night. At the leave taking Elise walked out to the gate with him.

The moonlight on a lovely woman's face! Since time immemorial it has been man's undoing. Paul only repeated history when he found his conversational powers leaving him. He tried to speak in low tones as he felt befitted the occasion, but, alas, low tones are hard to control!

So, also, since time immemorial has woman been able to detect and diagnose these symptoms—and heaven help us when she chooses to play upon them!

Elise picked a petunia bud and, as she placed it on his lapel, lingered a moment. Then, with a bright "Good night," she ran back to the house, leaving him wondering if he had really caught a tender light in her eyes, or that the moon was playing him tricks.

He wondered many a time in the next month, and long before July arrived he had reached the conclusion that, beyond peradventure, he was deeply in love. At times she was gay and comradely, and he was "Paul" to her. At others he would be held, figuratively, at arm's length, and the formal "Mr. Brinton" chilled him. And to aggravate despair his play had been rejected twice.

One day, as he was boarding the train, he saw a painful vision. Bowling along the road, in a high-powered runabout driven by a young, smiling-eyed man, was Elise. She was bending toward the man to make herself heard, and, to Paul's startled imagination, there seemed to be an intimate quality in her smile which made the playwright's journey a miserable one.

Twice, in the week following, he saw her in the same automobile with the same man, and his spirits sank to lower depths than ever. He had formed the habit of dropping in informally at the cottage, but now he avoided it, tho not without the feeling that he was a bit childish.

Then a little note came in the mail which read:

> "Dear Paul: The Muses must be working overtime, for you haven't been to see us in ever so long a time. Please run over tonight, or tomorrow, if you are not too busy.
> Sincerely, ELISE."

Doubt gave way to hope, and the rest of the day passed on leaden wings. The evening come, he hurried joyously to the cottage. The warmth of his greeting could have been lost only on a blind, paralytic girl, and a delicate flush rose in Elise's cheeks and her eyes sparkled a bit. Her voice of welcome was all too calm to suit Paul's own mood.

She made no question of his not having called recently, and politely passed over it with the remark that she presumed that he had been busy.

"My busyness seems to be for naught," he answered. "My play has come home to roost again."

He was glad he mentioned it, for she put her hand over his with a sympathetic touch.

"Oh, that's too bad! Won't those horrid managers ever have any sense?"

"That's probably the question they are asking about me," Paul said, striving, in an abortive attempt, to put his other hand over hers. It eluded his effort without ostentation.

The talk fell on books and plays, as it did so often, and the time passed happily to Paul, until, in an unguarded moment he let the conversation turn to motors. This he almost immediately regretted.

"My face is like a boiled lobster, from riding yesterday," Elise offered eagerly.

"I saw you on the road and took some of your dust. Were you on a long trip?" asked Paul, politely.

"Oh, did you? No. We just went down to Tottenville and back and then up to New Dorp. It was lovely."

"Who was the handsome driver?" questioned Paul, lightly, tho somehow the answer seemed fraught with momentous consequence to him.

"Oh, that was Dr. Gray," Elise replied. She cast a mischievous, sidelong glance at him which Paul missed.

"I don't believe I've met him," he said.

"He has an office up at New Dorp," she volunteered.

"Oh, I see. Your family physician," he said brightly.

"Not exactly," she answered, killing his reviving hope.

Conversation paused, while Paul wondered if he should consider that he had not been encouraged, and should yield ground to this prosperous-appearing doctor, or chance all on one impassioned speech and know his fate. As he arose to leave he had decided on a desperate plan. He would woo her precipitously yet delicately.

"Elise!" he whispered, and there was that in his voice which no girl might mistake. She stooped for the latch of the gate and made some remark about the squeaking hinge. He was dumb for a minute, and she seized the opportunity to say that she must be up early the next day. "Another motor trip!" flashed across his tortured mind. He put his arm about her shoulder and tried to draw her to him. She yielded a fraction—and then drew back.

"Elsie! I—I——"

She reached up and covered his mouth with her hand.

"Oh, don't! Don't! You'll spoil everything!" she exclaimed, and, eluding his clasp, she ran swiftly to the house, leaving him dumfounded.

So she just wanted him to flirt with! Well, he could play the game! Yet it was distasteful. He called again soon, and she greeted him with cool friendliness as tho nothing had happened. Paul marveled.

Time passed, with this passive neutrality observed by both, until it began to wear on Paul's nerves. He took a trip to Atlantic City to visit relatives, but he found the gay life there without savor and the butterflies of the beach a burden, so he came back to his cabin resolved to bury himself in work.

One day in early August he was called to New York, as the outlanders call Manhattan, and was raised suddenly to a seventh heaven by the acceptance of his play. His joy lacked one thing. He wondered if she would really care—that is, for his sake. He called up the little cottage. Elise answered, and when she heard the news gave a cry of delight.

"Oh, I'm so glad! My, but I'm proud I'm a friend of yours! Not but that I'm proud of the friendship, anyhow, but—I'm proud—I'm proud of you."

"I'm coming right down," he said, overjoyed at her tone. "In the meantime you can be building the dam."

"I'll have it built by the time you arrive. You'll be greeted by a chorus of ducks." She hung up as she heard his happy groan.

When he arrived he found Elise working hard. With almost superhuman energy and haste she had built the dam, and the bed of the brook was as dry as on the day before their initial meeting. Paul gazed on it now without a pang.

Her congratulations over, they sat on a bowlder in the middle of the brookbed. They might have been miles from human habitation so entirely alone were they. The only sounds beside their voices were of the late afternoon buzz of insects.

They conversed happily for a long time—and then the Serpent appeared again in Eden. Automobiles were mentioned.

"I presume you are familiar with every road on the island," said Paul, turning the dagger in his self-inflicted wounds. Elise was not averse to lending her assistance in the operation. 'Twas ever thus!

"Yes, indeed. Dr. Gray has been very kind," she answered.

"Did I understand you to say that Dr. Gray is your family physician?" asked Paul, determinedly.

"Why, in a sense, yes," she admitted. "That is, he is a close confidant of the family. Mother and I are never sick, tho."

The intentional ambiguity of the answer was too much for the tortured Paul. His courage left him again, and he sought to end the conversation's turn in a light and graceful manner. He failed distinctly.

"The Doctor doesn't seem old enough to be Gray," he laughed, and then conscious of the futility of the weak pun, he relapsed into silence.

"Well, he's old enough to be a good physician," replied Elise, with asperity.

The silence became intense.

The playwright looked moodily off toward the hills where the sun was beginning to disappear. His spirits, too, were setting. The success of his play and the joy of it had turned to Dead Sea fruit.

But the mills of Cupid, like the other gods tho grinding slow, grind nevertheless; and something happened to make Paul take the game into his own hands. He became aware that the bed of the brook, which had been baking since noon in the sun, was no longer entirely dry. He slyly turned toward the dam. Two badly placed sticks had become dislodged at the top and had fallen. The pond had risen and was running over the breach. As he looked, some clay washed out and a stone fell. He glanced back to see if his companion had noticed. She was looking off to the changing sky-colors.

"Beautiful—those clouds—aren't they? See the one in the shape of an alligator. It's tail is just turning from pale green to orange," he babbled, trying to assume a chatty tone.

She only uttered monosyllabic replies and appeared engrossed in the heavens.

He thought how beautifully her face and hair reflected the glow of color. He cast another furtive glance at the dam. A stone fell with a slight splash and a small freshet burst thru. He trembled and looked back at her, but she still seemed unconscious of the ruining of her work. The water rose above the soles of Paul's shoes and still she did not heed. Her face had assumed a deeper flush, perhaps due to the reflection of a deeper tone in the sky. Paul's own face showed the result of other reflections.

Two logs fell, and with a miniature roar the pond burst its barriers. Elise arose with a low scream of dismay and surveyed the ruins. The water surged to her boot-tops. Paul, rising to the foreseen emergency, picked her up in his arms, clasping her under the shoulders and around the knees as tightly as tho saving a life, instead of just wet shoes and stockings. He waded ashore and struggled up the bank. He continued up the perfectly dry path.

"Haven't we got out of the water?" Elise asked. "Really, Mr. Brinton, I can walk now."

He tightened his hold and his jaws, and lied like a gentleman.

"No. The water is up over the banks. I'm in to my knees now—I can't let you down. You'd be soaked."

"That's—er—pure imagination," she protested, struggling in his arms.

His lips just missed their mark in reply.

"I don't care if it is!" he answered boldly. "I'm going to kiss you—and I'm going to make you marry me in spite of all the da——"

"Oh, Paul!" she reproved.

"In spite of all the dams and Dr. Grays in creation," he continued. "You've got to say you'll marry me. I'll carry you around these woods the rest of the night, or until you do," and suiting the action to the words, he started off thru the trees. Tramp, tramp, he went, stumbling over roots and stones to the muffled accompaniment of "Ohs!" from his burden.

He did not carry out his threat literally. Instead, he made a virtual prisoner of Elise by drawing her down on a convenient log and, with his arm about her shoulders, grimly holding her there. She made no effort toward release, but seemed to be pondering a mystery.

The sun, its red circle half concealed below the hill, spread its glow overhead above the trees. A thrush, somewhere in the thicket, poured out a rich, throaty melody. A robin called from the top of a maple.

"Paul," came a low voice from his shoulder.

"Yes, dear," he answered hopefully.

"Can't you let me go for a few minutes? Please, Paul! My foot's asleep."

"No," he answered, with a savage squeeze. "When you're all asleep, I'm going to take you to a minister and bribe him to marry us."

"Won't that be terrible!" she said, with a theatric shudder.

She began to kick out the affected foot. Paul held her tightly. She tried to sob, but not very successfully. He was unrelenting.

The rose in the sky deepened to purple, and the frogs in the late lamented pond piped the overture to their evening chorus. A slight breeze sprang up and, rustling against her damp skirt, sent a shiver thru her.

"Paul," she whispered.

"Yes," he answered, less hopefully than before.

"Paul," she said in contrite tones.

He waited in silence.

"Paul—Dr. Gray is—my—brother-in-law!"

"What?" Paul shouted.

"Yes. That is, he married my brother's wife's sister."

Paul did not stop to figure out the relationship, but released her with a whoop. He jumped up, whirled his arms about to remove the cramps, and then laid eager hold of her and shook her.

"You unmitigated tease! Say, 'Yes,'" he commanded.

"Y—yes," she said dutifully.

About an hour later the birds had hushed their songs, while the frogs had reached their evening fortissimo. Over the valley, reflecting in the brook, rose a bright new moon and peeped down thru the trees at a young man and woman. The woman was speaking.

"Oh, Paul!" she said. "Just think—suppose the dam hadn't burst!"

* * *

A Success Secret.

GOVERNOR BILBO said at a dinner in Jackson: "The man who succeeds easiest is the one who works on the queer, the funny, in human nature.

"Like the chap who turned up at Palm Beach with a new twelve-cylinder car, you know.

"'Oh, I've struck it rich,' said he, 'I've written a book called "Hints to Beautiful Women."'

"'Good!' said the reception clerk, as he led the newcomer to his locker. 'And all the beautiful women are buying it, eh?'

"'No,' said Newrich. 'All the plain ones.'"

* * *

Well-known General.

PINCHIN had just purchased a fine old vase and was endeavoring to impress his visitors with its antiquity.

"Oh, it's a beauty!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm. "A rare gem. It belonged to General—er—General—er—what's his name?"

"Oh, yes!" said a sarcastic friend, coming to his aid. "General Dealer, wasn't it?"

THE NEW MINUTEMAN

He was working just as peaceful as he used to work at home—
That's anywhere you care to name from Galveston to Nome—
He was oiling up an engine, or was toying with a spade,
When the Teutons took a notion that they'd like to start a raid.

Well, the worker saw them coming—like the spawn spilled out of
hell—
And he cocked his Yankee eye at them and said, "Oh, very well,
If my job is interrupted I'll find something else to do,"
And he shook his hairy Yankee fist at all the Teuton crew.

Then he hailed a wounded Tommy and he said, "See here, old son,
I would thank you mighty kindly if you'd let me have your gun,
For those chaps have stopped my working and I feel chock full of
spite,
So I guess I'll dig a shelter hole and settle down to fight."

He hadn't soldier training and he didn't need command,
But he knew the proper place was "front" and there he took his
stand,
Like a soldier of the soldiers, like a peer among his peers,
For the credit and the honor of the Yankee engineers.

And he may be dead or living, but wherever he is found
He will sure be facing forward and holding hard his ground;
And he holds his proper station in the hearts of those at home—
That's everywhere that you can name from Galveston to Nome!

—O. C. A. CHILD *in New York Times.*

His Red Cross Sweetheart

By St. George Rathborne

You Can Begin the Story Now.

WHILE Boyd Kennedy is returning from Europe to America to enlist the liner on which he is traveling strikes a floating mine and is wrecked. With several other survivors, he is finally rescued, after spending three days and nights in an open boat. He has appropriated the coat of an Englishman, Gerald Carroll, who was washed overboard; and upon coming to himself after the rescue is called Mr. Carroll by the attractive Red Cross nurse who is assisting the French doctor in caring for him. He fails to correct her. Altho she gives her name as Thompson, Kennedy believes it assumed. He discovers, looking over Carroll's letters, that the other was a spy in Germany's pay, and believing that he can obtain valuable information by posing as the Englishman, he resolves to do so.

The next day a torpedo strikes the liner. Kennedy forces Nurse Thompson into one of the last boats, which, in being lowered, is overturned. The young man dives into the water and assists the girl to keep afloat. They manage to seize a drifting boat, and during the twenty hours following the girl is greatly puzzled to reconcile Kennedy's kindliness with what she evidently has heard about Carroll. A French destroyer finally comes to their rescue.

Landed at Havre by the French Captain, Miss Thompson takes the first train for Paris, while Kennedy remains to tell his story to the American consul, to whom he reveals the letters and papers of Gerald Carroll, alias Fritz Klauss. The consul in turn reports to the secret service, and asks Kennedy to deliver to the nurse a cablegram sent to the consulate. Delighted at the opportunity to see her again, and free now to reveal his true identity, Kennedy prepares to take the next train for Paris. Just before leaving he succeeds in having two spies put under arrest by the secret service men. His compartment on the train is shared by Basil Duke, a wealthy and elderly New Yorker, who, tho silent and uncommunicative, is evidently in great haste to reach Paris. Kennedy, in helping him to pick up the contents of a bill-book which he has dropped, discovers a photograph of Miss Thompson in the attire of a society woman. He conjectures that the nurse is the unhappy runaway wife of this elderly man, and surmising that the cablegram may warn her of her husband's approach, Kennedy decides to reach her first. Arriving in Paris, and finding himself in high favor with the secret service, he deliberately directs suspicion toward Duke unknown to the latter.

You can now go on with the story by reading the installment published in this issue. If you prefer, you can read the entire story in detail by getting back copies from our agents, newsdealers or by mail direct from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 1, dated January 5, 1918.

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CHAPTER XVI.

GAINING A RESPITE.

BY THIS time Mr. Basil Duke must have begun to realize that something unusual was on the carpet. With two adroit agents going thru his personal belongings so assiduously, as tho they really anticipated finding incriminating documents concealed in secret receptacles of his bags; and those other quiet, unostentatious gentlemen lining up alongside, one on either hand, he began to feel "deucedly uncomfortable, you know," as he might himself have described it later on when reviewing the circumstances.

"What does this mean, messieurs?" he asked, with a small fraction of impatience showing in his voice, tho apparently he knew better than to display anger in connection with these minions of the French government, who were, of course, only doing their duty.

"Pardon, monsieur, but we shall, I fear, be under the painful necessity of requesting you to accompany us," said the agent who had done the talking with Boyd Kennedy.

"Am I to understand that you mean to arrest me?" demanded the American, apparently disgusted with the situation, this fresh trial coming so closely upon the heels of his losing his train, and being detained all those precious hours in the French seaport at Havre.

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders, and made an apologetic gesture with his hands.

"I do not like to geef it so harsh a name, m'sieu," he announced, "but circumstances have arisen that necessitate your being temporarily detained. No doubt it may be only for a single night, and in the morning you will, of course, be able to convince my superiors of your perfect innocence of the charge of suspicion."

"But don't you understand, sir, I am an American citizen? My name is Basil Armstrong Duke. I have been an officer of the famous 7th Regiment of the great city of New York. Why, my name is almost as well known there as—as—that of ex-President Roosevelt. This is an abominable outrage. I am over here on most important personal business. To be needlessly detained even for a night might spell ruin to my plans. It is absurd, I assure you, M'sieu the Agent, you surely have been made the victim of a serious mistake."

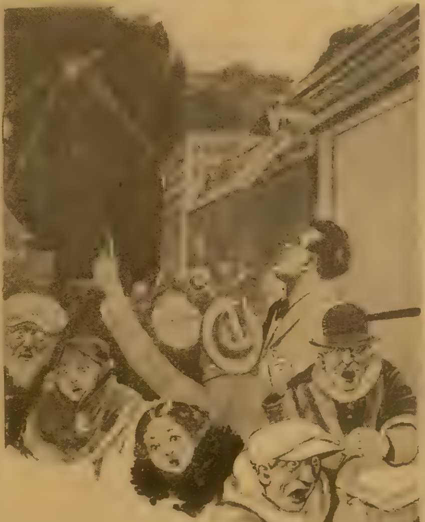
Again that shrug that stood for so much; but Boyd could see the gentleman from headquarters did not mean to budge a hair's breadth from the stand he had taken. All the threats and blandishments that the pilgrim from across the sea might lavish on him would go for naught; his mind was made up that this man ought to be taken in and detained until his assertions were verified. M'sieu Kennedy had suggested it, and M'sieu Kennedy just then ranked very high in the estimation of the French secret service man, for had he not come from Havre with the warmest of testimonials from the authorities there?

"It is too bad, m'sieu, and I assure you we regret having to be so severe; but the times are out of joint, and our poor country eet is so overrun with cunning enemy spies that many really loyal people have to put up with ze inconveniences, the innocent suffering for the guilty. Let us hope it may be only a temporary source of annoyance to you. But we only know our duty, and perform it, regardless of fear or favor."

"Then you actually mean to take me away, and hold me overnight under suspicion of being a German spy?" gasped the other, doubtless as red in the face as a turkey-gobbler. Boyd could not see well enough to make sure of this fact; but nevertheless he was enjoying the little entertainment hugely, for while there was something rather attractive about the grumbler, Boyd confessed, at the same time he felt that he ought to detest him on account of his being such a despot with regard to Nurse Thompson.

"I trust that m'sieu will pardon the necessity, but we shall have to insist on his accompanying us," the other told him, plainly. "Of course, we shall not make any display that will put the gentleman to unnecessary humiliation, but mon Dieu! It is a mere nothing in these strenuous days for any one to be taken before the prefect for examination. I myself have known people who have been arrested as many as six times in the week, and they are still walking the streets of Paree free. So I hope m'sieu will be philosophical and make us no needless trouble.

Perhaps there was just the least hint of a threat under this soft language, an indication that tho the glove might be of velvet there were claws within that could be utilized if necessary. Mr. Basil Duke could read between the lines. Tho so fond of blustering, and imbued with a ridiculous sense of his own importance, he was certainly no fool; and he knew just how far he might go with an accredited representative of the celebrated French secret service



The Burning Zeppelin Was Falling Rapidly, Like a Blazing Comet Shooting Across the Sky.

So he changed his tune. When he spoke again he no longer allowed a strain of threatening to pervade his language; Uncle Sam's righteous anger might do all very well to hold up over the head of a too-troublesome customs official in one of those little Central American republics, but with a great nation like France in the throes of war, and with millions of her men at the front, such a scolding message would not pass muster.

"Oh! Very well, then, m'sieu," he went on to say, after heaving a great sigh that somehow gave Boyd considerable vindictive amusement and pleasure, "I suppose I must bow to the inevitable; but it is a terrible shock to think that a Duke, an ex-officer in the gallant Seventh, and a genuine friend of the brave French republic should ever rest under the suspicion of being an enemy spy, and be rounded up just like any common plotter. So I shall make the rest of it. Only I hope you will treat me halfway decently, and not thrust me into one of those dread dungeons I've heard so much about in the history of the Bastile, and other old French prisons."

"Be assured, m'sieu," he was politely told, "we are more particular in these modern days how we keep those whose identity we are investigating. It will doubtless only inconvenience m'sieu a trifle. Later on he will even smile at the recollection, and treat it as a mere incident. And now, if m'sieu is ready he will accompany me"

"I hope you will take a conveyance, and allow me to stand any expense attached to the same," remarked Mr. Basil Duke; "for you see I have not been a good walker since giving up training, and settling down to a life of ease."

"It shall be just as you say, m'sieu," observed the agent; and then he gave a low order to one of his associates, who immediately picked up the bag and suitcase belonging to the elderly American, and trotted off.

The last the amused Boyd saw of the party, Mr. Duke was still volubly pouring out his grievances and deploring the distressing conditions that made his detention until morning a necessity of wartimes.

"I'd like to shake hands with myself for managing that little business so cleverly," Boyd was saying, as he, too, prepared to secure some sort of a conveyance in order to reach his hotel. "At least he is out of the game temporarily. The runaway little nurse is thereby given some hours' reprieve, and if I am smart perhaps I may be able to get in touch with her, so as to give warning of the catastrophe impending. I wonder if she will thank me; I only hope she may not consider that I am a precious meddler in interfering in her family affairs. I've always heard that when a man and his wife are engaged in quarreling it is very indiscreet and even dangerous for an outsider to try to come between, thru sympathy for the lady; for somehow the family differences are suddenly patched up, and both are likely to turn on the would-be messenger of peace."

Somehow Boyd was feeling exceedingly "grouchy." He tried to imagine it came from something he had eaten that did not quite agree with him; but deep down in his heart he knew very well this was a sham excuse, and that the truth lay in quite another quarter. Everything seemed to have taken on a different aspect since he had reached the conclusion that Nurse Thompson was in reality Mrs. Basil Duke, and that this irascible party had come across the sea in mad haste seeking his runaway spouse. It made him grit his teeth to think that the pretty Red Cross nurse belonged to another man, and was therefore beyond the reach of his adoring eyes, if he had any respect for his sense of honor

Just then a thought struck him and he proceeded to act upon it immediately, for it was always his habit to hit straight from the shoulder. Of course in these troublous times there were agents of the government at the station to observe every person who arrived in the capital, and thus make sure that no spies were allowed to enter the hospitable gates of Paris, there to send word to the enemy, and invite one of those dreadful attacks from the skies, when bombs would again be rained down on the helpless Parisians

Hence, the arrival of Nurse Thompson must have been noted. He wondered whether any one of those three other agents could have been on duty at the time that earlier train from Havre came in. He had heard them talking together, and even caught one of them using pretty fair English when answering some question put by a red-faced khaki-clad British officer evidently just over after a visit to his home beyond the Channel. This then was the party Boyd approached. The man evidently knew who he was, and how just then M'sieu Kennedy stood in high favor with the prefect. He bowed politely as the American approached, and waited to be addressed.

"Pardon me," Boyd started to say, "but have you been on duty here for some hours, m'sieu; and were you here when the other train from Havre arrived?"

"Oui, m'sieu, I have been here it is almost eight hours now," he was told.

"I would like to ask you a question, if it would not be improper, m'sieu. There was a lady who came from Havre on that other train. I myself saw her off at the station. I would like very much to know if she arrived safely. Perhaps you may have noticed her, as she was wearing the garments that bore the Red Cross insignia."

The agent nodded his head; perhaps his black eyes twinkled, for all Frenchmen have great sympathy for everything that borders the road to romance.

"Ah, m'sieu! But there were just seven Red Cross nurses who came on that train," he went on to say, apologetically.

"But surely you would have noticed this particular lady," hastily added Boyd, "because she was young, and—exceedingly lovely."

"Now I understand, it must be M'sile Thompson to whom m'sieu refers?" quickly observed the agent, with a faint smile that Boyd pretended not to notice, for just then he was caring very little who knew of his pronounced interest in the pretty nurse.

"Yes, that is the lady's name," he admitted. "She is also an American like myself, and has come over to France to be of service to your heroic wounded in the Paris hospitals, perhaps later to go to the front and labor there."

"She is then an angel, m'sieu. All American ladies are angels—that is what the poilus are saying who have come under their charge. We honor them above everything on earth. What can I do for you further, m'sieu? Would you inquire to which hospital I directed the beautiful m'slle? That I could tell you without going beyond my orders, since I am sure you must be good friends."

"We certainly are," Boyd informed him, and then, knowing the fondness of Frenchmen for anything touching on the dramatic, he took the liberty of adding, altho not desirous of sounding his own praises: "I even had the good fortune to be of some service to the lady when our steamer was sunk by a torpedo from an enemy submarine. So kindly give me the information, if you please."

"I directed her myself, m'sieu," explained the agent, joyously, glad to be of some service when Cupid seemed to be coyly showing his face in the game. "She inquired as to where she might find a certain well-known lady of Paris, with whom she was evidently much acquainted, and who it is well understood has been spending all her time in ministering to our wounded heroes at a certain city hospital. So I myself put her in a cab, for you see we have gone back to the old style of delivery since our best cars have all been commandeered for use in the army; and m'sieu will doubtless find M'slle Thompson at the Hotel des Invalides!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE NIGHT ALARM.

AGAIN had Fortune smiled on him, Boyd thought, when he received this important information from the polite official. It would undoubtedly save him more or less searching early in the morning, when starting out to see Nurse Thompson, so that he might thus gain a lead on a certain portly and apoplectic gentleman whose plans he seemed to take such positive delight in upsetting. Finally he was on his way thru the streets of Paris, headed for the hotel where in other days he had been wont to stop. He looked about him in dismay. Was this the wonderfully gay and fascinating Paris of memories past; this somber city where lights were dimmed, and really seemed to be the exception rather than the rule? Where, instead of the usual crowds and boisterous greetings, comparatively few persons were to be seen on the streets, and even these shuffled along as tho they felt they had no right to be abroad?

Of course, in some favored quarters there must still be more or less gayety going on, for it is utterly impossible to bottle up French enthusiasm altogether; and even in the face of the most dreadful aerial attack there would be found those who must dance and sing and make merry. But taken in all, the change was so amazing that Boyd had to rub his eyes and stare at the well-remembered business blocks in order to make sure he was in Paris at all. It was so different, so dead, so gloomy.

Presently he arrived at the hotel which he remembered so well. Alas! What changes had also taken place here, as everywhere else. He would not have recognized it as the same place where the great of every nation had been wont to gather in those good old days of the long ago.

Now he would have thought he had arrived at some third-rate hotel in New York. Attendants were few, and for the most part consisted of old or crippled men. Well, in these trying times it was next door to a crime for any young man to be seen without a uniform, unless it happened that he were wounded, or afflicted with a malady so serious that it prevented him from joining the colors and offering his life to his country.

Being very much fatigued, Boyd finally made up his mind that he would be acting sensibly if he sought his bed and gained more or less rest. For aught he knew, further strenuous experiences might still lie ahead of him, which he would be all the better equipped to meet if he secured a few hours of decent sleep.

It was not far from midnight when he came to this conclusion. Quite naturally he had made a few inquiries concerning the possibility of there being an aerial attack one of these nights. The hotel manager informed him that it had been months now since the last assault on the part of the Teuton fliers; and they had been so seriously punished on that memorable occasion that they seemed to have had no stomach since for running up against the intrepid birdmen of the French army, who had not only chased them away from the vicinity of the capital, but had pursued them all the way back to the hostile trenches. It was with excusable pride that he also announced how only one-half of the raiding expedition ever returned in safety to the German lines.

"And yet we do not know when the humor may again strike our enemies once more to try to raid Paris," the gentleman went on to say, frowning. "It is a perpetual menace we are living under. Any night the Terror of the Skies may visit us again, and leave a track of death and destruction in its wake."

It was a remarkable coincidence that even as Boyd and the hotel manager were thus talking, the very thing they had been discussing chanced to come about. Just as the American guest of the hotel had said good night, and turned to make his way to the elevator to reach his apartment, he heard a strange outcry wafted in from the partly darkened street. It seemed as tho bells began to ring and whistles to sound. There was also a gradually increasing murmur of many voices. So these streets of Paris must have resounded with just such a sullen roar in the memorable days when the Revolution and the Commune reigned triumphant, and the star of the Little Corporal, fated to have such an influence on the civilized world, began to rise above the horizon.

Could it be possible that another outbreak somewhat similar to that historical revolt of the people against the aristocracy had started? The very suggestion was enough to send a thrill thru Boyd's whole frame; tho he almost immediately realized the utter absurdity of such a thing. Perhaps, then, some astounding news had reached the capital concerning the movements of the heroic army that held those millions of eager German fighters on the Aisne.

He turned and looked about him, to discover that every one was showing more or less excitement, as tho they knew only too well what all the clamor out on the streets and boulevards of Paris signified.

Going outside, he discovered that the street was densely packed with excitable human beings—men, women and even children—some of them only partly dressed, but one and all wild to glimpse the raiders in the sky, and see if the brave defenders of Paris would not only attack but drive them away.

It was impossible to be in the midst of that eager throng, every one with his head thrown back greedily scanning the cloudy heavens, and not feel the thrill that must always accompany such a situation. Boyd, by following the pointing fingers of those nearest to him, quickly discovered what he sought; and it gave him a queer sensation distinctly to make out, by the aid of the shafts of blazing light thrown aloft from a dozen separate sources, several spectral objects which he knew must be the air craft of the raiders, come again to do damage to the devoted French capital.

CHAPTER XVIII.

VOYAGERS OF THE CLOUDS.

SEEN by the powerful rays of the giant searchlights, the moving objects far up in the heavens seemed like tiny cigars. It was difficult to believe that each of the four was in reality one of those wonderful dirigibles, some hundreds of feet in length, and with a speed of ninety miles an hour; that each carried a full crew of perhaps thirty-five daring souls, and was also provided with quick-firing guns, as well as bomb-dropping devices.

Evidently they had started long after night set in, from some base in Belgium, and covered the distance to the French capital in record time. The darkness of the night, together with the great altitude at which they sailed on their perilous course, had prevented any advance information from being sent on to the defenders of Paris.

And now here they were, ready to begin their work of destruction, with the devoted city lying far below, its illumination dim to their eyes, but the general position made clear by the flashing of the searchlights.

All around him Boyd could hear people talking excitedly. He noticed that fear of the consequences was the last thing that seemed to enter their heads. Indeed, the predominating thought seemed to be in connection with the chances of the brave French aviators to get in touch with the invaders before they had discharged their cargoes of bombs, and had withdrawn. Wagers were freely made on every side for and against such a happening; but the consensus of opinion seemed to be that the Germans, as had happened on their last visit, would have to pay heavily for their temerity in once again attacking Paris; that they would be made to suffer just as the incautious boy must who meddles with an innocent-looking hornets' nest.

Borne along with the rushing throng, always searching for a better vantage point from which to view the wonderful spectacle of a battle among the clouds, Boyd Kennedy felt his nerves bounding with the exhilaration of the hour. The sensation was so novel, even to one who had experienced so many strange things during his world tours, that he almost enjoyed it.

Carried along by the crowd, Boyd quickly found himself on one of the bridges spanning the Seine, which in a way offered as good an observation post as he could hope to find. So there he concluded to stay and watch what took place.

By then the flotilla of airships had forged almost directly overhead, a fact that made some of the more prudent among the watchers begin to think they had better get on firm ground again; since if by any chance the bridge was struck by a falling bomb it would precipitate a terrible catastrophe.

Suddenly a great roar went up. Some one armed with a glass—and there were many who had come prepared for observation in this way—announced that the flock of French aeroplanes that had started up at the first warning of danger, possibly from a station ten miles outside Paris, were closing in on the four grim airships, and tiny flashes that looked like miniature fireflies announced that the firing had begun.

An accommodating spectator kindly loaned Boyd his glasses to take a peep, and the American would never forget what he saw, limned in the white glow of the converging rays of the many searchlights focused on the enemy flotilla. The Zeppelins could now be plainly seen, and looked strangely close; yes, he even fancied he could detect moving figures, as members of the crews went about their various duties.

Here and there he caught sight of the French fliers, boldly mounting upward in widening circles so as to intercept the giant airships, each aviator ready to cast his life into the scale, if only he might have a chance to injure one of the enemy dirigibles before himself falling thru space to annihilation.

No longer did Boyd wonder at the wild enthusiasm of those excitable Frenchmen as they stood and watched. It was glorious, it was sublime—the bravery of those who manipulated the dragon flies of the air!

Talking was a difficult attainment just then. Here, there, everywhere, it seemed, guns were booming, sending showers of shrapnel straight up toward the enemy airships. Thru the borrowed glass Boyd could see little white puffs of smoke bursting below the Zeppelin fleet. Apparently the gunners had not yet secured the proper altitude; or else the shrewd Germans, knowing in advance just how high those anti-aircraft guns could reach, were careful to keep beyond the limit.

Plainly, then, the city would be at the mercy of the invaders, unless the pilots aboard the rising aeroplanes were able to engage the enemy, and drive him away. It was a tense minute. Every one was waiting to hear the first dreadful shock of an explosion that would announce the beginning of the bombardment from above; and of course every one, tho he might appear outwardly fearless, anticipated having a bomb burst at close quarters.

Then came a frightful sound. Boyd thought he could feel a motion to the atmosphere, as tho something after the shape of a shingle had slapped him, such was the power of the concussion. The first bomb had fallen, and not so very far away.

A silence succeeded. Every one was trying to figure what he or she would do in case the next one landed in their immediate vicinity. Then loud shrieks broke out. Boyd compressed his teeth and continued to watch.

Quickly there came another crash, this time in another quarter and farther removed from the bridge. Many drew a breath of relief. Personal peril will always appeal first of all to those who are in a crowd. Still there was no sign of any considerable number of people seeking shelter. The dramatic panorama proved more irresistible than their fears; so that they continued to stand and stare and exchange feverish remarks.

Faster came the discharges now. Those in the Zeppelin fleet were unloading their destructive cargoes with mad haste. The French fliers were close by, aiming to get above them, when in their turn they might make use of bombs with which to disable one or more of the racing dirigibles.

Once the crowd on the bridge over the Seine realized that they had had a narrow escape from a terrible disaster. A bomb actually fell into the river not ten feet away from the beautiful white stone and steel structure, so that the water splashed high like a fountain, and many found themselves sprinkled, but they shouted in glee, and, with a reckless disregard for consequences, seemed to count each drop as a special benediction from the God of War. Of course, that particular bomb failed to accomplish any mischief, thanks to the water of the Seine that received it.

Suddenly a volume of sound started somewhere. It was taken up and carried across the entire city, until presently it had become a frightful roar, as of mighty waters let loose from confinement. Boyd knew what that hoarse shout signified, and he had only to glance hastily aloft again, after handing back the glass to its obliging owner, when he discovered that his judgment was correct.

One of the monster Zeppelins had received its death blow from a bold French aviator who had succeeded in gaining a position above the invading dirigible, and dropped a bomb upon the gas-bag.

There had come a fierce flash, and now the burning Zeppelin was seen falling rapidly, like a blazing comet shooting across the heavens, only its course was earthward. Every eye followed the course of the rapidly descending airship, coming down like a stricken monster. Boyd could easily picture the despair of the crew thus brought to their doom; but he did not allow himself to entertain the least pity. They were men who had deliberately chosen to fulfill their dangerous duties, and who knew they must sooner or later in all probability meet just such a fate. Besides, Boyd was a firm believer in fair play, and to his mind the commander of a submarine that would creep up stealthily and torpedo a great liner filled with passengers, many of them helpless women and children, and the pilot of a Zeppelin who might drop a bomb on a sleeping, defenseless town, or a schoolhouse filled with children, were built along lines of valor which he could never understand or appreciate. To his mind they might be reckoned daring men, but never truly brave.

Now the burning Zeppelin was lost to sight, having fallen some distance outside the main city. The attack was over, everybody understood; and from that moment began a wild rush to see what damage had resulted from the bombs; for there is always a morbid curiosity to gaze upon the wretched victims, to feast the eye on the wreckage of buildings that have been within the line of fire.

Boyd, hardly knowing what he was doing, allowed himself to be carried along in this impetuous rush. It was toward the spot where the very first bomb had struck that he was pushed and dragged. Presently he found himself staring at the ruins of three houses. Men were searching for further victims, tho he learned that already seven had been taken to the hospital in ambulances. It was while he was standing there, wondering what was to be the eventful fate of the world when such terrible things were becoming so common, that by accident Boyd overheard a remark that startled him.

"It is bad enough when they bomb the homes of the poor people," a man was saying to a comrade whom he had just recognized in the seething crowd; "but think what a crime it becomes when they try to destroy our hospitals filled with wounded French heroes, even with some boches in the bargain. For I have just come from the Hotel des Invalides, where one of the bombs did most terrible damage!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE STRICKEN HOSPITAL.

IT WAS shocking enough to know that one of those bombs dropped at random from the skies had found lodgment in the building devoted to deeds of mercy, where, as the volatile Frenchman had just remarked, enemy wounded as well as heroic sons of France were being tenderly treated, and nursed back to life after being brought in from the battle line; but to learn that the afflicted hospital was the identical institution to which Nurse Thompson had been taken gave Boyd an additional chill.

He seized hold of the man who had spoken, and in as good French as he could muster went on to ask him the shortest route to the hospital.

"I have a friend there, one of the nurses," he explained, "and what I heard you say has alarmed me. So I beg of you to accommodate me, since you have just come from the place."

The man, like most Frenchmen, proved only too willing to oblige.

"It is not far away, monsieur," he told Boyd, pointing as he spoke, and then, continuing, he explained just the course he must follow. "Five minutes at the most it will take, unless you are detained by the crowds, or the wreckage on the way."

Lingering only long enough to thank his informant, Boyd started on the run. It was no easy matter to make rapid progress thru the streets of Paris at such a tense time. Now that the danger

Did You Ever Lose Your Nerve?

WHEN a person does that he or she is at one of those critical moments when the future hangs by a thread. It is a moment when a man is made or broken, accordingly as he decides. Such a moment came up for a quiet little fellow working around a theater, a fellow who had shuddered and refused when they gave him the job of washing the windows from the outside. Yet he had not always been so, but men did not know his story. It was revealed to them, but not until they had had an opportunity to see him tested. The story is called "A Trial of Nerve" and it will be published in the next number of the Ledger, dated February 9.

was a thing of the past, even those more timid souls who had sought refuge in the cellars at the first alarm came flocking out to see and hear and chatter.

Dodging this way and that, Boyd managed to make fair progress. He tried to figure in his mind just what possibility there might be of some evil befalling Nurse Thompson. If she were but one of hundreds who might have been in the wing of the hospital that was wrecked, both nurses and patients, the chances were ten or twenty to one that she might have escaped injury.

He sincerely hoped this would prove to be the case; for altho he now suspected that the object of his admiration was already the wife of another, still that was no reason he should not feel an uncommon interest in her welfare.

She might be annoyed at having him asking after her, altho, remembering how he had saved her from the sea, Boyd doggedly persisted in believing that he had some right to show such an interest in Nurse Thompson. Besides, so far as she was aware, he was not supposed to know that she had any legal protector. Mr. Basil Duke was a personage whose name had never once been mentioned in her conversation with him. Neither did she wear a wedding ring, he remembered, with a little flash of renewed hope.

On the way he struck a spot where another bomb had alighted, tearing a dreadful hole in the street, into which several vehicles recklessly driven had fallen, so that with the attending mob it was difficult to get by. But something seemed to draw him on, an invisible force that had taken possession of his being, and he declined to loiter on the way. Once he managed to get past the crowd filling the bombed street, his progress became slightly easier. Twice he halted a hurrying pedestrian, each time to beg a little information; and in answer to his inquiries the accommodating one always made the same reply—the hospital was just beyond; if monsieur would follow the street to the next corner, then turn to the left, go on one more block, and after that another turn also to the left, and he would have arrived.

Faster still he ran now. He had heard some chance remarks touching upon the bombing of the great hospital, and it thrilled him to the core. The worst of the matter was that the closer he drew to the hospital the more terrible the news became. The last man from whom he sought information calmly informed him he had heard from another, who had been on the spot himself, that one wing of the hospital had been actually shattered by the impact of the explosion, and already they had taken out half a hundred bodies from the ruins, many of them poor Red Cross nurses, victims to German ferocity; all of which made Boyd's blood run cold with apprehension.

But at least he would soon know the worst, for he had now only to make one more turn when the hospital building should come under his observation. It was a tragic picture that met his eyes when once around that corner. The street was a swaying mass of people. Low murmurings were heard on every side, but there was no boisterous language used; only muttered threats of what ought to be done to reckless aviators who could take chances of dropping their destructive missiles on buildings over which floated the sacred emblem of the Red Cross, recognized as an institution of mercy even by the Turks.

Boyd turned his anxious eyes on the hospital. He could see that one portion of it had received cruel treatment. Some dire fatality had guided a bomb sent at random from the Zeppelins so that it struck one wing fairly. It must have crashed thru into a dormitory, there to explode and wreak destruction all around. Kennedy struggled to get closer. The crowd had become packed so densely that it was difficult to make progress, but a determined man may find means for accomplishing his purpose; and by slipping thru small gaps he managed gradually to draw nearer the spot where ambulances were receiving their loads

Over at one side Boyd could see where a second bomb, more merciful than its fellow, had fallen into the open grounds of the hospital, where the patients in the warmth of the day, such as were convalescing, doubtless took a sun bath; it had thrown up an enormous heap of earth and flagstones, but apparently had done no material damage.

The sight of those ambulances filled him with fresh anxiety. Could that last terrible story have been true, and were the victims of the air raid in the hospital to be numbered by scores? And was that a nurse he saw being carried out on a stretcher, or did the poor light deceive him?

Still he pressed forward, in hopes of eventually reaching the outer border of the gaping crowd, so that he might get in touch with one of the men in uniform who kept guard, and would allow no one beyond a certain line unless he were doctor or a hospital attendant.

This was the most pitiful sight of all he had gazed upon during that night of horrors. Really Boyd was beginning to find himself quite in agreement with those Parisians whom he had heard so violently advocating a reprisal for the attack. Like most people, to him a hospital was a sacred place, which should be immune from any danger; and altho he knew that of course those who were a mile and more above could not by any possibility have distinguished one building from another in the dark void over which they were passing, still the fact that a bomb had found such a noble mark filled him with righteous anger.

Soldiers in uniform were standing in line a couple of feet apart. They kept the sightseers in check, and altho good-natured, at the same time showed a firmness in resisting all pushing. Here and there some hysterical woman could be seen, evidently a poor mother whose boy had been one of the wounded in the hospital, and who was wild to get news of him. Twice did Boyd notice that a certain soldier, who seemed to be a non-commissioned officer, seemed to be influenced by one of those women so filled with anguish, for he sent a private to speak with the head surgeon, who supervised the removals; and each time word was brought back that seemed to reassure the suffering mother heart.

He determined to get closer to that accommodating sergeant in order to ascertain if the other might not also do him a favor. Boyd always had a certain faculty for impressing his personality on others, and as a rule he could get favors where many might have failed.

He squirmed forward foot by foot, always seeking not to abridge the rights of others who were there by the same grace that allowed his coming. In this fashion then he gradually approached the object of his attention, and was soon able to put out a hand so as to touch the sergeant on the sleeve.

"Pardon, Monsieur le Sergeant," he went on to say, "is it then so very dreadful, the work of this particular German bomb? And are all these we see going away in the ambulances fresh victims of the boches?"

"You have been misinformed, monsieur," the soldier told him. "Fortunately the bomb, tho exploding in the crowded dormitory, did not take a great toll of human life, we have been assured. These you see being carried away in the ambulances are the inmates of the wrecked ward. It seems that there is no longer an inch of room in this particular hospital for their accommodation; and since the ward was ruined, they are carrying the poor fellows to a fresh building that was opened but yesterday in anticipation of a fresh attack arranged on the part of our general staff."

That was good news, Boyd considered; somehow it tightened his heart to know that the rumor of a frightful loss of life had not turned out to be true, having been magnified many times in the telling, as such reports generally are.

"I am rejoiced to learn it, Monsieur le Sergeant," he hastened to tell the accommodating and garrulous soldier; "for I have a woman friend in the hospital here, one of the angels who wear the Red Cross, and minister to brave heroes as they are brought in. Do you happen to know whether any of the attendants were harmed?"

"Alas! It is unfortunately too true!" exclaimed the sergeant. "I have just learned that three nurses were injured by flying splinters, one of them quite seriously."

Again it seemed as tho a clammy hand had been laid on Boyd's heart. Supposing that the finger of Fate had so willed that of all those who served in that big hospital Nurse Thompson chanced to be the one so selected to be severely injured when the bomb broke thru the roof and exploded in the dormitory? It would be most strange, most cruel, he thought. He could not believe Heaven would allow disasters to follow so closely in her path—she who was devoting her whole energies, even risking her life itself, in following the dictates of humanity.

He turned again on the soldier.

"Would it be impossible for me to pass the lines, and go inside the building?" he asked. "I am an American, but a lover of France. I am exceedingly anxious to see this brave nurse from my own country, who has come to work for your stricken heroes. If you could take me it would be [illegible] obligation, I assure you."

He did not attempt to [illegible] answer, because he knew that if one outsider were allowed to break thru the lines others would [illegible] privilege, and [illegible] than he could mu[illegible]. He [illegible] not greatly surprised [illegible] poilu shook his head [illegible].

"It would be impossible, monsieur, much as I should like to oblige an American friend of France [illegible] be leaning heavily on [illegible] Allies across the sea. But monsieur, it might be that I could send and [illegible] anything you wish to [illegible] least is allowable."

CHAPTER XX

A LUCKY MEETING

AT LEAST "half a loaf was better than no bread." Boyd [illegible] the kindly French sergeant made this proposal. All he wanted was to learn first of all, if Nurse Thompson were safe; and then, if it could be arranged, he would like to send that cablegram in to her, for the consul had begged him to deliver it at the very first opportunity, tho of course he did not know its contents.

"I am grateful to you, Monsieur le Sergeant," he hastened to say, earnestly; "it would be a favor I should appreciate very much if you could find out for me the names of the three Red Cross nurses who were [illegible]."

"It shall be done, monsieur," asserted the other, and [illegible] calling to one of the m[illegible] directions.

Following the [illegible] of his gaze, Boyd saw him [illegible] surgeon who was directing the loading of the string of ambulances as fast as the wounded could be carried out from the wrecked wing of the building. He noted that the busy professional man managed to spare the time to write something on a card, and thrust this into the hand of the soldier, who thereupon saluted, wheeled, and started toward the spot where the sergeant awaited his coming.

"The three names are here, monsieur, and it seems that one of them is that of a male nurse," remarked the sergeant, after glancing at the card sent by the hospital doctor. "Listen, then, and I will read those of the devoted women who are turned angels of mercy when war rages in the land—M'lle D'Arcy and Madame Hauteville—names that will never be forgotten by their devoted admirers, the soldiers of la belle France. Pardon, monsieur, but I can see from the look of relief on your face that your fears have not been realized. The one you seek is not among those who fell victims to this outrage?"

"I am glad to tell you that [illegible] so," replied the American. "[illegible] in whom I am intere[illegible] Thompson. I was [illegible] important cablegram by the [illegible] consul in Havre to deliver [illegible] first available opport[illegible] could speak to that [illegible] I am almost certa[illegible] date me, and hand it over to the [illegible]"

"As luck will have it, monsieur, see, he is himself coming this way to carry out some purpose. It might be he could spare you just a minute of his valuable time. I myself would like to assist you; so if I can manage to catch his eye, it might be I could crook my finger, and have him step over so you can speak with him."

"A thousand [illegible]," cried Boyd, plea[illegible] with the [illegible] of the sergeant, who himself had apparently been at the front, since his left arm was at that very moment still [illegible].

The head doctor approached. No doubt he had much to worry him just then, but it would only require a [illegible] steps aside, and the s[illegible] have something [illegible] municate.

Then Boyd utte[illegible]. Again that capricious [illegible] handed him a trump card. W[illegible] surely ought to know that Frenchm[illegible]. At sight of his tanned face and pointed Van Dyke beard, Boyd Kennedy's lively memory carried him thousands of miles away to a burning Sahara where he and three other men, explorers in the wilds of Africa, had come very close to death, some years back; and Dr. Francois La Salle had been one of the quartette!

"Well, Francois, it is indeed a great pleasure to meet you again after all these years!" the American cried, at the same time taking off the marine officer's cap, which he had been wearing ever since coming ashore from the destroyer that had picked up the victims of the submarine's torpedo.

The surgeon took one look, then burst

(Continued on Page 1[illegible])

Without You

Without you, love, the day
would hold no light;
The kindly stars would vanish from the night;
The flowers would forget to
wake at morn;
The rose die sleeping, leaving but the thorn—
Without you.

Without you, love, no promise would be bright;
Hope's golden sun would
darken at its height;
The world of all its glory
would be shorn,
And I should be a wanderer,
forlorn—
Without you.

—HENRY DUMONT.

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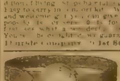

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What Women Are Doing in the War

Saving the Babies.

AMERICA'S far-flung battle line reaches from the trenches on the Somme to the cradles of the home land, writes Estelle Frances Ward, of the Illinois Division, Council of National Defense. What use to spend blood, strength and treasure, say the thinking women of the country, to "make democracy safe" for the coming generations, if those generations are weakened not by battle, but by improper care at birth, unsuitable food, and general neglect thru the ignorance of mothers. If, as the orators say, babies are the most valuable asset of the State, it behooves an intelligent and progressive people to see that this valuable asset comes to maturity in a usable condition. Those who are to enjoy the fruits of victory must not be the victims of malnutrition, preventable blindness and kindred conquerable enemies.

For every British soldier who dies in battle twelve British babies die in their British cradles. For every French soldier who dies in battle, it is believed that eleven babies die in safe, comfortable Illinois. Nobody actually knows, because the State law requiring birth registration is not enforced, and all figures must be guesswork.

We shudder at the thought of men killed in battle, but we pass lightly over this Slaughter of the Innocents at our very doors

Every real woman longs to take part in her country's fight. Her place in the line is waiting. By a campaign of education in the United States thousands of these baby lives, with their potentialities for good to the Nation, could be saved.

Furthermore, in the State hospitals of Illinois, 12,356 children are interned suffering from preventable diseases. In the State asylums for the blind 1,929 victims are a charge upon the State, because, from preventable causes, they are blind and unable to care for themselves. A blind person who becomes a public charge costs the State something like $10,000 to care for him from the cradle to the grave. Looked at in the cold light of figures, these statistics show a pure money loss to the State of many hundreds of thousands of dollars. Looked at in the spirit of loving kindness, the unnecessary suffering represented by these figures has no dollar sign.

There is no scale strong enough to weigh the loss in useful and active citizens to the country and to the generation. Women can prevent much of this tragic loss of life and this more tragic loss of future citizens disqualified for the service of life by preventable causes. For a blind or defective child will grow up into an unproductive man or woman, and will continue to be a drag, in some measure, upon the State. In many parts of the country safeguards are provided thru preventive laws and educational opportunities. But the sturdy independence of character so prized by the American allows the words of warning to go unheeded. So it comes to pass that in spite of Government bureaus, Infant Welfare stations and visiting nurses, an American baby has less chance to live a week than an old man of 80.

With the first rush of war Great Britain forgot her babies. Even the canny, economical Scot forgot his coming brood. Consequently, in 1915, the death rate of infants jumped to the alarming figure of 126 deaths out of a thousand births. The Scot took thought, and by a campaign of education and a strengthening of all agencies dealing with babies, in one year, had the satisfaction of seeing the death rate of infants fall to 97 out of the thousand births—a record nine points below that of any other year since Scotland began to keep records.

If America cannot be original in this work she can at least profit by the mistakes or the experience of others. With all warring countries, she must make up for the losses she will receive in battle, thru saving baby lives now lost from preventable causes. To save these baby lives is difficult until exact figures can be shown. Without strictly enforced registration of every birth, as well as every death, only guesses can be made at the amount of work waiting to be done.

The Woman's Committee, Council of National Defense, Illinois Division, has set itself the task this year of saving little citizens for the State.. As this committee is composed of representatives from all existing women's organizations thruout the State, it already has the aid of many agencies interested [illegible] this work. It also has the benefit of work along this line already accom[illegible]ed among organized women by the [illegible] Federation of Women's Clubs. [illegible] plans for a Statewide campaign [illegible]ulate interest and knowledge [illegible]ing birth registrations are now [illegible]

The Ugliest Hands in the World.

YOU'VE got to hand it to her—for having the cleverest hands in the world—if the ugliest. In the public eye she is only an actress—talented, by the way—but at home those hands are adept and they accomplish many things. An expert on beauty once said these hands were the ugliest paws in the world, but you notice that they were not too ugly for a wedding ring to adorn the proper finger. For oil painting, modeling, knitting, crocheting, playing various musical instruments, baking bread, pie, cakes, sewing, gardening, etc., all are achieved by these hands.

To Tell the Germans.

BECAUSE the German people, as well as those of neutral countries, show complete ignorance of the real purposes underlying America's entry into the war, an effort will be made to make it clear to them thru the Committee on Public Information. One woman, Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse of New York, is among those to whom the task is delegated. She probably will go to Switzerland.

The exact information Mrs. Whitehouse will be expected to disseminate has not yet been compiled. She will be told before she sails what her duties will be, and she will take her texts and information principally from the pronouncements of the President and other accepted public utterances. From time to time information will be furnished to her, and she will act as an agent of the committee.

Would You Want to Get Well?

THIS wounded French soldier has had one close shave—in the trenches—and he is getting a second in the hospital. Shaving the patients is one of the duties of war nurses, and they have become so expert at it that not a poilu quakes as he sees the nurse approaching with her razor.

"Iron Nerves" Needed.

MRS. ISABELLE LATHROP is in America on a very important mission. She is president of the American Fund for French Wounded, the largest American war relief service in France (except the Red Cross), representing 400 committees of nearly 100,000 women from all parts of the United States, whose special intention has been to aid war sufferers by personal attention. Mrs. Lathrop began her war service in August, 1914. She went from London to aid Hoover in Belgium relief. She has been at work ever since and has had no vacations. She is perhaps more intimately acquainted with conditions in France than any other American woman. She has told American women many interesting things about conditions there, and made it very plain who should go for service.

According to her ideas, the women needed are those who can brace themselves with "iron nerves" and be calm in the midst of almost inconceivable suffering and patient under strains. They must be as heroic in minor services as in the greater ones.

Married women with no home responsibilities, and young women—but not too young—who have courage to do anything, who are strong but used to discipline, and who will not shirk duty, whether it be at a desk in Paris or a hospital behind the lines, are the ones needed. They must be able to serve indefinitely.

Mrs. Lathrop does not wish to discourage volunteers who are willing to serve in any place, but she thinks women should not volunteer from a spirit of adventure. It is no place to spend a vacation.

Women who have lived till they are set in their ways and who do not know how to adapt themselves to husbands or children make the worst possible war material.

Young girls should not go unless accompanied by relatives of mature age.

❧

Children of Belgium.

The children of Belgium, thousands of whom are orphans, are to be the objects of special care from the Red Cross department for Belgium. This department is in charge of Ernest P. Bicknell, formerly director general of civilian relief of the American Red Cross and now deputy commissioner to Europe. Altho the Red Cross war council has already appropriated $340.854 for relief work among the children of Belgium alone, the total Red Cross appropriation for Belgium relief far surpasses these figures. Food and clothing have been purchased at a cost of $173,000 in addition to other supplies.

Many of the children in Belgium are exposed to shell fire and are in constant danger of death or accident. A special request has been made by the minister of the interior of Belgium to the Red Cross that protection should be given the children thus exposed and asylums are being built in France and Switzerland. The war council has appropriated $216,250 for their care. A further appropriation of $17,000 was made to erect and equip a building suitable for the care of children under 4 years of age as an addition to the schools for children at Wulveringhen, now under the direction of the Queen of Belgium.

❧

Children at Home.

The Children's Bureau believes enforcement of the registration law in Illinois of fundamental importance to child welfare. If women can check up thru the State and secure admission to the census registration it will be a great help and most creditable to the women. These sentiments were telegraphed from Washington by Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the bureau of Washington, to Mrs Joseph T. Bowen of the Council of Defense.

The Woman's Committee had already taken this problem under discussion and among other conclusions reported were the care of babies, children and old people is primarily the task of women; they should know whether the law concerning birth registration is being enforced; how many babies are being born without adequate care; whether the children of the poor receive insufficient nourishment; how many children must forego school for lack of shoes and clothing and whether children are removed from school at 14 years of age that they may enter employment.

The best way to support the soldiers is to keep their families strong, healthy and contented.

❧

Limit Articles for France.

Only the most needed articles are to be sent to France from now on, as the lack of transportation is serious. Supplies for refugees must be limited to clothing of good material and shoes, which should be of the largest sizes and numbers.

His Red Cross Sweetheart

(Continued From Page 13.)

into a joyous shout. With all the enthusiasm of a genuine Frenchman, he threw his arms about Boyd, and kissed him violently on either cheek, so glad was he to see an old comrade who had slept under the same blanket with him when deadly peril lay on the sandy waste, and they had but one chance in three of ever surviving the adventure.

"It is a great joy to me to meet you again, my Boyd, and here in my native city, too!" he went on to exclaim, looking eagerly into the flushed face of Kennedy. "Often have I wondered where you could be keeping yourself all these years; and now to have you turn up so suddenly thrills me. You must see me again tomorrow, when we may exchange stories, for I feel that you will have very strange things to tell me. Just now you see how I am tied down with sorry business. My curse upon the hand that loosed a bomb to fall upon a Red Cross hospital, tho it might have been far, far worse! Oh! but it does my eyes good to see you, old comrade."

"I promise to look you up at the very first opportunity, Dr. Francois," the American hastened to say, seeing that the other meant to break away from him at the call of duty, "and we can have a good old-fashioned talk. I would find out something first. It was I who sent to learn the names of the three injured nurses. I suspected that a friend who had just reached your hospital here might be among the number, but luckily my fears were groundless. Now, while in Havre, where we were brought by the French destroyer that rescued us after our vessel was sunk by a submersible, the American consul intrusted me with a cablegram, which he asked me to have delivered into the hands of Nurse Thompson without delay."

"Ah! That is, I believe, the name of one of those new nurses arriving only a few hours back," said the head surgeon of the hospital. "Yes, I plainly remember her now, and, well, it pleases me to know that she is a friend of yours, M'sieu Boyd," and he gave the other a wink that was very expressive.

"Would it be possible for you to see that the lady gets the cablegram, if I put it in your hands, Doctor?" Boyd went on to say, with a grim smile, for of course he knew what the other meant by his significant look.

"I give you my promise that it shall be done, my friend; much more than that I would do for you. And perhaps I may be pardoned if I let the lady know at the same time we are old chums, and how I have proved your worth in fields that would try the soul of the most valiant."

"I trust you will do nothing of the sort, Francois," the other hastened to tell him. "Why, I have only known the lady two days, altho I admit they have been pretty strenuous ones at that. Besides, I have a strong suspicion that she is already the wife of a gentleman who has come chasing across the ocean with all speed in search of her. But here is the packet which you have promised to deliver."

Just then an idea struck him. He drew out a lead pencil he had found in his appropriated coat, and hurriedly wrote a few lines on the back of the envelope containing the cable massage:

> "The American consul in Havre asked me to see that you received the inclosed cablegram. Incidentally I may tell you that I came all the way from Havre to Paris in a compartment with a nervous gentleman whose suitcase had on it the name of Mr. Basil Duke. If I can be of further service, command me. I am stopping at the Hotel Imperial. I sign myself, YOUR COMPANION OF THE LIFEBOAT."

He had been strongly tempted to write his real name after finishing what he had to say, but resisted the inclination, reserving that disclosure until he might tell the story with his own lips.

"There, that is all, Dr. Francois," he said, handing the packet over. "Please make sure that it is delivered into the hands of Nurse Thompson at the earliest convenient moment, for much may depend on her receiving my message, as well as the cablegram. I will explain everything when we sit with our legs under a table again, reviving those beloved memories of the long ago. And now good night to you. Please do not speak of me to the lady, for as yet she does not know me as Boyd Kennedy."

"Sh! It is remarkable, the freaks of Fate," exclaimed the other, wringing his hand emotionally. "I had thought this but a great misfortune, yet see how it [illegible] together again! I shall [illegible] meet again." [illegible] and known [illegible] Sake [illegible] most [illegible] Kennedy, had [illegible] In [illegible] Nurse Thompson would receive [illegible] of the head surgeon. He [illegible] old friend and comrade really meant to say a good word [illegible] He could hardly do that without betraying the other's name, which was what Boyd had asked the surgeon not to do. But, at any rate, it gave him an odd little feeling as of satisfaction, to realize that he had such a good friend at court, one who would stand up for him in case of necessity.

After that it was strange how his interest in the proceedings seemed to dwindle. They were still carrying out the patients, meaning to transfer them to the other and newer hospital; but now that he knew they were not fresh victims of the Zeppelin raid Boyd was not concerning himself with regard to them. True, he did remain in the vicinity a short time longer, but that was only because he caught a fleeting glimpse of the white garb of a nurse near the doorway thru which the attendants were bearing the wounded soldiers on stretchers, and he cherished a faint hope that it might prove to be the one in whom he was interested. When this turned out to be without any foundation, there was nothing more to keep him. He took one last look at the building, knowing that it sheltered Nurse Thompson, and then chiding himself over his folly in falling in love with one who very likely would turn out to be already married, he strode away, and in due course of time he arrived at his quarters.

It was now after midnight and he was greatly fatigued. He had had little opportunity for rest since the beginning of this new series of adventures, when his vessel, westward bound, had struck that floating mine, and gone down so speedily; and by now nature was growing weary. Even an athlete has his limitations.

He meant to be astir early on the following day, too; not that he was particularly anxious to see the result of the aerial bombardment by daylight, but because he had certain work to do. Perhaps Mr. Basil Duke might be able to induce the authorities to release him; possibly he had some influence in Paris, and would send for the American Ambassador to get him out of the scrape into which an unlucky wind had wafted him.

Then again there was always a chance that Nurse Thompson would be transferred to some field hospital close to the fighting lines; for she had hinted that she might prefer such work. He wondered whether a strong desire to get beyond the reach of a certain important-looking personage named Mr. Basil Duke could have anything to do with that same temptation. While willing to go wherever duty drafted them, Boyd believed women nurses as a rule would naturally prefer staying in Paris, where, while working, they might have the comforts of civilization; whereas out on the borders of the trenches every one—fighting men, doctors, stretcher-bearers, and Red Cross nurses—had to put up with all sorts of inconveniences.

Musing thus Boyd mounted to his apartment, and was soon between the sheets, trying to forget everything in slumber.

Of one thing Kennedy was certain—he must clear himself in the eyes of Nurse Thompson, now that he believed his services on behalf of his country were ended. But—he reckoned without swift-moving events, as narrated in the continuation of this story next week.

* * *

Down on the Farm.

BY EARL H. EMMONS.

Wheat.

WHEAT is an accommodating product of the farm which allows itself to be made into almost anything without objection. The wheat weevil is not so docile in disposition, and he takes good care that the market does not get unduly overcrowded with wheat, and the stock brokers on Wall street attend to what the weevil overlooks.

The wheat weevil doesn't miss much, however; he is on the job quite well, and it is a very poor grain of wheat which does not have some weevil attending to it. Just how the weevil accomplishes this is a mystery. Of course, when the wheat is out in the field, the weevil can easily crawl thru the fence in the night, climb the wheat stalk, and hide in the wheat's long, luxuriant whiskers, but when the thrashing machine gets on the job, its actions would naturally be supposed to jar the weevil loose from his roost and render him unfit for further use.

It is possible that when the wheat is being fed into the thrashing machine, along with the fingers of some of the thrashers, that the weevil is smart enough to jump off, get in the wagon, and ride to the granary. Or, it may be, if the weevil misses the wagon he has to walk, but he gets there just the same.

The wheat which is left over, after the weevil gets his percentage, may be utilized in many ways. It may be made into several kinds of bread, a dozen different breakfast foods, cakes, macaroni, pies, glue, spaghetti, and numerous other useful things. It will be noticed that it is said "it may be" converted into these things [illegible] Wall street [illegible] the market and [illegible]

Just where wheat originated and at what time is not known. Its ancestry is shrouded in mystery and ghosts of weevils, but it has been in use beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the country.

Wherever wheat originated, however, it evidently doesn't think much of its home country, because most of it now has immigrated to Minnesota along with a large and varied collection of Swedes.

One of the most commendable features about wheat is, as before mentioned, its accommodating nature. This is noticeable not only in after life, but in its youthful state as well. It never requires much care or petting. It may be planted almost any time, and it will go right ahead and grow thru nearly any kind of weather without the aid of oil heaters, overcoats, or rubbers.

It's Yours FREE

THIS SUIT made to your [illegible] from the finest [illegible] It won't cost one cent. We simply ask you to show it to your friends and recommend our tailoring.

No Extra Charges of any kind—All the latest [illegible] extreme peg tops, fancy [illegible] cuffs, fancy belt loops, pearl buttons—Everything FREE.

EARN $40 TO $60 A WEEK in your spare time. It's the easiest thing in the world. Write at once and get this new big offer. Even if you are an agent for another tailoring house, be sure and write for this new and most liberal offer ever made.

DON'T WAIT! DON'T DELAY! Drop us a line at once. We prepay everything.

SPENCER MEAD CO. Dept. 1101, CHICAGO

GOLD
10 KARAT
FILLED
Spectacles
ON TRIAL
Free

SEND ME THE COUPON BELOW AND YOU'LL GET THEM BY RETURN MAIL. SEND NO MONEY

THIS is a straight-from-the-shoulder proposition that every man and woman should take advantage of right this very minute.

I claim that my "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to thread the finest needle—to read the smallest print—to see far or near—to protect your eyes and prevent eye strain and eye pain, which usually cause headaches.

Furthermore, I claim that my "Perfect Vision," 10-Karat, Gold-filled Glasses are the best and the most handsome looking spectacles you have ever seen.

I Will Send Them To You Absolutely FREE

As soon as you get them I want you to put them on and see how easily you will be able to read the finest print, thread the smallest-eyed needle, even in a machine, and sew by day or night, without any eye pain or eye strain, and with as much ease and comfort as you ever did in your younger days.

My Glasses Will Enable You To Read The Finest Print, Thread A Small-Eyed Needle Or Shoot A Bird Off The Tallest Tree

ARE YOU A SPORTSMAN and go hunting occasionally?

Shoulder your gun, whistle your dog across the field, and see how these glasses will help you to sight your gun and take aim at your game.

With these "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine, you will be able to shoot a bird off a tree easily, and this even if you are a very poor shot right now.

I want you to try out these "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine for reading and sewing, or for distance; for indoors, or outdoors, whichever you prefer. I don't want you to keep them unless they positively fit you better than any you have ever had before, and you can honestly tell me so. That is why I want you to

Mail The Coupon Right Now, It Will Cost You Nothing

You may think I am bluffing. Perhaps I haven't convinced you these Gold-Filled "Perfect Vision" glasses of mine are as good as I claim them to be, but you can easily take a chance and make me prove my words. I don't want you to send me a cent. So you have nothing to lose.

Sit down right now—this very minute—and fill out the below coupon at once; let Uncle Sam deliver into your own hands, at your own door, a pair of my 10-Karat, Gold-Filled "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, in a handsome velveteen-lined, spring-back, Pocket-book Spectacle Case, for you to try fully ten days absolutely free of charge. Don't send any money. Just fill in this coupon and mail it to me at once.

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 83 ST. LOUIS, MO.

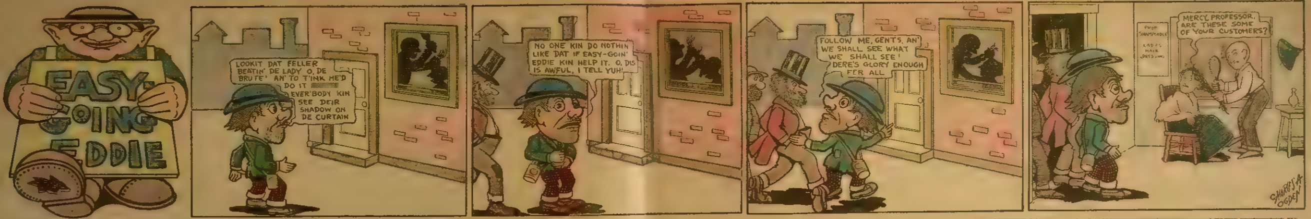
I herewith enclose this coupon, which entitles me, by return mail, to a pair of your 10-Karat, Gold-Filled "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, complete, also a fine leatherette, velveteen-lined, spring-back, pocket-book spectacle case, exactly as shown in the picture at the top of this advertisement, without cost to me, so I can try them out, under your own offer, of a full ten days' actual test. This free trial is not to cost me one penny, and if I like the glasses and keep them, I am to pay you $1.65 only—no more and no less. But if, for any reason whatever, I don't wish to keep them (and I, myself, am to be the sole judge), I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them, and you agree [illegible] on ten days' absolute free trial. With this understanding I mail you this certificate, and it is agreed that you will stick to your word [illegible] to me. Don't fail to answer the following questions:

How old are you? .... How many years have you used glasses (if any)?.......

Name ....

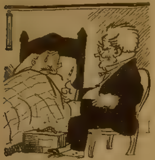
Post Office ....

Rural Route............Box No ....State.............................


EASY-GOING EDDIE
LOOKIT DAT FELLER BEATIN' DE LADY O, DE BRUTE' AN' TO T'INK HE'D DO IT [illegible] EVER'BODY KIN SEE DEIR SHADOW ON DE CURTAIN
NO ONE KIN DO NOTHIN LIKE DAT IF EASY-GOIN' EDDIE KIN HELP IT. O, DIS IS AWFUL, I TELL YUH!
FOLLOW ME, GENTS, AN' WE SHALL SEE WHAT WE SHALL SEE! DERE'S GLORY ENOUGH FER ALL
PROF SHAMPOODLE LADIES HAIR DRESSING
MERCY, PROFESSOR, ARE THESE SOME OF YOUR CUSTOMERS?
CHARLES A OGDEN

A New Job.

Ambrose—"I got a new job today."
Timothy—"So. What's it like?"
Ambrose—"I'm getting paid for singing at funerals."
Timothy—"Gosh, people must be dying to hear you sing.



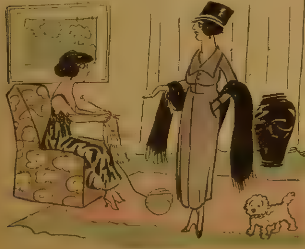
Surgeon (to auto agent)—"Don't worry, the operation will be as safe and easy as that last car you sold me."

Inspiring Work.

"Army life is wonderful," said Mr. Cobbler.
"Your boy is in the army, I hear."
"Yes. We never could get Henry to work while he was at home, but the last time I visited him at camp he was peeling potatoes and trying to keep time with the regimental band."

Something Was Wrong.

"Guess it was poor salesmanship on my part. She wanted something suitable for a particular young man. I recommended hairbrushes."
"Nothing wrong about that."
"No, but she froze up the instant I mentioned solid ivory."



[illegible]

OVERTIME WORKER.

The boss was once a happy man,
His life was on a joyous plan.
He tilted in an easy chair,
And always had some time to spare;
While listening to the latest joke
A large cigar he liked to smoke.
A tranquil life he always led,
For people did just what he said.

That chair its easiness has quit.
He sits upon the edge of it,
And with a low, pathetic moan
He reaches for the telephone.
His letters pile up three feet high,
To ask him "When?" "How much?"
and "Why?"
Each question now of work or loss
Is blandly put up to the boss.

The Excuse.

The poor cripple thumped his crutch on the ground and said to his lawyer:

"Merciful heavens, man, your bill is outrageous! You are taking four-fifths of my damages. I never heard of such extortion!"

"I furnished," said the lawyer, coldly, "the skill, the eloquence and the legal training for your case."

"Yes, but I," said the client, ruefully glancing at his injuries, "I furnished the case itself."

"Bosh!" sneered the lawyer. "Anybody can fall down a coal hole."

A Model Town.

"Have you no public buildings here that are a source of pride to your citizens?"

"Oh, yes. The gloomy structure over there is our jail."

"But it's not pleasing from an architectural point of view."

"Maybe not, but it's empty."

Courage.

"I often think," she said, "that women are more courageous than men."

"I know they are," he replied. "Where is there a man who would have the courage to pull out a mirror and doll himself up before a crowd?"

There With the Nerve.

The conversation at a dinner turned to the beauty of having abundant nerve, when this story was contributed by Senator Thomas J Walsh of Montana:

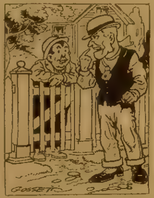
"Some time ago a man went into a restaurant with a couple of children, and, after ordering a lemon soda, asked the waiter to bring him three plates. This the waiter did, but when he saw the man take some sandwiches from his pocket put them on the plates, and pass them around to the kids, he lost no time in [illegible] the boss.

"'What are you trying to pull off here?' indignantly exclaimed the manager, rushing over to the sandwich party. 'Don't you know that this isn't a free picnic ground where you bring your own food.'

"'Is that so?' was the calm rejoinder of the man, as he passed along another sandwich. 'May I ask who you are.'

"'I am the manager of this restaurant!' blustered the boss, with rising heat. 'I am——'

"'Just the very person I want to see,' responded the nervy party. 'Why isn't the orchestra playing?'"



The Pacifist—"You shouldn't have beaten up your neighbor even if he did injure you. You should have been patient and turned the other cheek."

The Belligerent—"I did that until I ran out of cheeks."

Rough Sort of Chap.

A traveler tells of a trip on a jaunting car in Ireland, where he had as a fellow passenger an ugly-looking man, whom he was not sorry to leave behind at an inn.

"That was a queer-looking fellow, Pat," he remarked to the waggish driver as he proceeded on his way.

"Faith, yer honor, he's as quare as he looks. He's a villain. He's done fifteen years for laving his woife without visible means of support."

"Oh, get out, Pat! A man can't get fifteen years' penal servitude for leaving his wife without visible means of support."

"Shure, and can't he, sir?" said Pat, with a twinkle in his roguish eyes. "He did, tho. And, bedad, isn't it leaving yer woife without visible means of support when ye throw her out of a window on the third floor?"

Breaking the Ice.

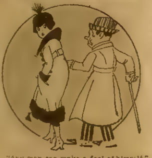
The Maiden—"I have a fluttering about my heart, and I have no appetite [illegible]"

The Doctor—"Oh, you're in love. I can't do anything for that."

"You can't, Doctor?"

"Certainly I can't."

"Why, Doctor? [illegible]"



"Any man can make a fool of himself."

"True, but with a woman's help it's much easier."

Norah's Consternation.

Reference at a dinner party was made to the servant question, when an appropriate story was related by Congressman John H. Stephens of Texas.

Norah was a new servant girl in the employ of the Browns, and hardly had she been twenty-four hours on the job before she had the misfortune to drop a piece of roast beef on the floor.

Roast beef that has been used as a mop becomes just a little bit gritty to the taste, so Norah thought it the part of wisdom to consign it to the garbage can.

"I think, Norah," remarked Mrs. Brown, rambling into the kitchen later in the day, "that we will have some of that roast beef cut cold for supper."

"Sure, an' Oi'm sorry, ma'am," responded Norah, contritely, "but the cat got it when Oi wasn't lookin'."

"The cat got it!" exclaimed the mistress, with a suprised expression. "What cat?"

"Jay whizz, ma'am!" rejoined Norah, considerably concerned. "Ain't there no cat?"

Quite Impossible.

"When I was in the railroad business," said Chauncey M. Depew once, "the president of a small line waited on me to request an exchange of courtesies. I interrogated him and he said proudly:

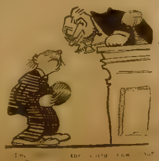
"'On our line, sir, not only has a collision never occurred, but on our line a collision would be impossible.'

"'Impossible?' said I. 'Oh, come; I know that the latest automatic safety devices are excellent things. But impossible is a large word.'

"'It's literally true with us, sir,' he replied.

"'How can it be?' said I.

"'Why,' said he, 'we own only one train.'"



I'm [illegible] the [illegible] doctor."

"I'll send you up. Thirty [illegible]"

Se[illegible]

"I do hope [illegible] of those [illegible] will put [illegible] chewing [illegible] er court[illegible]," remarked one [illegible] bacillus.

"What difference does it [illegible]"

"I want to keep out of politics. There are some forms of political intrigue that are degrading even to a [illegible]"

Wonderful!

"Smith is a remarkable man," said Brown.

"What is so remarkable about him?" asked Jones.

"Why, he can sing the whole of 'The Star-Spangled Banner' from memory," replied [illegible]

How Much?

Man—"What happened? Where am I?"

Doctor—"You have been seriously injured in a trolley accident. But cheer up—you will [illegible]r."

Man—"How much [illegible]"

Incapacitated.

[illegible] returned [illegible] certainly [illegible] go back to [illegible] trade as [illegible] keeper.'

"Why? His [illegible] ing [illegible]

[illegible] pen ear [illegible]

Doctor Wins.

"The doctor said he'd have me on my feet in two weeks."

"Well, did [illegible]"

"Sure did! I had to sell my car to pay his bill."

[illegible] Luck.

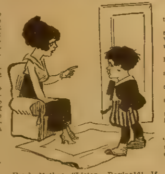
"People hoot at me," complained Senator [illegible]

"You're doing [illegible]. They might shoot at [illegible]," comment[illegible] Senator.

[illegible] Mad!

What are you [illegible] for, Wi[illegible]

"I've got a toothache and there ain't no school to [illegible] home from."



Fond Mother—"Listen, Reginald! If you never, never smoke a cigarette you may some day be President."

Small Son—"But Billy Brown got something better than that for his cigarette coupons."

The Cause.

One of the most amusing answers was that given by a defendant in the police court the other week. He had been summoned for speeding thru the streets to the danger of pedestrians. His position looked hopeless, but his remarkable defense somehow influenced the court to extend him overflowing sympathy.

"All the evidence, my man," said the presiding magistrate, "goes to show that you were speeding. You cannot deny that fact in face of the evidence of the two constables."

"Yes, yer honor, that part of the evidence may be all right, but surely the constables did not fail to see the cause which added momentum to my bicycle; if they had eyes they must have seen a woman with a rolling pin in her hand riding after me as hard as she could peg. That was my wife."

"Dismissed."

Poor Swagger.

"Yes," said Swagger, "this is sap-hire in my ring."

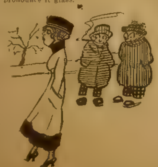
"That's where you are wrong," said his friend. "That is called saffire."

"No, sap-hire."

"Well, we'll go to a jeweler's and ask him to settle the argument."

Said Swagger to the jeweler: "I pronounce the name of the jewel in my ring 'sap-hire' and my friend pronounces it 'saffire.' Now which of us is correct?"

"Neither," said the jeweler. "I would pronounce it glass."



Wangs—"She said on her wedding day that she would go thru everything for him."

[illegible]—"Well, I guess she has. I [illegible] ten-spot this morning."

The Heckler.

William Jennings Bryan said in a temperance address:

"We temperance people should make no rabid, exaggerated or false claims. With the truth we can win and easily win. Inaccuracies only harm us.

"A temperance lecturer once ruffled up his hair and roared:

"'Every glass of beer a man drinks shortens his life one week.'

"'Question!' shouted a stout, red-faced chap in the gallery. 'Question!'

"'Well, what's your question, friend?' said the lecturer.

"'Did I understand you to say, sir, that every glass of beer a man takes shortens his life a week?'

"'That's what I said. Why?'

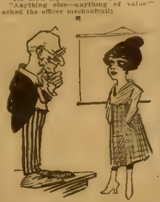
"'Oh, nothing,' said the stout chap, 'only I've been doing a little mental arithmetic, and I find I ought to have been dead 650 years ago.'"

Lost His Head Also.

"What happened when you encountered the burglar."

"He took my breath away."

"Anything else—anything of value?" asked the officer mechanically.



The Professor of Entomology—"The silkworm moth lays about three hundred eggs a day."

The Coed—"Mercy! What a dreadful lot of cackling they must do!"

What Happened.

The man weavers at a country village mill had recently got the craze for rabbiting with dogs. First one weaver and then another bought a dog, and each declared that his own dog was the best in the lot.

One weaver spoke very highly of his dog as a rabbit catcher, and he said for a reasonable sum he would sell the dog, as he was getting hard up.

Arranging suitable terms, a weaver friend of his purchased the dog and took it home.

The next day he came to work looking very indignant and vexed, and going up to the man who had sold him the dog the following conversation took place:

"Why, Aw thout tha sed that dog o' thine could catch rabbits?"

"Aye, of course it con."

"Why, Aw sent it rabbiting [illegible], and what does think happened?"

"I dun know."

"Well, a bloomin' rabbit chased [illegible] home!"

Yes, What!

[illegible]

"What is it now, sonny?"

"Didn't you used to 'ave locks on your head?"

"Oh, yes, before I got bald."

"Well, what did you do with the keys?"

LOVE SONG.

Tho I've wandered far from you
I have been extremely true—
For a man.
And those vows beside the gate
In the long ago, dear Kate,
I will keep inviolate—
If I can.

When my heart is all your own
Save some pieces that are strewn
Here and there
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
The[illegible]
W[illegible]

The Music of the Spheres.

"Come right in," said St. Peter, "when you have received your [illegible] step over to window [illegible] and get your player [illegible]."

The [illegible] seemed puzzled.

"My player piano?" he [illegible] incredulously. "I thought you gave out harps here."

"We did until recently," said the kindly saint, "but there were so many complaints—newcomers from earth said it would take them so long to play on them—that we decided to give out player pianos instead. It's not so bad, we find, when one gets used to it."

"And this is Paradise!" mused the new arrival. "In the apartment house where I last lived on earth I used to kick because there were four of them—only four."

Here he sighed deeply.

Her Preference.

Referring recently to the [illegible] of some girls, due possibly to the unsettled times thru which we are passing just now, the Rev. [illegible] Hird, senior chaplain of the British [illegible], told a good story of a very [illegible] and proper suburban father and his daughter, a typical "Flirting Fl[illegible]."

"Look here, my dear," said [illegible], "I'm going to take [illegible] and [illegible] get hold of a staid, sensible, middle-aged man for you as a husband [illegible] of about [illegible] let us say."

"Well, daddy, if it's all the same to you," replied the impudent minx, "I'd much prefer two—25 years old each."

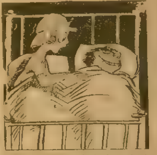
Where He Fell Down.

"How's our new cook?"

"The customers are doing considerable [illegible] about his cooking."

"He says he can cook [illegible] in every style."

"Every [illegible] except satisfactory."



Wife—"William, what's that noise in the library?"

Hubby—"Must be history repeating itself. Go to sleep."

The Silver Lining.

Crash! Bang! Wallop!

Mrs. Newmaid rushed out to the dining-room and saw Sara Ann sitting among the ruins of her best china.

For an instant she was speechless with horror and anger. Then she cried:

"Sara Ann, what on earth [illegible]?"

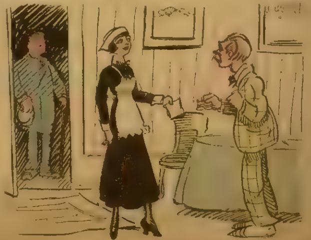
Sara Ann retrieved her cap from a [illegible] and grunted:

"It's the dinner things, mum! And oh, mum, what a good thing I hadn't washed 'em up!"

A Diplomat

"The man who gives in [illegible]," said the street orator, "is a wi[illegible] [illegible] he who gives in when he is [illegible]."

"M[illegible]," said a meek voice [illegible]



Maid—"Mr. Jones, sir—him wot killed seventeen Germans in one trench with his own 'ands—'as called for the gas account, sir."

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GENTLE JABS.

A lie seldom dies from inactivity.

An ignorant man is a merciless critic.

Short friends often make long accounts.

The owner of a smart dog does most of the barking.

Life is one continuous round of unfinished business.

The whisky still is responsible for many a loud drinker.

The sweetness of revenge may sour the best disposition.

Consistency is often but another name for contrariness.

When a man is easily bought the buyer is usually sold.

It takes an experienced elevator boy to let a man down easy.

How easy it is to think of the right excuse at the wrong time.

The snow man quickly melts, but it's different with the heart of the ice man.

Don't count your chickens until they are old enough to bluff a cat.

Good-natured criticism is the kind a man always dishes out to himself.

Good deeds can speak for themselves when they call for improved real estate.

We always feel sorry for the dignified man when the taffy is being passed.

What puzzles a small boy is how his mother can wear such a hot slipper.

It's a waste of time to repeat hair-raising stories to bald-headed men.

The man with a good umbrella is able to appreciate the cloud's silver lining.

It is easy to reason with a man after you have staked him to a good dinner.

It makes a difference whether pin money goes for diamond pins or rolling [illegible].

Tombstones remind us that the average man isn't as white as he is sculptured.

The clothes of a stylish man are shaped to him, while the stylish woman is shaped to her clothes.

A good many men who get credit for being close-mouthed are in reality too [illegible].

A woman likes to have people say that she is young-looking and is a member of an old family.

When a wise man reaches the top of the ladder he immediately proceeds to batten down the hatches.

[illegible] ist is born with a silver spoon in his mouth he naturally expects [illegible] ke him sooner or later.

[illegible] man can convince a woman [illegible] ves her, but [illegible] her [illegible]

Which Man Shall Pay?

(Continued From Page 4.)

"Do you see, Jim, the prison was too much for him—at his age? It's killed him, that's what it's done. And I'm to blame. I sent him there by my evidence. So, Jim, so long as he lives he must never know—unless by accident—about the divorce and our marriage. It won't be for long. You'll play the game. For the sake of what we owe him you'll keep still. Promise, Jim."

Jim promised because he was expected to promise. Besides, there seemed nothing else to do. Chance had arranged the situation and the easiest way out was silence. It was following the line of least resistance. So the strange household resumed its old habits. Judson trapped in and out of season. Gore worked at the mill. Delia, his wife, placed her divorce decree and her marriage certificate in one long envelope and hid them back of the clock, where she could often look at them between the drudgery of baking and scrubbing and washing and mending for herself and the two men. Neighbors, as usual, called to discuss other people's affairs, but no one dreamed that Delia's name was Gore instead of Judson. Hicks, at his rebuilt home, mixed his own sourdough and raised vegetables for the village. His peddling trips forced him to go by Old Man Judson's, but he looked straight ahead and offered Delia neither fish, flesh nor fowl. One bomb was enough. Old Man Judson boasted that he felt spry as a man of 50 and looked it. Good meals and a carefree existence conduced to longevity. He was hale and hearty.

"He'll outlive us both," predicted Jim Gore. "He'll sing at my funeral."

Inertia and long-formed habits and the inclination of human beings to float along the seductive river of least resistance, kept Delia and Jim at their task of silently caring for Judson. Months merged into a year, and Gore became sawyer in the mill at big wages. His bank account had mounted to three figures; and, being prosperous, he naturally wished to own a suitable home and have his wife.

"If Judson ain't dead by next spring," he told Delia, "we'll break loose."

"Maybe we'd better," admitted his wife. "But, go or stay, we'll look after Sam. He's too old to be left. I couldn't desert him, Jim. I'm the only one knows what he likes to eat. He'd miss them batter cakes and pumpkin johnny-cake. And who'd sew on his buttons?"

"He c'n board with us same as now," said Gore. "But next spring I'm a-going to break loose."

It wasn't Gore, however, that broke loose. Instead it was the great whirling steel saw that Jim guided thru timber each day at the mill. A peeved farmer who sold logs to the company and thought he'd been swindled in the scale schemed revenge. He drove long spikes into maple logs until the bark hid the nail-heads. One of these logs was moved into place on the steam carriage and slowly moved toward the gleaming saw. Saw and spike met. The impact answered the old query about an irresistable force and an immovable body. The tempered steel of the saw broke into flying fragments, and one of the fragments imbedded itself in Jim Gore's head. It felled him like a soldier struck down by shrapnel. It looked as if Jim's prophecy about Sam Judson singing at his funeral was about to be fulfilled. Dr. McAllister was hastily summoned to the spot, and he supervised the moving of Jim to his home. As Jim, ghastly pale and blood stained, was borne into his half-interest home, something else broke loose. It was Delia.

"Jim!" she shrieked. "My God, he's dead! He's killed! And he's my husband! He's been my husband since a year ago last spring! We were married! I can prove it! Look here," said she, snatching the big envelope from behind the clock and spreading out its contents. "See, Doctor! There's my divorce from Sam Judson and my marriage certificate to Jim! I'm his wife——"

Old Man Judson stared at the wounded man on the stretcher and then turned his bleary eyes toward the frantic woman who offered papers no one paused to examine. Her excited words carried conviction. As forgotten incidents grouped in his memory, he knew she spoke the truth. Since his chair at the fireside and his place at table were not periled he did not care. But he was mystified by the couple's long silence.

"If you're Jim's wife," he demanded, "why'n't you say so? Why'n't you tell 'stead o' keeping mum?"

"Because," said Delia, white-lipped and ashen, "I thought you'd kill him. I didn't dare."

"Shucks!" said the old man. "I like Jim. I wouldn't hurt a hair o' his head The only man I tried to kill was Hicks."

"What?" cried Delia. "You set that bomb? You?"

"Of course," said Judson. "Who else?"

Delia gasped. Her brain seemed paralyzed. It refused action. Then the physician motioned her forward.

"We're [illegible]" smiled. "It's only skull deep, after all."

"Thank God," cried Mrs. Gore, and flung her apron over her head. She was wildly sobbing.

* * *

The Other Man's Wife.

(Continued From Page 8.)

once." Again she tried to rise, but he restrained her.

"Lie down and do not move again," he said masterfully. "You must listen to reason. I am not going to give you up without a fight, and a desperate one at that." The old, battling look came into his eyes, and he squared his jaw determinedly. "Here, drink this." He held a glass of wine to her lips.

"No, no!" She pushed his hand from her, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"Drink it!" he commanded sternly, and with a little whimper of fright, a cry such as a very small child who fears punishment might give, she obeyed him.

Restraining a tender smile, he forced her to lie down and took one of her hands in both of his. "Now, listen to me, and do not speak until I give you permission." He bent over her, love shining in his eyes. "Bijou, I want you to be my wife, but before you answer me I want to ask your forgiveness for the great wrong that I did you. I realize now that I was prompted in doing what I did by a mistaken sense of chivalry.

"I had known and loved Joan before her marriage to your uncle. In fact, at the time that she met him we were engaged. I was heartbroken when she married him, and buried myself in the wilderness of South America in the hopes of forgetting her. I thought that I had my passion pretty well under control until I came to Paris and met her at the opera. At the sight of her, my love—or rather my desire, for now I know that it was nothing else—broke into flame again, and I plunged myself into a mad affair with her. This resulted in a threat of divorce by the Count, and in order to shield her good name I consented to ask you to be my wife. I have since learned that La Cour wished you to marry before you were 22 so that he could get the money that was to be his, by the will of your great-uncle, if you were married before you reached that age. Fortunately, in that respect, our engagement was broken, and you came into your inheritance.

"I now know that I have never loved Joan—never respected her or worshiped her as a man should worship the woman he loves. I want you to know that from the first time I saw you I have felt a great tenderness for you—have felt that you were too pure and fine for the usual run of men—and in asking you to forgive me and to give me another chance, I know that I am not worthy of you and do not deserve your love."

His voice broke, and he paused a moment. "But I promise, little sweetheart, that if you will be my wife, I shall try to live up to your ideas of what is good and beautiful. Will you forgive me, Bijou, and let me teach you to love me again?"

There was a silence, and then she replied softly: "Chappie, a week ago Joan came to see me and told me that she had invaded your home against your wishes, that afternoon, and using her power over you had caused you to take her in your arms. She told me that she was sure that you cared for me—that not long ago she saw you at a dinner and that your attitude toward her was friendly but indifferent, and evinced none of the old passion that you had had for her. She took the full blame for the scene upon which I stumbled that terrible day." She hesitated. "I wanted you to know this so that you would not be unjust to her in your thoughts."

Roderick leaned forward and kissed her brow. "My little Puritan!" he whispered softly. "My little girl! My little girl!"

She put her hand on his head and stroked his hair.

"Chappie, do you feel sure of yourself and your love for me? Do you, dear?" she asked tremulously.

He bent over her and brushed her lips lightly with his own. "Need you ask, sweetheart? If you feel any doubt, won't you give me a chance to wipe all your fears away?"

"'Perfect love casteth out fear,'" she quoted softly. "And oh, dearest, I do love you, in spite of all my efforts not to love, but to hate you!" Her arms circled his neck and she rested her cheek against his.

"Bijou, my jewel!" he cried, and love, which is as old as the stars, was in the tenderness of their kiss.

The End

* * *

A Beautiful Career.

A LADY bank clerk had completed her first week, and a friend asked her how she liked the work.

"Oh, it's beautiful!" said the girl. "I'm at a branch where nearly all the people we know have accounts, and it's so nice to see how little money some of your friends have in the bank."

Why I Believe in Nuxated Iron

A Strength-Builder for the Nation

By E. Sauer, M. D.

Probably no remedy has ever met with such phenomenal success as has Nuxated Iron. It is conservatively estimated that over three million people annually are taking it in this country alone. It has been highly endorsed and used by Former United States Senators and Members of Congress; Physicians who have been connected with well-known hospitals have prescribed and recommended it; Monseigneur Nannini, a prominent Catholic Clergyman, recommends it to all members of the Catholic Church. Former Health Commissioner Wm. R. Kerr, of Chicago, says it ought to be used in every hospital and prescribed by every physician. Sarah Bernhardt—"the Divine Sarah," the world's most noted actress, has ordered a large quantity sent to the French soldiers to help give them strength, power and endurance.

Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago, and former House Surgeon Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, says Nuxated Iron has proven through his own tests of it to excel any preparation he has ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves, strengthening the muscles and correcting digestive disorders.

Dr. H. B. Vail, formerly Physician in the Baltimore Hospital and a Medical Examiner, says that time and again he has prescribed Nuxated Iron and surprised patients at the rapidity with which the weakness and general debility were replaced by a renewed feeling of strength and vitality.

If you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

NOTE:—Nuxated Iron, which has been used by former Members of the United States Senate and House of Representatives, and other prominent people with such surprising results, and which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians in such a great variety of cases, is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach; on the contrary it is a most potent remedy in nearly all forms of indigestion as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron, that they offer to forfeit $100 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under [illegible] and increase their strength 100 per [illegible] or over in four weeks' time, provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all good druggists

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Hunting the Mastodon

By Francis J. Dickie

Read This, Then Go On With the Story.

THIRST for the unknown sends Grahame and Ayelward to the Arctic Circle in search of a prehistoric monster, concerning which they have been told by Inspector Fells of the Northwest Mounted Police, who had the story from an old Indian. They take with them a moving picture camera man. In running the rapids of a river they come upon a wrecked boat and Ayelward saves the life of Doris Keane, a story writer who is in search of adventure and who, when she learns of their quest, joins them.

Ayelward finds at Chipewyan the ancient Indian whose great-grandfather had brought back from the Far North a map of the region where he had seen the marvelous beast. The Indian relates the strange story and finally gives Ayelward a map, a crude picture description drawn with a hot iron on a deerskin. After nearly two months of travel on the vast chain of lakes and rivers that lead into the Far North the adventurers come into the region indicated by the map and make camp upon a high plateau. Here Doris Keane is left alone while the men hunt for the guiding stone cairns that will reveal the valley wherein the mastodon dwells. Doris is attacked by Indians, but fights her way to safety. The cairns are found and for seven days the party follows them and finally the valley is discovered. In a great natural amphitheater the mastodon is found. Doris Keane is let down into it in order to get drinking water and is trapped by the mastodon, which is killed by Ayelward after moving pictures of the great beast have been taken

If you prefer to read the earlier chapters in detail back cop[illegible] be obtained from our agent[illegible] dealers, or by mail direct from the office of publication. The story began in No. 2, the issue dated Jan. 1

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CHAPTER VII.

BIG, slow-falling flakes of snow were drifting down thru the early falling dusk of a chill September afternoon, two weeks later, when the returning searchers came once more in sight of the rock, looming bleak and lonely against the low-hung clouds of the raw fall day.

Presently, as they moved with quickened step at thought of hot supper from many provisions long denied, Isadore's sharp eyes noted something, and he said: "Mus' bin beeg win'; blow them tent down."

Looking, the rest caught no gleam of welcoming canvas. However, as everything had been securely packed or covered, they accepted this small misfortune lightly.

But, when within three hundred yards, a low cry burst almost simultaneously from their lips—the rock's top was absolutely bare. Fast on the heels of the sight came an even more frightening thought. They all broke into a run to gain view of the lake front beyond. Its surface, too, was void of anything—their boats were gone!

Like dead things, petrified and old, each stood with eyes searching vainly the sullen, fatully tossing sea of cold, gleaming water stretching emptily away to the horizon.

Ayelward was the first to break the silence: "Eight hundred miles of walking—and winter coming on!" It was not a whine; just a grim acceptance of the only alternative.

No one answered. In silence they made camp in the lee of the rock.

There was little conversation that night; each was too apathetic from the unexpectedness of the blow; for, after the defeat of the Indians, no one had dreamed of further visitors to this far place.

They broke camp at dawn. Carrying only the barest necessities—rifles, a single blanket each, a few remaining pounds of flour, beans and tea, a souvenir chunk of the mastodon's hide, and the precious film—they began their long tramp around the shore of the lake toward Fort Resolution, eight hundred miles away.

The land at least was kind in offering to their guns an endless supply of fresh meat. So, while their provisions were finished by the end of the first week of their trekking, they were saved the pangs of hunger that too often faces men in long marches thru wilderness lands.

Under the stimulus of the fear of approaching winter they traveled thru every hour of lasting light, averaging generally thirty miles a day.

Footsore, their moccasins in tatters, even tho re-covered many times with green caribou hide, they stumbled into Fort Resolution on the afternoon of October 15th, just in time to beat out a howling snowstorm, driving down from off the partly frozen expanse of Great Slave Lake.

Within a big log cabin, near to the post—temporarily empty on their arrival—they were made comfortable by the factor. And here, safe-housed, well fed and warm, a strange languor stole over each and all of them.

Navigation to the outside had closed weeks before their arrival, and no other way existed for the time being, nor would until winter should thoroly set in. [illegible] November, making solid the [illegible] lake and river over the thousand miles of trail lying between them and Edmonton, the nearest metropolis of the outside world.

[illegible]

made no move to go, for upon all of them still lay a vast weariness, a strange sort of contented apathy, borne of their eight hundred miles of [illegible] straight meat diet.

With the memory of those miles still fresh in mind, the thought of [illegible] ten hundred more over a long snow trail thru the bitter days of this Northern region's winter, loomed as a task gigantic, terrible, a thing too awful of proportion to be seriously contemplated

A dozen times, gathered around the great tin heater, red hot from the snapping spruce, they took the matter under consideration; discussed gravely the starting. But always as they did so, there rose up before them ghostly, deterring vistas of that wan land stretching interminably away, an endless panorama of white, hostile sterile, cold, lying waiting with fangs of frost to fight their every move and step thruout all the thousand miles of way to the outside.

And under the spell of frigid visionings came a strange shrinking from the setting out, bringing their many councils always to similar ending—the postponement of the starting to some vague, indefinite future date.

Then, one day, with Christmas fast approaching, while they were once more half-heartedly dwelling upon the subject, Ayelward, braver than the rest, settled the question by frankly confessing: "To tell you the truth, folks, I feel like I never want to walk again. Every time I think of starting out I get cold chills. So what's the mater with us sticking right here till spring? The factor tells me there will be a steamer up the first week in June. That will take us as far as Fort Smith. There we can buy or rent a gasoline boat that will take us back to At[illegible]"

"Bravo!" Doris said g[illegible]. "I've been wanting to [illegible] thing, but lacked the spirit."

Grahame and Rogers grinned their approval—and so the matter was settled.

CHAPTER VIII.

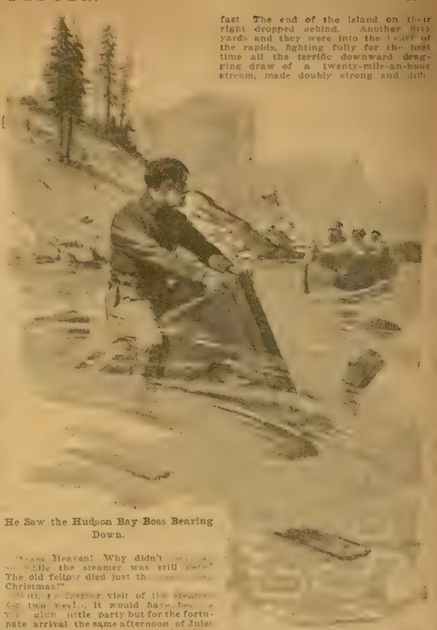
SPRING was late coming to the wilderness, and not until June 5th were the mastodon hunters able to say a [illegible] glad good-by to the lonely little trading post of Fort Resolution.

On board the light-draft stern-wheel steamer Grahame I., they made a quick trip to Fort Smith, where steamer navigation up the Slave River ended, on account of the eighteen miles of rapids. At Smith's Landing, on the other side of the rapids, however, the steamer Grahame II. lay waiting, and carried them back to Fort Chipewyan. The steamer's destination was Fort McMurray, and the party would have gone on thru but for Ayelward's promise to return the map to Cheequina.

This he could have easily accomplished by turning it over to the Doctor to deliver, and thus have saved losing the steamer, which stopped only a few minutes. But Ayelward's was the heart of a true gentleman, and, too, a queer pride in the finding of the mastodon stirred him with a wish to relate personally in detail the story to the aged warrior, and to see the pride leap to the old man's eyes with realization of this vindication of his mighty forefather.

So when the steamer drew into Chipewyan about noon on the 13th of June, he disembarked, accompanied by the rest of the party, who had stoutly refused his suggestion that they go on and wait for him at Edmonton.

It was not until the steamer had churned out of sight across the lake that Ayelward mentioned to the factor the reason for their layover.



He Saw the Hudson Bay Boss Bearing Down.

"[illegible] Heaven! Why didn't [illegible] while the steamer was still here? The old fellow died just th[illegible] Christmas!"

With no further visit of the steamer for two weeks, it would have been a [illegible] glum little party but for the fortunate arrival the same afternoon of Jules Lavergne, independent river freighter and trader, bound down river in his forty-foot motor boat.

So anxious now were all of them to return to the outside that, on Lavergne's refusing to accept a charter to take them to Athabasca Landing at once, Ayelward and Grahame offered to purchase the boat outright at a price so profitable to the trader he made haste to accept.

The boat's gasoline tank was sufficiently full to insure the reaching of Fort McMurray, where a fresh stock could be obtained sufficient for the further two hundred and fifty miles to Athabasca Landing. So, both Ayelward and Grahame being fairly handy with a motor boat, the party were once [illegible] their way at [illegible] morning.

The river was swift and high, fighting the stout motor boat every inch of the way, and it was not until the morning of the 17th that they put [illegible] McMurray behind, and were on the [illegible] lap of the river way.

Thru the varied rapids—the Casc[illegible] Crooked, Long, Middle, Boiler and B[illegible]—the launch gradually made progress, bringing them to Grand Island late on the next afternoon

For ninety miles of traveling they had listened almost continually to the growl of angry water. But all the other rapids' sounding was but faint to the thunder now in their ears from the Grand.

The river was very high. Rushing along thru its rocky bed over this quarter-mile drop of eighty feet, the water seethed even more furiously [illegible] the previous spring [illegible]. And now they were [illegible] this current, where previously they had let it carry them along!

The following morning, with the sun still but a splashed ball in a sea of pink low on the eastern world-rim, the party boarded the launch for the run thru the rapids. Ayelward took the wheel, while Grahame crouched over the engine, as yet unmoving, to watch it thru the supreme test that was soon to come

The remaining four sat gathered close together in the stern, for in this fight every little aid had to be taken advantage of.

For a full hundred yards the launch drifted down the quieter water till it floated well in the center of the stream some distance below the island; then Grahame "turned over" the engine, and, answering its drive of forty-horse-power, the propeller's blades churned the water and the launch rushed with gathering speed toward the [illegible] ahead.

For several minutes they moved fairly fast The end of the island on their right dropped behind. Another fifty yards and they were into the heart of the rapids, fighting fully for the first time all the terrific downward dragging draw of a twenty-mile-an-hour stream, made doubly strong and difficult by cross swirls and writhing counter currents, that, hungrily clutching the [illegible] high riding bow, fought foamingly to swerve it round and lay its long broadside in position for the furious river to send home death-dealing blows.

Like, the steering gear of an autocar moving fast over muddy roads, the wheel of the launch shuddered back and forth, but only thru the smallest fraction of its cycle, for the iron grip of Ayelward's hands, backed by sturdy-muscled arms, held it always in control.

Now the boat seemed scarcely to be moving. The water rushed past, an eternal panorama of boiling white that curled and rolled and clutched, and moved ever on to give place to fresh flooding tides behind.

Yet the launch crept slowly forward, its laboring engine shouting forth defiant explosions—an answer back to the rapid's sonorous diapason, steady, prolonged, and menacing.

A quarter of the rapids' dangerous length the whirling propeller battled over and put behind. Then, suddenly, in the fleeting drop and rise of choppy waves ahead, came to Ayelward a brief, flashing view of an upraised bristling point of rock, a grim danger always apparent except in seasons of exceedingly high water. Action came almost as he saw—but too late he threw the wheel hard over.

With a rending, splitting sound the bottom opened at his feet, in its wake an icy geyser came spouting in. Twice the engine coughed encouragement to the futile driving propeller, then with sputtering protest was stilled by the gurgling water. Shuddering like a live thing, the boat, its bow high in the air, clutched and was held an instant on the pinnacle of the wrecking rock by the timbers of its torn bottom; then the tugging waters swung it free, dragged it down, rolled it over, swept it away on the crest of little leaping waves. Like new-hatched fledglings, tossed from a nest by vandal hand, the six human bodies were emptied into the numbing Athabasca.

Still clutching tight the spokes of the steering wheel, Ayelward hung on thru what seemed an age of time. One second the water covered him, the next he caught his breath, only to be buried again with the river's next prankish movement of the water-logged launch.

Bruised, battered and choking sickeningly from many swallows of water, he was presently no longer buffeted. Passing out of the rapids, the boat, sunk to the gunnels, floated quietly with the stream. Dazedly Ayelward shifted his grip to the covered bowhead, then crawled out and straddled the boat's nose. Still a little heavy-headed, he had drifted perhaps a mile in a state of half-coma, when he heard a yell from behind, and looking around saw Bertram, the Hudson Bay railway boss on the island, bearing down on him in a big Peterboro driven by himself and two half-breeds. Under the drive of the strongly-wielded paddles they quickly came close, and with careful maneuvering drew Ayelward aboard.

"Pretty close call, old man," Bertram said, as the canoe turned and began slowly moving back toward the island's end. "You and the girl, I guess, are the only lucky ones."

"Doris saved?" Ayelward replied, his heart suddenly light. Then, wonderingly, "How do you know?"

"Because I pulled her ashore." Then he went on to explain: "Just after you people started out this morning I came down to the end of the island to wait and collect from a scow party, that had landed the night before, and was just starting portaging their stuff from the upper end. While I was waiting for the first car to come, I kept my eyes on how you people were making out.

"The minute I see you go over, I grabs up the chunk of wood we use to float the 'pick-up' rope out to the scows with. Then I runs over to the edge of the island, and, as luck'd have it, the little girl gets caught in an inshore eddy and is coming right along pretty close in. The water isn't quite so rough there, and she's making a stab at swimming in to shore. Not a very good one, for the current's too swift, but, anyway, she's got her senses, and hears me holler to watch out for the rope. Then, when she's still quite a piece back from me, I throws the chunk out as far as I can, and then pays the rope out slow, keeping it pretty tight, so it rides right on the surface. She makes a piece of the line O. K. and then I pulls her in.

"As soon as she gets her breath she begins hollering for a boat to go and find the rest of you. Of course, I told her that was foolish, for nobody on the island dreamed of any of the rest of you beating the rapids. But she insisted, so to please her I jumps into the Peterboro, with a couple of the breeds from the scow party, and we paddled downstream, and, to my surprise, saw you."

But in spite of Bertram's assurance that no one ever beat the rapids, Ayelward insisted on making a search, in hopes that some of the others might have got to shore. Spurred by his offered rewards, the dozen men with the scow spent all the afternoon and the next day in careful search. But not even the dead bodies could they find, and, heavy-hearted, Ayelward gave up.

"You seldom find bodies, once the rapids get them," Bertram explained to Doris and Ayelward, as they sat in his little shack on the center of the island. "Probably they're floating out somewhere in the lake by now."

Ayelward nodded moody acceptance of the information, then said: "Well, the next question is, how are we two going to get to Athabasca Landing?"

"Oh, I'll fix you on that all right. Day after tomorrow the company's gasoline launch will be up from there with some provisions for me. They just unload and go right back. You can go along with them."

• • • • • • •

"Well, thank goodness, we're nearly out of the woods at last!" Doris said, five days later, as they stepped out onto the Hudson Bay wharf at Athabasca Landing. "This old skirt I made at Resolution looks pretty bad, but I'll make it do till we get to Edmonton tomorrow."

Ayelward nodded. "I'm really afraid we won't know how to act," he said, smiling a little wistfully, "we've been so long in the wild."

CHAPTER IX.

IT WAS early in the afternoon when the little Canadian Northern local pulled into the dingy depot at Edmonton. A little dazed by the sudden bustle and roar of the city, after so many months in the silent places, Ayelward and Doris alighted and climbed into a waiting taxi. Ten minutes later they were once more ensconced within the walls of civilization, as represented by luxurious rooms in the Chateau Macdonald.

On the trip in, both Ayelward and Doris had stayed a few days at this hotel, each leaving behind a trunk of clothing. So, on arriving at Athabasca Landing, Ayelward, when wiring the hotel for reservations, had also requested these to be placed in their rooms in readiness against their arrival.

As he proceeded to dress, he was suddenly oppressed with a sense of stuffiness. After the months in the open, even the great, high-ceilinged room, the partly open windows of which caught the breeze from the wide expanse of river just below, seemed close to him. He threw up all the windows, and with relief drank in the fresh breeze that drifted in from off the green outside world

He was reminded suddenly that it was but a year since he had sat in this same hotel and breathed this same scented air. Yet so many things had taken place, it seemed impossible that they could have been crowded into so brief a space

A little touch of melancholy came to [illegible] as it comes to nearly all of us with [illegible] ending of some well-loved task. Sadly he reflected that the work was done; another episode in his path of life forever closed. Now it could only remain as a memory, and in such be bitter, because the reality had been so fine.

The inexorable fact that everything ended, that, after all, human endeavor was at best but a futile thing, suddenly weighed upon him with strange heaviness. The loss of his friend, Grahame, and his regret that the great discovery could now never be shown to the world in pictures, were both having their subconscious effect upon him. And a sudden fit of blues was fast taking hold of him when the buzzing of the telephone startled him out of his reflections.

Answering it, he heard the clerk's voice announcing that the reporters of the Daily Capitol, Journal, Bulletin and Town Topics were all below, clamoring for an interview, and would he grant it?

All at once an odd nervousness, that had been upon him since his arrival, became heightened. "Show them up," he said, and slammed down the receiver. He had never been a lover or a seeker of publicity. But now, in possession of a great discovery, he was conscious how far-reaching and powerful was the press. He took a few turns up and down the room, trying to calm this queer excitement that gripped him. It was extremely puzzling. Tho he did not know, it was a natural, temporary malady that nearly always oppresses, for greater or less time, those new-come to a city after long months or years in the wilderness.

He was still swayed by odd tremors when a tap sounded upon the door. Following his command to enter, the news-chasers of four papers filed into the room. The hotel reporters had no knewledge of Ayelward. But Tillman, the day clerk, scenting news in Ayelward's trail-worn appearance and his wiring for reservations from Athabasca Landing, had tipped them off to the new guest as having a possible story.

Greeting them courteously, Ayelward seated them; as he did so, answering several feeler questions put forth by one of the more eager members of the group.

"I think, gentlemen," he said, after a minute of answering desultory questions regarding himself, "that the best way for me will be to tell you my story in detail. You can listen and take what notes you like, and then write it to suit yourselves. I think in this way you will get a better understanding than by my holding disjointed conversation with the four of you."

The men chorused assent, and Ayelward, standing in the center of the room, with them seated before him, proceeded.

Beginning a little nervously, he soon warmed to his work, till the words flowed from his lips and took the form of a marvelous tale. It was all such a part of him—he had felt, or lived or seen every spoken word—that his impassioned utterances were more spellbinding than anything to which these men had ever listened. Even bored news-hunters, as they were, they remained tense and silent while he talked.

On finishing he felt weak, as an actor after a great scene The reporters thanked him and filed out. And stirred by the telling of his story, Ayelward did not notice that, now that the spell of his words was past, the news-hunters, as they passed out, glanced furtively at him and exchanged odd glances with one another.

From the time they left until the evening papers were upon the stand Ayelward was occupied in the barber shop and downtown, purchasing some things made necessary after a long sojourn in the wilderness. He had just arrived back at the hotel from his shopping expedition, when he noted a boy leave an armful of papers at the news stand. Eagerly he pressed forward, purchased a copy of each, and hurried with them to his room.

In a flurry of eagerness he read them thru. Then, finishing, he read them all thru again, more slowly. Aside from the individual handling, and the "playing up" of different incidents that had appealed to their various ideas of news, the stories were very much alike.

They had given his story of the finding of the mastodon much after the manner he had told it; but, as he read, he was aware that in writing it they had given it only as a good story; that they had not believed his tale. This underlying note of absolute disbelief ran alike thru all of them to a greater or less degree, but was stingingly apparent in all.

A hot anger against them welled in his heart; the righteous, honest rage of an upright man scorched thru him like a flame. Then, all in a moment, he became very calm. A long time he sat silently staring out the window across the winding river to the scarred, shaggy bank beyond. Understandin[illegible] white light, was upon [illegible]. After all, [illegible] pictures, his tal[illegible] absurd to the twen[illegible]

Yes, it had been foolish of him to expect anything else! The world was a hard-headed old place; and, in the past, all the human beings about him had been prone to doubt far less unlikely things than what he had now unconditionally expected them to accept.

The buzz of the telephone broke up his reverie. This time it was Doris: "Aren't you ever going to be ready to take me to dinner? I'm dying of hunger."

"I'm sorry," he answered contritely. "I'll be down right away."

He tried to make his voice light and cheerful, but even over the 'phone she caught the cadence of melancholy that persisted in it.

"What's the matter?" she asked, alarmed.

"Nothing very much. Have you seen the papers?"

"Why, no. What's in them?"

"Oh, nothing, only our trip, and the announcement of the discovery." He said this last with ironical grimness, that was, however, lost upon her in her excitement at his statement.

"Oh, goody! I'm going down to get them," she said gleefully. "I've been out all afternoon; the clerk told me the reporters were looking for me, too. I'm glad I missed them."

"It doesn't matter; I told them all about you," he laughed.

Not able to wait longer, Doris did not bother about replying, but slammed down the phone.

Arriving downstairs a few minutes later, Ayelward found her in the lounge, industriously going thru the papers. She looked up at him as he came toward her, and gave him a brave, encouraging smile.

"What a shameful way these papers

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have!" she said indignantly, as he dropped into a seat beside her.

"Yes, it's rather hard on us. Still, what could you expect?"

But Doris, being a woman, had allowed her anger full sway without stopping to think upon the merits of the case, as Ayelward had done, and she answered hotly: "I'll bet the American papers will believe. Anyway, I wired a three-thousand-word story to the Vorst Syndicate in New York. A thousand papers, all the way from Los Angeles to New York, will publish it tomorrow, and by the end of the week, while we're resting up here, the big American papers will have arrived."

"Well, I hope so," said Ayelward, brightening. "I do hope they'll run your story as you wrote it."

She greeted this with an astonished volley: "Run my story as I wrote it! You'd better believe they will! Why, my name over the top of it is guarantee for that!"

Ayelward nodded. "Yes, that's true. I'd almost forgotten what a famous person you are."

She softened at this, and noting how glum he was, remarked cheeringly: "Don't you worry—the discovery won't be doubted."

But tho Ayelward felt assured that the big papers would run Doris' story as she wrote it, he argued that this fact was no guarantee that it would be believed. But he did not voice the thought, and presently they went in to dinner.

During the meal, their first together in civilization, he strove so well that his gayety and brightness satisfied Doris that he had recovered from the effect of the ill reception of his story by the local papers.

But Doris had stirred up a news storm of a vastness beyond her dreaming. The Vorst Syndicate duly ran her story in their hundreds of papers over the length and breadth of the continent. Coming as it did with so famous a name appended to it, it was good news, irrespective of truthful qualities. Also, it was exclusive; in a way a beat.

Twelve hours later Doris was snowed under with telegrams from various newspapers not served by the Vorst Syndicate service. The editors of these in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Boston, Chicago, New York, Denver, and a dozen smaller cities, wired for confirmation of the story: "Could she furnish pictures?" Also, the fact that a woman of her standing had spent a year in the unknown wilds was full of feature possibilities, still left uncovered by her story supplied to the Vorst Syndicate, and for the details of this they eagerly begged.

Doris hired a stenographer and went to work, grinding out a dozen "exclusively written" accounts of her trip and the tale of the finding of the mastodon. These she dispatched to the larger dailies; then she wrote an extra one and sent it as syndicate matter to some twenty of the lesser sheets. It was a big task, yet she finished them all within the week.

Ayelward, too, had not gone unnoticed. Aroused by the newspaper articles, the various scientific bodies to which he belonged sent him long querying wires. To all of these he answered briefly, stating that the facts were true, but repeating the unfortunate occurrence of the loss of the pictures and relics of the animal

Then the big American papers began arriving at Edmonton. The story had wakened a storm of protest and ridicule From the news columns and the woman's pages—the last due to Doris' part in the affair—the subject of the discovery of the mastodon had quickly passed to the editorial sections. Ayelward and Doris were by turns classed as fakers; as mad; as publicity-seeking charlatans; as just plain liars; these things and many deeper sarcasms, to which editorial writers are upon occasion equal.

At first Doris fought back with all the power that her pen and past prestige gave her. But it was a losing battle. Ayelward had realized this from the first; and at last, she, too, finally gave in to bitter admission of defeat.

After all their toil and striving, their braving of dangers, their ultimate success in the search, and safe return to civilization, the two found that their reward was now only unbelief, recrimination, and the disapproval of the world at large!

Following the first newspaper bolt that Doris had flung with such far-reaching effect, they both had found so much to do that the days had slipped by with unnoticed swiftness.

Thus, twenty-eight days after their arrival, when Doris finally admitted defeat, they found themselves both more weary than when they had first arrived The weather was wonderful; and perfect meals to the music of an orchestra still having fresh charms for them, they decided upon spending another month at the Chateau, as neither had any definite plan or desire to journey farther.

Two nights later, following a late dinner, they were sitting close to the low parapet at the edge of the paved broad walk of the Chateau that overlooks the river, when a bellboy came out of the big entrance of the lounge. Spying Ayelward, he crossed over with two telegrams, just arrived.

Ayelward eyed them a moment suspiciously; then, in a spirit of rebellion, st[illegible] them unopened into his pocket, [illegible] up the momentarily interrupted conversation.

But after the departure of the bellboy, Doris suddenly lost interest in the [illegible]. Presently her woman's [illegible] getting the better of her, she said after the manner of one long familiar: "Open those old telegrams. There might be something good in them. Maybe some one's wiring you he believes. That would be something, at any rate," she concluded, with a wry smile

He pulled them out, tore them open, read, and then, his expression suddenly grown very tired and old handed them to her in silence.

Sick at heart with the knowledge of the pain these, of all messages, must have brought him, she read

"On account of your recent absurd and unsubstantiated claim, it was decided by unanimous vote of the members in meeting today to strike your name from our lists. PARSONS V. DANIELS,
'President International Body of Research."

"Beg to inform you that by majority vote of board your membership in this body was today annulled
"JAMES R. O'DONNELL,
"Archaeology and Ethnological Society of America."

For a long time they sat wordless there under the fading light of the dying day. A chickadee called softly from the underbrush far below. In the stillness the faint murmuring of the water against the piers of the bridge came faintly to their ears, and farther off along the river a whip-poor-will added mournful cadence to these dulcet symphonies of the creeping night.

At last Ayelward raised his eyes to the woman beside him, and she saw how deep had been the hurt at thus being cast out from bodies he had served so faithfully and long. Impulsively she reached over and caught his strong right hand in both of hers.

"Never mind, dear pal!" she whispered "Never mind if the world has flouted you! It doesn't matter. You know! And, after all, that is the supreme satisfaction of life. The triumph of your discovery is none the less a triumph despite what the world may say and think. And —well, I know!"

Something subtle, strange, a warm note never before in her voice, sent his eyes to searching fiercely. Then, made brave by some occult sensing, he leaned very close, clasping his free hand over hers.

"No," he said very softly, "the world doesn't matter any more. Nothing matters but you."

She raised eyes that had been momentarily downcast, in them a tremulous light of tender fire that was his answer.

The End

* * *

His Solution.

"SOME hat!" exclaimed the man who held the rocking-chair record at the club. "That simple little bit of head covering set the wearer back $150, or I never paid a milliner's bill!"

"It goes to prove my contention,' replied the club guest, "that woman, as a sex, is vain and lacking in practical judgment. You never saw a man parading in a headdress of that gorgeousness, did you? Not this side of darkest Africa. A man confines himself to the modest fedora or cap and never pays more than $2, or maybe $10 for his headgear."

"That's all right," said the man who held the rocking-chair record. "You wouldn't want to see women wearing derbies and fedoras, would you? The saving in cost would be enormous, I know, but woman needs the exercise, the mental stimulus, of picking out new stuff for spring, summer, fall and winter. Without this diversion she would fall into melancholia

"And furthermore, woman is as economical as man in her clothing—or just about. Anyway, if man were more energetic in effecting little savings in his habiliments he would soon have enough for his old age.

"Take the case of pockets. I have a plan to save more on the item of pockets than would pay the interest on the Liberty bond issue. Did you ever figure how many pockets a man has in his clothes?

"The trousers contain five. The waistcoat adds five more. The coat holds five. Making a total of fifteen pockets minimum in one suit.

"When a man puts on his overcoat he has five more pockets. Thus he goes about carrying twenty pockets with him, at least fifteen of which he never uses The material of the millions of excess pockets if put to better use would supply tentage enough for the Allied armies

"And how would you bring about the reform you suggest?" asked the club guest.

"Easiest thing in the world," returned the man who held the rocking-chair record at the club. "Woman has given me the idea for the solution. Let man carry a handbag"

Curiosity.

"I WISH you would tell me," said Mrs. Vutts to her husband, "why it is that when Mrs. Bazel asks questions you resent it and when Mrs. DeLight asks them you are pleased to explain in detail."

"Well," responded Vutts, "Mrs. Bazel has a collection of mannerisms that make her unbearable when she asks a question. But Mrs. DeLight is a peach!"

"Am I to understand then that questions are impertinent when asked homely people like Mrs. Bazel and therefore warrant snubs, but when pretty people ask them they are merely showing polite interest that is worthy of a polite answer? Is that the idea?"

"Something like that. There is a difference between curiosity and polite interest.

"Now, a cow is an example of offensive curiosity. The way a cow looks at you is insulting. She has an expression as she chews her cud placidly as if we bored her considerably, even tho she condescends to look at us. She wears the expression that you and your friend, Mrs. Fuschia, have when regarding some one who is 'queer looking.'

"But a dog or a horse never assumes such an expression. Theirs is one of polite interest. They appear interested in us, but not at all critical The difference is in the expression

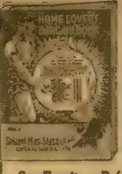
"I once knew a man who wore an umbrella out lambasting a fellow who looked at him in a sassy manner.

"The man was a stranger just arrived in a small town. There were some other people who looked at him, some girls and others, and he didn't get a bit mad. They were not insulting in their curiosity. But this one particular fellow made him so angry that he couldn't keep his hands off.

"Once I was a stranger in a strange land and didn't like the way a native stared at me. He glared at me so that I set down the bowl of fish I was carrying beside the bird cage and the bundle of laundry I had and said:

"'My friend there is no use looking at me so closely. You are wasting the precious moments. I am just an ordinary individual and these things I am carrying are just ordinary things.'"

"Did any girls look at you! If they did I suppose that was all right. From a man's point of view a girl is in the dog and horse class, her curiosity is interest, even fascination. But a brother man is in the cow class. Is that it, Mr. Vutts?"



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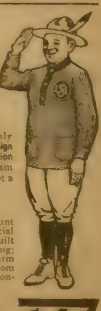

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Spoiling of the Game

By A. W. Peach

He was just out of prison and back in the old home village. There came a man who knew his story, and a girl's heart was the stake for which they fought.

HE WAS taking the chance of meeting a bitter experience, and he realized it. He was a criminal, branded for all time by the jail sentence he had rightly deserved and received; and to go back to the little village where his young days had been passed was taking not only a chance, but a risk. Altho the crime for which he had served his sentence had been committed in another part of the country, there was little hope that the news could not have reached the village. Yet there was a possibility, and that could be figured into his decision.

Moreover, a longing that had grown keener and sharper with the years of his absence was with him. As he had worked at the trade which he had managed to enter after leaving the jail, every now and then the face of Meryl would appear—the face of the girl he had loved in those happier days. By secret means he had kept in touch with the village, and he knew that she was not married. He was hungry for the sight of her face, the sound of her voice, and the hunger was too much for his judgment. He must see her, no matter what the result might be.

Reaching his decision, Hawley dropped from the train at the little depot, half-expectant, half-fearful. With a quick glance he noted the few figures on the platform—one or two chronic loafers whom he remembered, but who, dozing in the sunshine, did not recognize him; the others were strangers, except——

Hawley's heart skipped a beat. Beyond all question the man who stood near the office window was Slaton, an inmate with him in the Western prison, an expert swindler and forger. Hawley walked swiftly across the platform, shot a quick glance at the profile of the lean face, and hurried down the street. There was no doubt in his mind; it was Slaton—whose errand in the town could be nothing else than mischief. Slaton, who knew him and his record.

"I must get out of sight and keep out of sight," Hawley muttered to himself.

The main street of the village was quiet, and he hastened on without pause or interruption. Now that he was there, he was bitterly sorry that he had come; but memory was calling him—the most luring of all voices that speak to men. He turned to the gray little street where Meryl lived. Every step whispered to him of those days when his life was clean before and behind him.

He paused at the walk that led to the cottage, nervous and anxious. He saw Meryl's mother busy in one of the rooms. A slight sound drew his attention to the garden in the rear. The [illegible] of a sunshiny head was v[illegible] hair that could belong to just one girl in the world.

Shaking off his desire to retreat with speed, he walked into the garden and stopped beside her.

Intent on her work, she did not at first hear him; then, with a bit of startled cry, she rose and drew back. Her dark eyes in wonder rested upon him for a moment of suspense that held for him all the anguish of pent-up thought and question. How would she greet him?

She dropped the trowel and held out both hands.

"Wilton!"

His own hands trembled as they inclosed her small ones; and his voice was not steady as he repeated her name and added:

"I came back because I wanted to see you more than any one else or anything else in the world!"

A swift shadow passed over the face, but the welcoming smile remained. The shadow troubled him, but he soon lost remembrance of it under the friendliness of her next words.

During the next swiftly passing but joyous hour, he lost his fear that the news of his crime had reached her. Her mother added her friendly welcome, and his anxiety passed. He found himself accepting with haste their invitation to stay with them and not at the hotel which still kept, they informed him, its ancient fame as an inhospitable place.

Dusk came early in the valley, and it never seemed to him to have fallen so quickly. After supper in the cozy dining-room, her mother drove them out to the vine-covered porch; and there he listened with a sinking heart to her happy voice as she went on to explain the opportunity that had come by which she hoped that the poverty they had fought for years could be overcome. A friend had given them the chance to invest money in a company; she had sold a small house they owned; and she had the money in her father's old safe ready to turn over to the friend in the morning.

The dull fear in Hawley's mind became fixed when he heard her answer to his question.

"Do I know him well? Well, he's a gentleman, I'm sure, and he had plenty of papers to prove what he said. He's just a visitor here for a while this summer, you know—on his vacation."

[illegible] listening quietly, he heard her describe Slaton. There was no doubt about it. Slaton had worked another one of his confidence games. Genial, suave, intelligent, he was an artist in such a field. He preferred cash. No wonder, thought Hawley; it was wise for him to keep away from banks and bank checks.

Hawley hardly listened as she ran happily on. His mind was facing the question: What could be done to spoil Slaton's game? Under some circumstances, it would be easy; but Slaton knew him, and at the first threat would publish his own infamy over the village—would tell her—and that must not be. Yet, on the other hand, for her to lose the last sum of money that stood between her and her mother and poverty was not to be thought of. He must do something and do it quickly.

He tried to warn her against intrusting her money to a stranger; but he saw he could make no impression with such arguments. Her fair, girlish face grew a little stern; and once she opened her lips as if to speak something on her mind. It would never do, he realized, to take that tack. When she gave her faith and trust, she gave them for good.

There was but one move left, and he determined to make it. He would see Slaton. Excusing himself a little later, he walked swiftly to the hotel, and, learning that Slaton was in his room, went to it.

Slaton came to him with the friendly outstretched hand of the experienced man of the world, then the hand stiffened and was drawn back. The genial smile went, and the face became keen, cold, and watchful.

"Well, North, we meet again. As I remember it, we never loved each other. Now, what do you want?"

Hawley sat down and went straight to the issue, as was the only thing to do between them. He told him plainly what he wanted.

Slaton leaned back and smiled as he rolled his cigar.

"Do you really think I am simple as that? Now, listen—I'm not a fool. I spotted you when you got off the train. I made a few inquiries, and I know that you are still the nice Sunday-school lad here that you were once. You're back here because you are sweet on the girl. There's no reason why you can't stay in peace. But peep just once about me, and your name in this town will be Mud! And as for that little girl—she'll be pleased to know more about you and your neat stunts on the Coast—nit. Now don't get ugly. It won't do. All I have to say to you is this: Keep out of my way and I'll keep out of yours! I leave town tomorrow and I go with the cash. Can the chin music on your part, and you can stay here in peace. No squeal and—going? Good-by, then."

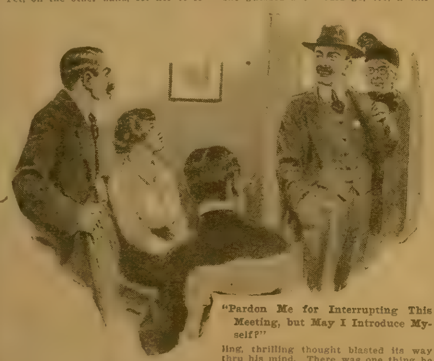
Hawley slammed the door, hot with anger within but cool without. Slaton had him—unless he was willing to sacrifice the most cherished thing he now possessed—the faith of the village of his youth in him where his mother and father lay buried, her faith in him—the warm, welcoming light in her eyes—he could not see it go out.

Desperate with the turmoil of his thought, he went early to his room in the cottage. Trying to plan some way out of the dilemma, he retired late; but no plan appeared.

In the morning, he was met with the announcement by Meryl that she was going downtown on an errand and was coming back with "Mr. Lefter," when they would close the business transaction.

Hawley heard the words with a sinking heart. He started to tell her what he knew of her "Mr. Lefter," but his courage failed.

When he heard her mother add that she guessed she would go, too, a chilling, thrilling thought blasted its way thru his mind. There was one thing he could do—a last desperate move that would save her, check Slaton's scheme, and as for himself—he stared the future in the face, and it lengthened out black before him. It was a poor choice, but it was certain. Perhaps she would not believe what he said concerning Slaton. She would believe this. He would rob the safe himself, wait until he could send proof beyond question of Slaton's record, then return the precious sum.



"Pardon Me for Interrupting This Meeting, but May I Introduce Myself?"

He felt even thru the hurried strain of his planning that he was blundering; but the scheme offered the one sure method of saving the money—and that was enough.

In one corner of the little living-room he found the old-fashioned safe which her father had used in the days when he ran the village store. Hawley bent before it, and brought into play all the knowledge he had gained in those bitter and costly years when he had strayed from the right path.

The cylinders of the combination tinkled their secrets to him, and slowly the combination began to take form. It was a simple process, yet it took time. He concentrated all his senses to the immediate need.

Trying out the combination he had formulated, he spun the knob of the lock; then he pulled the handle. The door swung open! On one of the shelves in two neat piles was the money. He drew it out with a shiver, and swung the door——

A faint cry froze him into stone. Looking up he saw her, and with her Slaton, outside on the walk. She was looking thru the window from the part of the walk near the gate; her hand was pointing toward him; and over her directing arm Slaton's eyes followed in.

A wild impulse of flight swept thru Hawley; then the judgment that had been deserting him returned. The game was over. It was unwise in the beginning. He replaced the money.

They burst into the room. Her face was white with her fear, her eyes filled with astonishment.

"Oh, Wilton, what were you doing?"

Slaton's cool, cutting voice answered. "It looks very much as if he were trying to show his skill as a money getter."

Her hurt, grieving, yet slowly angering eyes rested unwinking on his face.

Hawley sat down. Now was the time to say what he should have said; and now it was too late. He said it quietly, simply. He told what he knew about Slaton. She sat still, and stunned and listening. He explained why he opened the safe. Her eyes darkened.

Slaton's face was lined with anger as the story ended. He knew what an impression the simple phrasing had. His words came with cutting force: "Now, perhaps, Miss Stephens, you will be interested in knowing something about your friend." He went on, making a futile attempt to hide the venom in his mind, to give her the full record of Hawley's crimes.

The room was silent save for the sarcastic voice that was blasting a man's hope and a girl's love.

"Now," Slaton finished with a snap, "perhaps he'll tell you that what I have said is not true."

Hawley looked up with tired, hopeless eyes. "It is true as far as you went; but the next time you deliver an oration upon my sins, add the fact, easily proved, that I have served my sentence, and paid back every cent I stole with interest during the years since then. Meryl, I——"

He stopped and stared. In the doorway, leaning against its side, and looking on with amused interest, was a stranger. Back of him stood Meryl's mother, trembling.

The eyes of the others followed Hawley's. Slaton's face went gray, and he looked wildly about.

The smiling stranger watched him closely, and said to the others in an easy, conversational tone: "Pardon me for interrupting this meeting, but may I introduce myself as John Burke of San Francisco. I am a personal friend of Mr. Slaton's; in fact, I like his company so well I'm going to take him back with me——"

"You Irish devil!" Slaton's savage voice broke in.

A glint appeared in the smiling eyes of the Irishman, and his tone went harsh. "I am a Federal detective. Slaton is a crook. If he has pulled off a deal on you, let's straighten it out before I go. I go on the next train."

"All right, I'll go," Slaton said hotly, "but before I do, let me say that this chap was in the act of robbing this safe. You better see that he is jerked, too. Miss Stephens will bear witness."

The detective looked at her questioningly, impressed by Slaton's evidently sincere words and what he, himself, had undoubtedly seen and heard.

Hawley saw the look, and he knew that her agreement would settle the matter. Burke was a bloodhound of the law, tireless and efficient. One word from her would settle the matter.

Hawley did not dare look at her. She was silent so long that he looked up. She was nodding her head.

In her voice was strain and stress. "He was trying to help me."

Burke looked puzzled; but as her attitude evidently showed she did not agree with Slaton, and anyhow such an affair was for local officers, he seemed to make up his mind to go about his business.

"Come on, Shacth, I've tagged you thru a dozen States. Now suppose you tag me!"

As the door closed behind them, Hawley held out his hand to her.

"Meryl, it has all been a sad and sorry affair. But my thought was really to help you. I have helped in a way. I can see now it would have been better to have made a clean breast of everything; but I was trying so hard to forget those dark years. I could not bear to have you learn face to face what I have been and what I have done. The fires of these years have purged me clean, I had hoped. Good-by."

Her hand rested in his, then the other closed upon his, too. A faint mist spread over the gray dusk of her eyes.

"It is not so foolish now, for you did help. But, Wilton, I knew all about you. I have kept track of you all these years; and—and—I know what the fires have done; and—I've been hoping you would come back to us—to me. Stay—and let's forget!"

"Stay—and forget!" The words seem to break into chiming music within him. "Forget"—to face the future and see on the hills the silver dawning of new hope; to face the future—with her!

He lifted one small trembling hand to his lips, knowing himself not yet worthy of her lips; but she, divining his thought, drew his head down to hers.

* * *

Forehanded.

MR. PARROTT wanted the picture hung to the right of the mirror; Mrs. Parrott wanted it hung to the left. For once he proved the more insistent of the two, and Joseph, the janitor, was summoned to hang the picture according to his orders. Obediently Joseph drove in a nail on the right, as directed; this done, he also drove one in the wall on the left.

"What is the second nail for?" Mr. Parrott demanded.

"It's to save me the trouble of fetching the ladder tomorrow when you come round to the missus' way of thinking," said Joseph.

Your Kitchen in Wartime

What to Do With Stale Bread.

Bread is one of the items most commonly wasted in many American households, say the specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. This waste is probably due to the fact that many housekeepers do not think of bread as costing much, and are careless about its use or do not know what to do with the odds and ends frequently found in the bread box.

Good, fresh bread has a spongy texture which in time disappears, leaving the bread dry and crumbly, the moisture gradually passing out thru the crust. Bread a little too stale to be appetizing but not yet hard, may be freshened by putting it into the oven for a few minutes. The heat seems to drive the moisture from the crust back into the center of the loaf, making the crust more crisp and the crumb a little more spongy. Some housekeepers moisten the surface of the bread and sometimes cover it before putting it into the oven, but others think that moistening injures the texture of the crust without improving the crumb.

Rolls or biscuits which have a greater surface in proportion to their size dry out more rapidly than loaves of bread. It is good planning, therefore, not to provide more than will be used at a meal or at least a day after baking. For similar reasons, bread stays fresh longer in the loaf than after it is sliced. No more than will be needed should be cut for any one meal, and one loaf should be used up before the next is cut into. When the bread needs freshening it is a good plan to cut the required slices and put them into the oven for a few minutes just before serving.

Toast is another form in which partly stale bread can be made attractive. In many families it is served only for breakfast, luncheon or supper, but the custom which many high-grade restaurants have adopted of serving thin, crisp, hot toast with the more substantial meals might well be followed at home. Such dishes as chopped meat with gravy, creamed chicken or fish, poached eggs, melted cheese, cooked asparagus, Swiss chard, baked tomatoes, etc., are served very commonly on toast. Cream or milk toast (that is, toast with a cream sauce or milk gravy, perhaps flavored with a very little chipped beef, salt fish, or other savory) may be used as the main dish at breakfast, luncheon or supper. Slices of toast may also be dipped in water or milk and beaten egg, and lightly browned on a hot greased pan. The recipe for this dish, which is called by various names, is given in the appended recipes under the heading "Egg Toast." It may be used at breakfast, and has the advantage of making the eggs "go further" than if used in a separate dish, or it may be served with cinnamon and sugar, sirup, or any sweet sauce for dessert.

Another good way of using stale bread or of treating bread so that it shall not become stale, is to put the pieces in the warming oven or on the back of the stove and leave them until they are crisp and a delicate brown thruout. This is often called twice-baked bread and is very popular with children and also with grown-ups who like its "crunchiness" and the flavor which comes with the slight browning. The rusks which used to be commonly served like breakfast cereals in some parts of the country were made by crushing such twice-baked bread with a rolling pin.

There is nothing new in the idea of using bread crumbs in cookery, and most housekeepers are in the habit of having some on hand for use in scalloped dishes, stuffing for meat, puddings, etc. Few realize, however, how much more generally they might be utilized. Many commercial bakers use bread crumbs to some extent as a substitute for the flour in many sorts of cakes, cookies, puddings, etc. Crumbs may also be used instead of flour and starch for thickening soups and sauces.

Any bits of bread which cannot be eaten on the table should be saved and crumbed for use in cooking. Some housekeepers keep two kinds on hand: One, stale crumbs made chiefly from the inside of the loaf and suitable for use in the place of flour, and dried crumbs made from any part of the bread browned a little in a very slow oven and crushed fine, to be used in scalloped dishes, for the coating of croquettes or other fried foods, or wherever a crusty, fine crumb is needed. To prevent their growing musty, crumbs should be kept in dry, air-tight containers. Fruit jars are often convenient for the purpose.

Yeast-made bread is by no means the only bread that can be utilized in some of the ways suggested. The quick breads raised by baking powder, soda and sour milk or other acid, etc., dry out more quickly than the yeast bread, probably because the water is not so thoroly incorporated with the flour during the making. These breads cannot be freshened simply by putting in the oven like yeast-raised bread. Quick biscuit, however, make delicious toast which is very convenient for serving under meats, eggs, etc. The crumbs made from them may also be used in other breads, cakes and puddings, [illegible] may also corn bread and cake crumbs wherever their flavor is not objectionable. Boston brown bread toasted and served with a [illegible] sauce [illegible] a delicious dish for supper or breakfast. Toasted rye bread is also good. Crackers, which are practically dried bread baked in different shapes, and which may lose their crispness if kept exposed when the air is moist, can be freshened or made crisp by putting into the oven. The crumbs made from them serve many of the purposes of dried bread crumbs. A number of recipes for using left-over bread follow:

VEGETABLE SOUP THICKENED WITH BREAD CRUMBS—One quart skimmilk; one cup bread crumbs, or two large slices stale bread; salt; small amount spinach or outer leaves lettuce (not more than four ounces); one small slice onion.

Cut the vegetables into small pieces and cook with the bread crumbs in the milk in a double boiler. If a large quantity is being prepared, as in a school lunch room, for example, put the vegetables thru a meat chopper. In this case slices of bread may be ground with the vegetables in order to absorb the juice.

PANCAKES—One cup crumbs; two and one-quarter cups skimmilk; half cup flour; four teaspoons baking powder; one teaspoon salt; one teaspoon sugar; one teaspoon melted fat; one egg.

Soak crumbs in milk for three-fourths hour. Then add other ingredients and cook on a hot griddle like ordinary pancakes. If sour milk is used, substitute one-half teaspoon baking soda for the four teaspoons baking powder.

GINGERBREAD—One cup molasses; half cup boiling water; one and one-third cups fine bread crumbs; two-thirds cup flour; one teaspoon baking soda; one and one-half teaspoons ginger; half teaspoon salt; four teaspoons melted lard, or other fat.

Add water to molasses and combine with the dry ingredients mixed together, then add fat, and beat. Bake for about twenty-five minutes in a hot oven.

INDIAN PUDDING MADE WITH CRUMBS—One cup fine crumbs; one quart skimmilk; third cup sugar; two tablespoons melted butter, or other fat; quarter cup molasses; quarter teaspoon ginger; quarter teaspoon cloves; quarter teaspoon cinnamon.

Scald the crumbs in milk; add the other ingredients, and bake one and one-hours in a slow oven. This pudding may be made with any kind of bread crumbs, but it furnishes an especially good means of using up stale corn bread.

EGG TOAST—Six slices bread; one egg; one cup milk, skimmilk or water; quarter teaspoon salt.

Beat the egg, and add the liquid and salt. Let the bread soak in the mixture until slightly soft. Then fry to a light brown on a hot, well-greased pan or griddle. More eggs may be used if available.

*

Buying China.

For the young housekeeper who must begin her home on closely calculated expenditures it is often wiser to buy her china from what is called by the shops "open stock," or an "open pattern," than to procure an entire set of eighty or one hundred pieces of a cheap grade. To buy in this way means that one may select as many and just such pieces as one wishes, and one may also renew any chipped or broken ones.

As America is not a producer of table china to any extent—in fact, really manufacturing only porcelains—the imported wares, like other imported things, have risen in price, and some are difficult to obtain.

From the Orient one still draws three good breakfast or luncheon chinas. These three kinds are known as Canton, Howo and Sedji. There is also "Gold Medallion" ware, vivid in color and more elaborate than the others.

An alluring legend belongs to the first pattern—the Canton china, or willow pattern, as it is sometimes called, traces in its quaint pagodas, boats, streams and little figures the story of Li-Chi, the lovely daughter of a mandarin.

Li-Chi dared to fall in love with her father's secretary, Chang. When the mandarin forbade the match, the lovers eloped and hid themselves in the humble cottage of a gardener. The pursuing mandarin is foiled in his revenge, for as the lovers escape from the cottage to an island, they are changed into a pair of turtle doves by the kindly help of the gods. The name of the china is acquired from the willow, which at the time of the elopement was shedding its leaves.

*

Saving His Reputation.

"Why don't you go home?"

"Because I have carefully built up a home reputation for being a pretty smart fellow," replied Mr. Dubwaite.

"I don't understand."

"My wife's interested in the war news. She'll want me to explain the meaning of the latest Teuton offensive, and I haven't been able to figure it out for myself."

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Solve the Puzzle

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In this picture are six partly-hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. It is not so easy to find the faces in this picture, but by twisting and turning the picture around they will be revealed to you. Can you find them?

You Will Win

a prize if you do. Try it and don't give up, it will pay you. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us. When your answer is received we will send you a beautiful surprise present—you will delight in owning this present.

If You Are Quick You Can Have It

This test is to prove whether you are quick and give you a good head start, so solve the puzzle, mark the faces and write your name and address clearly on a piece of paper and inclose with it four cents in stamps to help pay the cost of mailing the Free Surprise Present we will send you. But that is not all. To give you a good head start, we will send you

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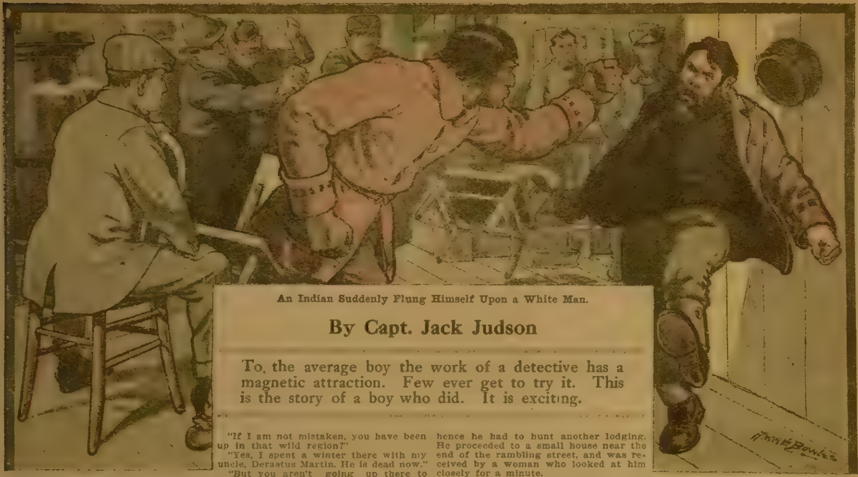

An Indian Suddenly Flung Himself Upon a White Man.

By Capt. Jack Judson

To, the average boy the work of a detective has a magnetic attraction. Few ever get to try it. This is the story of a boy who did. It is exciting.

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CHAPTER I.

THE TRAIL TO PEMAQUID

FOR nearly a year Harley Dane, a bright-eyed, good-looking, rugged boy, just past 16, had acceptably filled the position of assistant ticket agent for the S. T. & P. at Colton, a town of two thousand inhabitants. Colton was not far from one of the great cities of the United States, and was, moreover, a place of considerable importance.

One morning as grim winter was setting in, the youth presented himself before the general manager, who had come down to Colton on official business, and told him that he wished to resign.

Mr. Swift, the manager, looked at the boy with an incredulous smile. "But we can hardly spare you, Harley," said he. "You are considered a fixture here and we hoped you would remain."

"I thank you very much for your kind words, but I wish to be relieved. I have some little work ahead, which I wish to pursue for the present, and——"

"Well, if you must go," interrupted Mr. Swift, "I want to say that the situation will be held open for you, and we will be pleased to have you resume your job whenever you will."

Thus, in a few moments, this business was settled and the young agent put on his hat.

"What's the matter, boy?" asked Morley, the head agent, as he handed Harley his pay envelope. "You're not going to leave Colton, I hope?"

"For a while, at least," was the reply. "You can keep a secret, I suppose, Mr. Morley?"

"I have that opinion of myself," answered Morley, with a smile of self-gratification.

"You see, it is this way," pursued Harley. "I presume you have seen an account of the big robbery in N——"

"Yes, the papers have been full of it for the last ten days."

"Six hundred thousand dollars' worth of money and jewels have been taken from the safe of Randolph & Company. It is a most mysterious affair, the papers say. They offer fifty thousand dollars for the apprehension of the thief or thieves, and recovery of the loot. Suspicion rests upon a certain individual known as Grant Merriman, the index finger of whose right hand has a missing joint."

"I noticed that in the accounts of the crime."

"Well, day before yesterday I sold a ticket to a stranger who had just such a finger."

"The dickens you did?" cried Morley, his eyes suddenly opening to their widest extent.

"It is true. I could hardly keep my hands off him when I noticed it," the boy answered.

"And where was the man going?"

"He bought a ticket for Pemaquid."

"Why, that is the last town on the C. & M. lumber line!" exclaimed Morley. "If I am not mistaken, you have been up in that wild region?"

"Yes, I spent a winter there with my uncle, Derastus Martin. He is dead now."

"But you aren't going up there to look for the man with the missing finger?"

"That is just what I purpose doing."

"It's risky business, boy. That region contains some of the worst men in the United States."

"To be sure it does. I noticed that when I was up there."

"Have a care, boy. You're likely to run into some of the real dangers of life. Besides, winter is just coming on and you know traffic is blocked in the Pemaquid region for three months. It is then practically shut off from the world, and the lumberjacks, the Indians and trappers hold sway, sometimes a good deal like wolves."

Harley nodded.

"I advise you to stay around old Colton, where you will be warm and be surrounded by friends. The man to whom you sold that ticket may not be the person wanted. What would a robber with all that loot be doing about Pemaquid?"

"That's the very thing I want to settle," said the determined boy. "I've lost sleep thinking about the episode and, besides, my adventure will be a change, even if it does pan out a failure."

Seeing that he could not argue the boy out of his settled intention, Mr. Morley desisted, and, shaking Harley's hand, wished him all sorts of good luck and bade him good-by.

As the young ticket agent had no one to part with save his landlady and some friends, he set about at once to prepare for the journey. Pemaquid was four hundred miles from Colton, and Mr. Swift kindly sent Harley a pass before he returned to the city office.

It was night when the youth, carrying a small grip, boarded a train headed for the lumber region and settled back in his seat.

"It may be a wild-goose chase," thought he, as he reflected over the singular affair. "I may or may not find the right man, but I can't get that missing finger joint out of my head. The fellow was rather rough-looking, but I saw intelligence in his eyes. I know the Pemaquid land pretty well. I've snowshoed all around the place. I've trapped with such trappers as Mike Arbogast, and I'm not unfamiliar with the lumberjacks and the Indians. It's worth trying, anyhow, and if I fail I get my old place back."

It was a long ride, but at last the train pulled into lonely Pemaquid, which was little better than a motley array of houses, for the most part cabins. The inhabitants were not society people—far from it—and some of the most atrocious crimes had been committed in the locality. In truth, human life was held lightly where the giant pines stood and the snows fell and covered the ground from November to April.

No one seemed to take notice of the boy as he alighted at the depot in Pemaquid. A few lights showed him the straggling town, and he soon had a foretaste of winter in the snowflakes that cut his cheeks.

His uncle had died since his last visit, hence he had to hunt another lodging. He proceeded to a small house near the end of the rambling street, and was received by a woman who looked at him closely for a minute.

"I've seen you before," said she, as a smile brightened her wan face. "Aren't you the boy who once spent some time with Derastus Martin?"

"Yes, and you are Mrs. Dolby. But I don't care to be known as Harley Dane. As the population of Pemaquid is always shifting, I am not likely to be recognized, and——"

"It's the same old place!" interjected the woman. "Some of the men are leaving as winter is coming on, and by and by we will see few but roving Indians and trappers."

"I know. Now, if you will house me, I will pay my board regularly and——"

"Keep you? I shall be glad to do so."

"Then that's settled," smiled Harley, and in a few moments he was shown to a small, cozy room, which he told Mrs. Dolby suited him exactly.

"Any strangers coming in?" he asked, looking up into her face, as he discussed the appetizing meal which had been placed before him.

"Land sakes, no!" was the reply. "You must remember that old winter has come and no one cares to be shut up here. In a short time the trains will cease running and we will be out of the world."

"Yes."

An inquisitive look grew in the woman's eyes.

"Pardon me," said she, "but I can't contrive what should bring you to Pemaquid."

"Oh, a little matter of business, which I trust you will let me keep to myself," cautiously answered the youth.

"Certainly I shall, Harley, for I haven't forgotten your name. Old Grayson was here last week, and he spoke of you."

"And where is Grayson now?"

"Out on the trap line somewheres," was the reply.

"I like Grayson. He saved me from a wolf when I was here last."

"Yes, I've heard him speak of it."

When he had finished his supper the young ticket agent put on his hat and moved toward the door.

"You're not going out, eh?" exclaimed Mrs. Dolby.

"Yes, I'll take a little look at the town. The Blue Goose is running yet, I suppose?"

"It is, but it has a new landlord. It's a pretty tough hole now. A man was killed there last month."

"Eh?"

"Yes. Jesse Baer, a lumberjack, killed him with a knife. But I believe you carry a level head and won't get into trouble at the Blue Goose."

"I think you can trust me to keep my head," answered Harley, and a moment later he was breasting the cold winds that whistled thru Pemaquid.

CHAPTER II.

FINDING A FRIEND.

THE Blue Goose was the only place in Pemaquid that went by the name of hotel. Mrs. Dolby had rightly characterized it when she told Harley that it bore a bad reputation.

Hence, when the adventurous young station agent resolved to visit the place, he was prepared to meet with some undesirable people. He thought he might get a glimpse of the man whom he sought, and that he might also run across some of his old acquaintances.

By the time he came in front of the Blue Goose the snow was coming down in great white sheets, and already the street was buried beneath a carpet of spotless white. Lights were burning in the front room of the hotel, and the boy ran up the three steps and opened the door.

A motley crowd confronted him. The men were rudely dressed, and Harley saw that a goodly portion of them were lumberjacks, with a sprinkling of trappers and Indians. In a little while the latter would leave Pemaquid for their hunting grounds, and would not be seen again till after winter had departed.

It was not our young friend's intention to make himself unduly conspicuous, so he entered modestly and, finding an unoccupied chair, took a seat near the great stove that warmed the room. His entrance apparently had not been noticed and he had a good chance to look over the assemblage.

The man who had bought the ticket at Colton for Pemaquid was not there.

All at once loud words arose in one corner of the place, and an Indian flung himself upon a white man and hurled him against the wall. This was the signal for a free-for-all battle, and in an instant every light was extinguished.

Harley found himself thrown from his seat, and in another second he was beneath the feet of struggling men. His life seemed in the balance of fate. Men were battling over him, and he tried to extricate himself from the seething mob.

Suddenly a great hand found his wrist and he was pulled bodily from the mad mess and hustled toward the door. He was out in the cold before he could concentrate his thoughts, and then he saw by the reflection from the snow a bearded face that almost touched his.

"In the name of Moses," said a voice, "what are you doin' here?"

The boy could not speak for looking at the face above him. He saw a pair of great eyes that seemed filled with surprise, and he began to wonder if he had not seen them before somewhere.

"When did you come and why?" continued the same voice. "Why didn't you stay away?"

"Who are you?" asked Harley.

"Come to my shack an' I'll tell you," was the response. "You're lucky to find me in Pemaquid."

Harley began to think so himself, no matter who the man was, for the voice did not sound like that of an enemy.

He went down the street with the strange man and was soon ushered into a small cabin where a light was burning.

"Don't you know me now, boy?" asked the man.

"You're Luke Grayson," said Harley.

"I'm no one else," was the answer, accompanied by a smile. "I am about to leave the town——"

"Mrs Dolby said you had gone to the trapping line."

"Well, Mrs. Dolby doesn't know everything. Tell me now what brought you to this devil's nest."

"I got in a while ago," the young station agent said, for the face of Grayson now looked familiar. "I came here to look for a man who is much wanted."

"I dare say a lot of people who come here are wanted," returned Grayson. "But this particular man?"

"I sold him a ticket at Colton a few days ago. If he is the right man his name is Grant Merriman. He is suspected of being concerned in the biggest robbery you ever heard of, a half-million-dollar affair."

"Whew!" exclaimed Grayson. "That's goin' some, I say."

"I should say so."

"But why should he come away here with the loot?"

"I don't know. The suspect has a maimed finger——"

"Oh, there are lots of that kind in these parts," grinned the old trapper.

"I don't doubt it. How long have you been here, Luke?"

"About three weeks. I've been waitin' for the snow to come."

"And you haven't seen anything of a man with a crippled finger?"

"Can't say that I have. If the fellow's name was Grant Merriman elsewhere it wouldn't be likely to be that name in these parts."

"Perhaps not."

"About when was the man due here?"

"About day before yesterday."

Grayson lowered his head and began to reflect.

"Some strange-lookin' chaps have landed here within the last few days, but they left soon for Dead Man's Hollow."

"I know where that is," said Harley, "and it's a bad place."

"The worst on earth," commented the trapper. "I've been there myself. Now give me the whole story of that robbery, for we don't see any papers here in a fortnight."

Harley settled back and gave an account of the great robbery, while Grayson listened without once interrupting him. When he had finished, the old man remained silent for some minutes.

"If there was any connection between Merriman and the other men who went away, it is probable that he has gone to join them. That fifty thousand reward is worth lookin' after, but I never expected a boy like you would have the nerve to go after it."

Harley smiled.

"We'll look the town over tomorrow, and then if you still have the nerve to keep on the trail we'll pull out for Dead Man's Hollow."

"I'm willing to go," said the boy. "I can't forget that maimed finger."

It was late before Harley went back to Mrs. Dolby's house, and in a few minutes he had turned in without acquainting her with his adventure.

Bright and early the following morning he met Grayson, and they began to comb the place for the man with the crippled member. Grayson did a good deal of hunting on his own hook, and when he rejoined the boy at sundown there was a singular smile at the corners of his mouth.

"Such a man did get off the line here," said he. "I've discovered that much."

"Well?"

"He didn't remain long, but struck out for the west. He hired Jim Tonkaway, the half-breed, for a guide and they're not far from Dead Man's Hollow by now."

"Then that is our goal!" exclaimed the boy.

"Yes, if you're still in the mind to go."

"Well, I haven't backed out yet."

"We'll move tomorrow," declared Grayson. "I was goin' in that direction, anyhow, so I'll be your guide. Don't forget that we're goin' into a veritable demon's nest, and if we get back with a whole skin we'll be mighty lucky."

Pleased with what he had already discovered, Harley returned to his boarding-house and informed Mrs. Dolby that he would depart in the morning, having found Luke Grayson, the trapper, who was a man of courage and one who would stand by him to the very last. He retired that night with his head full of the events which he expected to encounter in the wild region which had become his goal.

As we have said, the room to which he had been assigned was a cozy place. It was on the upper floor, and a warm fire burned in one corner. Harley sat down and began to go over the few things which he had brought from Colton. Among these was a revolver which Mr Morley had given him, and he examined it with care and satisfaction. It might stand him in need before the adventure was ended, and as he handled it he felt pretty secure.

All at once he heard a slight noise, and turned his head toward a small window which looked out upon the snowy street. The sound was repeated.

To his astonishment he caught sight of an object which as suddenly disappeared. This object was a human head; he had seen enough to satisfy himself as to this, and for a moment his heart was in his throat. Clutching the weapon he sprang to his feet and bounded across the room.

No one was to be seen. A tree stood near the house, and its branches were white with snow; but he saw that on a particular limb the white covering had recently been brushed off.

"Who was he?" thought the youth. "Has my identity been discovered? I must tell Luke of this in the morning."

He went to bed and lay awake till midnight with the revolver in his hand, but the apparition did not return

CHAPTER III

DEAD MAN'S HOLLOW.

ALMOST a hundred miles to the west of Pemaquid lay the collection of huts known as Dead Man's Hollow. The spot had been well named. It was a dismal locality hemmed in by high hills and away from the haunts of men. It was the abode of men who knew no law, and many of them had fled from justice, hoping to find in the heart of the white forest and among people of their own kind that safety which the law did not grant them. To Dead Man's Hollow came the Indian and the half-breed, the white trapper and the wolf.

When the big snows fell it was shut off from the world, and no one heard of the doings there till the ice melted and the trees again put forth their green.

Toward the close of a leaden day two persons reached Dead Man's Hollow. One was a stalwart man with dark eyes and a grayish beard. He was past 50, but his step was as springy as that of a young man, and he carried his pack with ease. The other was a boy who had kept in the man's tracks thru the white woods on a trail which was not altogether unknown to him.

The pair wore snowshoes, and on the head of each was a fur cap which protected them from the snow and the cold

Luke Grayson—for the pair were the trapper and Harley Dane—headed for a rather pretentious cabin at one end of the shambling street.

The trapper was at once recognized by the man of the place, which could not exactly be called a hotel.

"Glad to see you again, Luke," he said. "The season's opened and the old place is filling up."

Then, as he paused, he cast his eyes upon Harley.

"Who's this?" he said, glancing again at the trapper.

"He's a boy I picked up around Pemaquid," was the reply. "You may call him Jack, Marshall."

"A likely chap from his looks," smiled the man.

"Yes, and I fancy he'll be one of us if he gets half a chance," grinned Grayson.

"We'll give him a whole chance to make sure of it."

There was a rousing fire in the room which the two friends had entered, and they began at once to make the most of it. Grayson said they were hungry, and Marshall went to the door and ordered a warm meal.

After a while a narrow table was spread by a girl of 16, and Harley and his companion fell to with ardor. The girl was Marshall's niece. She was pretty, robust and pleasant, and Harley noticed that she eyed him with curiosity.

"What do you call your niece?" asked Grayson, when the girl vanished.

"Alice," was the reply.

"Hasn't been with you long, eh?"

"About six months. She came up from below and seems to like the place."

Harley thought he might like the girl on further acquaintance.

"I reckon," observed the trapper, when the meal had been concluded, "that you have the same old crowd here?"

Marshall was seen to start a little.

"We have some new ones," said he. "They came in lately. I never saw 'em before."

Grayson did not let on that he was interested, and Harley kept his head.

"Oh, well," said the trapper, "somehow or other the Hollow has an attraction for some people."

"That's right, Luke."

"When I have rested a little I'll stake out a trap line. Fur is goin' up, and who knows but what I may catch a black fox this time?"

"It would be the filling of your purse if you should," Marshall returned. "Black foxes pay, you know."

More than once Harley noticed that Marshall eyed him with growing curiosity, but as he had somewhat disguised himself before leaving Pemaquid, he hoped that he had not aroused suspicion.

He remembered having stopped with Marshall during the lifetime of his uncle, but he thought the man had forgotten him.

The next day and the following one were spent by Grayson in renewing old acquaintances, while Harley, who had made pleasant terms with Alice, remained close.

"What did you find out today?" the boy asked his companion, when he came back to Marshall's after being gone all day.

"Not much," was the reply, and then Grayson lowered his voice. "See here, boy. I wish you had not come here."

Harley's eyes enlarged. They had retired to their room, where there was a good fire, and their heads were close together.

"A bad set got in the other day," continued Grayson. "They came from Pemaquid."

"How many?"

"Three. And one man later."

A thrill instantly shot thru the boy's nerves. "Do you think——" he began, and then he suddenly stopped

"I don't think very much, Jack," and the trapper smiled in speaking the new name. "That is, I think deep when I do any thinking."

"Well?"

"I believe the whole gang's here." were the next words, and Harley caught the glitter of Grayson's eyes.

"The whole gang?"

"Yes, and they're headed by Grant Merriman, if that is his name. They are just the men to commit a big robbery, but mind you, boy, I have no proof against them yet."

"Of course not, Luke."

"How are you comin' on with the girl?" suddenly queried the trapper.

"We're friends already," was the reply

"That's good so far as it goes," observed Grayson, with a pleased expression.

"What do you mean?"

"Tom Marshall is a man who is not to be trusted in all things. I have known him for years, and he would sell out his best friend for money. Now, don't let the girl suspect that you aren't Jack Deaton. Keep her in the dark as to your real identity. Remember she is Marshall's niece and, consequently, under his thumb."

"But you don't think she would betray me?" cried Harley, drawing back and fixing his eyes upon his friend.

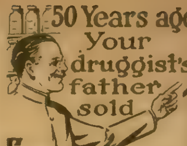
"I tell you she's a Marshall, and that ought to be enough," persisted Luke.

"I'll take care of number one," smiled Harley Dane, tho he felt that he could not believe that Alice was to be suspected of duplicity.

"Day after tomorrow I'm goin' out to stake off my trap line," resumed Grayson. "It's a goodly run of about ten miles. You will go with me, Jack."

"Yes."

"I'm not goin' to leave you here alone,



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not for the present, at least. Later on you will have more freedom. Marshall has good eyes in his head, and there are others in Dead Man's Hollow whose optics are as keen as a hawk's."

"I see," said the boy.

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Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

"We're booked to stay here for some time," Grayson went on. "I am, of course. The four men whom I mentioned a while ago are not trappers. They came here for a purpose. They are as thick as crows now, and every mother's son of them is a scamp."

"More than this," Grayson lowered his voice as if there was a listener, "I've discovered that since I've been here there has been organized a band known as Freedom's Defenders Every member snould now be behind the bars. They are the most desperate set of devils that ever struck Dead Man's Hollow."

"Does Marshall belong to the band?" queried Harley.

"Does he?" and the old smile came back to Grayson's bronzed face. "Bless your life, Jack, he is the head of it!"

"No?"

"It's a mortal fact," declared the trapper. "I have made this discovery. We'll treat Marshall as if we don't know the truth. Now you understand why I want you to keep your secret when you are with the girl."

"I've given my word for that, Luke."

"Good! The snow is getting hard and soon we can glide over it as if our feet were greased. Maybe I'll get a black fox this time and you'll get the fifty thousand dollars."

"I trust so, Luke."

"We'll have to keep our peepers open if we get the two prizes. It may be a desperate fight."

Harley leaned forward and laid his hand upon the trapper's arm.

"Luke," said he, "do you think the man who bought the ticket at Colton is here?"

"I know it, for I've seen him!" answered Grayson, with dilated eyes.

Suddenly dangers thicken for Harley. The robbers suspect him of being on their track. Their next step proves that they regard him as a formidable foe. It makes the second installment, which appears next week, a most thrilling narrative.

* * *

Settling It.

IT WAS an hour after midnight when there came a furious ringing at the door bell of the vicarage. The next minute the owner put his head out of an upper window and asked what the visitor wanted.

"You delivered a speech this evening in the church hall, in which you mentioned a certain preacher," called up the intruder.

"I did."

"Was he a Protestant or Roman Catholic?"

"He was a Protestant, but what —"

"Thanks, that's all I want to know. I'm the reporter who took down the speech, and I couldn't tell from my notes whether you said he entered the ministry or the monastery. G'night!"

* * *

His Cruel Response.

THEY had quarreled bitterly, and for a month not a word passed between them. Then the girl wrote:

"Kindly return my photograph. I gave it to you in a moment of girlish folly, and now regret that I was so thoughtless in such matters."

She imagined that to part with her photograph would be so painful that the young man would repent and return to her; but she got a severe shock when a bulky parcel arrived, in which was a note

"I regret," it ran, "that at this late date I am unable to pick out your photograph. However, I send you my entire collection, and would request that you pick out your own, and return the rest to me by express at my expense.'

* * *

Not Its Real Name.

A STORY is going the rounds concerning the inquiry instituted by Lord Devonport into the best method of checking extravagance in restaurants and hotels.

Among the many witnesses called before the committee was a certain stolid-looking waiter. The particular article of food under discussion at the moment happened to be margarine, and one of the members asked incidentally

"How do you call it in the restaurant business—'margazine' or 'marjorine'?"

"Neither, sir," blandly replied the waiter; "we calls it 'butter.'"

* * *

Quite Out of Tune

THE landlady bustled up to her new lodger as he came down to breakfast the first morning.

"Good morning, sir," she wheezed.

"Good morning!" said the lodger.

"I hopes you've had a good night's rest," said the landlady.

"No." said the mild-mannered little man. "Your cat kept me awake.'

"Oh," said the landlady, tossing her head. "I suppose you're going to ask me to have the poor thing killed.'

"N-no, not exactly," said the gentle lodger. "But would you very much mind having it tuned?'

How Samantha Won Out

OF ALL the Blackwell family, Aunt Samantha was the most unimportant member She was 68. She never for a moment had known the pleasure of being important to any one. She was not altogether useless in her brother's family. On Mondays she accepted as her share the washing of the men's shirts, heavy with sweat and stiff with dirt from the fields. Tuesdays she stood all day pressing out a tiresome succession of towels and sheets, for she never was allowed to iron anything pretty, not even the baby's dresses. During preserving time she sat in a corner with the children and stoned cherries or hulled strawberries until her fingers were dyed red to the bone

The Blackwells were not unkind to their aunt. They were very fond of her, but she was an old maid, a dependent in a very busy family and an insignificant figure in their lives. Even as a girl she had been clever at making bed-quilts. During years of devotion to one art she had accumulated a store of quilting patterns.

So she never knew how the great idea came to her. Even when she finished drawing the design, she gazed at it in wonder, not daring to believe it was her own handiwork. Finally she said to herself that she would make just one square, just to see how it would look.

Accustomed to the most complete dependence on her brother and his wife, she dared not do even this without first asking permission. With a heart full of hope, she approached the mistress of the house.

Sophia listened to her sister-in-law's petition.

"Why, yes, Samantha, start a quilt if you want to. I've got some pieces from the spring sewing which will work in real good."

Samantha tried to make her see that this would be no common quilt, but Sophia replied, with impatience: "Oh, there! Don't bother me. I don't care what pattern you go by."

Samantha rushed up the steep attic stairs to her room, convinced that she had invented a pattern beyond which no patchwork quilt could go. She had but little time; for she was too conscientious to shirk even the smallest share of the work of the house She rushed thru the work as she climbed to her little room.

One evening she ventured to bring her work down beside the fire where the family sat. She was on the last corner of the first square and her needle flew with great rapidity. No one noticed her and by bedtime she had but a few more stitches to add.

As she stood up with the others the square fell on the table. Sophia glanced at it carelessly.

"Is that the new quilt you're beginning?" she asked with a yawn. "It looks like a real pretty pattern. Let's see it." And with that Sophia proceeded to look over the work. "Land sakes!" said the sister-in-law, looking at the many-colored square. "Why, Samantha Blackwell, where did you get that pattern?"

"I made it up," replied Samantha

"Did you? Girls, come and see what your Aunt Samantha is doing." The three daughters turned reluctantly from the stairs.

"I don't take much interest in patchwork," said one.

"Nor I," replied Sophia; "but a stone image would take an interest in this pattern. Land, look at all them tiny, squinchy seams."

The girls echoed their mother's exclamations and Mr. Blackwell came over to see what they were discussing

"Well, I declare," he said. "That beats old Mrs. Taylor' quilt that got the blue ribbons so many times at the county fair."

The next day her sister-in-law amazed Aunt Samantha by taking the pan of potatoes from her lap, saying:

"Don't you want to go on with that quiltin' pattern? I would like to see how you are goin' to make the grapevine design out on the corner."

At the end of the summer the family's interest had risen so high that Samantha was given a little stand in the sitting-room where she could keep her work—and work at odd moments She appreciated this kindness, and thru the longest task of washing milkpans there rose a rainbow of promise with her variegated work.

The family felt quite proud of Aunt Samantha. Minister Cressy and his wife has said it was as fine a piece of work as they had ever seen

One day some strangers from the next town drove up and asked if they could inspect the wonderful quilt which they had heard of, and Samantha's quilt soon became one of the town sights.

The Blackwells saw to it that their aunt was better dressed than she had ever been before, and one of the girls made her a pretty cap to wear on her thin white hair.

A year passed and a quarter of the quilt was finished. A second year passed and it was half done. The third year Samantha lay ill with pneumonia. For weeks she lay overcome with terror lest she would die before her work was completed. The fourth year came. One could see the grandeur of the whole design. And—in September of the fifth year Samantha quilted the last stitches in her creation.

The girls held it up by the four corners and they looked at it in solemn silence. Then Mr. Blackwell smote one horny hand within the other and exclaimed:

"By ginger! That's goin' to the county fair!"

The family agreed and one of the boys was sent to the house of a neighbor who was chairman of the committee for the village.

Samantha felt a pang of separation as the bulky package was carried out of the house.

One of the neighbors, who took the long journey to the fair, reported that the quilt was hung in a place of honor in a glass case in Agricultural Hall. But that meant little to Samantha, for she felt absolutely lost without her work.

The family noticed the old woman's depression, and one day Sophia spoke softly and kindly:

"You feel lost without your quilt, don't you, Samantha?"

"They took it away so quick," she replied, "that I hardly had a good look at it myself."

Mr. Blackwell made no comment, but a few days later announced that Thomas Wood, a neighbor, was going to drive Samantha to the fair and bring her back again.

"You don't mean it!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I mean it," he replied.

The next morning, when the buggy drove up to the door, they all stood together and waved good-by to her as she drove out of the yard.

On her return that evening she was so tired and stiff that her brother had to lift her out of the buggy. But her lips were set in a blissful smile.

She drew a long breath. "It was just perfect," she said. "You see, I went to the room where the quilt was, and while there the head of the hull concern come in and pinned 'First Prize' right in the middle of the quilt!"

The entire Blackwell family were pleased. Aunt Samantha sat by the fireside and mused:

"I tell you, it looked fine," and she sat, staring into the fire, and upon her tired old face was the look of supreme content of an artist who has realized his ideal.

* * *

He Wondered.

THEY had plighted their troth and were talking things over. They both decided to be quite unlike other married couples—forbearing and longsuffering and patient with each other.

"No!" said the man, "I shall not be like other husbands, who get cross and bang things about if the coffee is cold!"

"If you ever did," said the girl, sweetly, "I would make it hot for you!"

And the man wondered what she meant.

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The Path of Passion

(Continued From Page 7)

who had been given into his care by a peasant woman.

"He seems a clever fellow," remarked Renault, thoughtfully.

"He is clever," declared Father Antonio, "and he is finely educated." He hesitated a moment and then added, with a suppressed sigh, "Perhaps you could put Paola in the way of obtaining some employment in Paris?"

"I will employ him myself," declared Renault. Father Antonio looked surprised. "I want a secretary," Renault explained, "and it seems to me that this young man, Paola——" He paused questioningly.

"Antonio," supplemented the priest quietly. "I gave him my name when I adopted him."

Renault bowed in recognition of the explanation.

"I think he would suit me admirably as a secretary," he said. "I will pay him two hundred francs a month."

The priest arose.

"I will send Paola to you, signor," he said. "You can make your proposition to him."

On the following day, when the Renaults departed for Paris, Paola, with a dazed feeling of unreality, accompanied them. The young man's infatuation for Eugenie was too palpable to long escape the attention of Renault. It did not cause him any uneasiness. On the contrary, it occurred to him that it might be used to serve his purpose.

A few days after their arrival in Paris Eugenie returned to school. Renault, who hated letter writing and never wrote a letter himself if he could avoid it, dictated even his letters to Eugenie, and Paola awoke to the tortures of jealousy when he replied to her enthusiastic letters during her visit to the Chateau de St. Maur, in which the name of the Vicomte de St. Maur occurred very often.

Paola had not found his duties as secretary to Renault particularly heavy, tho the nature of some of them mystified him. He wrote a number of letters in cipher, following the code furnished him by Renault. These letters, which were meaningless to Paola, were sent to Perrot and Company to different addresses, including Paris, London, and other cities. Perrot and Company's letters to Renault were also in cipher and Renault used a key to decipher them.

On the day in question, as Paola sat at his desk, he suddenly had a feeling that he was not alone. He turned his head and saw a man standing a few feet away looking at him. Paola turned in his chair, and, as he got a good look at the man, his first feeling was a sense of repulsion, mingled with one of surprise that any one could have entered the room without his hearing him.

The visitor gave the impression of being very tall, despite a stoop in the shoulders that amounted almost to the deformity of a hump. He was thin and pale with a livid pallor. His face was narrow and thin-lipped, the nose sharp, the eyes light-colored and furtive in expression. His hair, which stood out over his head thick and bushy, was a vivid red. His arms were abnormally long, his hands covered with a repulsive growth of red hair.

The two looked at each other steadily for the space of a moment or two, then Paola spoke.

"What do you want? What is your business here?" he asked, sharply.

"My business is with Monsieur Renault," was the reply, and the man's voice was low and oily and increased Paola's repulsion. "I expected to find him in this room."

"Monsieur Renault is not at home," said Paola.

"So?" The pale eyes rested questioningly on Paola, and against his will Paola was constrained to explain that he was Monsieur Renault's secretary. This information appeared to interest the visitor, and in his furtive way he closely observed Paola. The young man moved uneasily under his scrutiny. It gave him a creepy feeling.

"Do you wish to leave any message for Monsieur Renault?" he asked, conscious of a desire to get rid of the man.

The flicker of a smile twisted the thin lips. "I will wait until Monsieur Renault returns," he replied.

At that moment Renault entered the room. "Ah, Perrot!" he exclaimed, an expression of satisfaction flitting over his face. Paola glanced up quickly. Perrot was the name to which the cipher letters were addressed. The two men shook hands. Renault turned to Paola and dismissed him. As he passed out of the room Perrot gl[illegible] inquiringly at Renault.

"Is he initiated?" he asked.

Renault shook his head.

"Not yet," he replied.

"Where did you come across him?" Renault explained. "Brought up by a priest!" exclaimed Perrot, lifting his red eyebrows. "Trained for the priesthood! Do you think it will be safe. He may have that troublesome thing—a conscience. I would advise—caution."

Renault smiled.

"I shall be careful, of course," he declared. "I think, however, I can bring to bear upon young Antonio an influence that will prove stronger than conscience. He is madly in love with Eugenie."

"Ah, that makes a difference," murmured Perrot, with his crawling smile. Renault pointed to a chair. "Sit down," he said.

Perrot seated himself in the noiseless, stealthy way peculiar to him. He looked a little curiously at Renault. Renault drew a chair close to Perrot and spoke in a low tone.

"You have often seen the Duchess de St. Maur, Perrot?" Perrot nodded. "Does she look to you like a happy woman?"

Perrot reflected a moment.

"She has a very sad face," he replied, at length. "But there [illegible] no reason for supposing that she [illegible] unhappy."

"I admit that she has apparently everything to make any woman happy," declared Renault. "That's all right as far as it goes. But there may be something in her past life that stands in the way of her happiness."

"Ah!" murmured Perrot, softly. He looked up and the eyes of the two men met significantly.

Eugenie and the Vicomte arrive at a serious place in their love affairs in the next installment, and it results in starting Eugenie on a dangerous course. The story is continued with new thrills in the installment which will appear in the Ledger next week.

* * *

At the Whim of a Hairpin.

LITTLE Mrs. Bain sat weeping upon the letter she was writing. With one hand she guided the pen, with the other she frequently applied a soapy scrap of handkerchief to her nose and eyes. In two or three places the ink had blotted betrayingly, but she wrote on unheedingly. The subject matter of the letter was so much more important than its appearance.

She was writing to Lucy Prentice, that tall, dark girl with the thick braids wound above her generous sun-tanned brow, who looked exactly as her mother had looked in those far-off, happy girldays which Mrs. Bain vividly remembered. Never a better woman had lived than Lucy Prentice's mother, and, knowing this, Mrs. Bain desired Lucy for her son, William. Twice she had had the girl pay her long visits. Latterly it had seemed that the match was going well and she had been happy as only that woman who beholds her heart's desire can be. Then William needs must go and lose his head about that flashy little widow, Eloise Van Why, divorced for six months before her husband broke his neck in an automobile race.

Mrs. Bain had brought William up according to her best knowledge. He was his father over again—powerfully built, gray-eyed, clear-skinned. She never looked at him without remembering how Wallace Bain had spoken and acted and smiled, and, if anything, she loved him more for that very reason. William was good, open minded and free hearted. To him all womankind was his mother. But he was too young for youth to appeal to him. Tennis playing, wholesome, frank spoken Lucy Prentice was too much his comrade still for him to consider her his sweetheart. There was not enough romance and sentiment for him in a love affair with Lucy. But Eloise Van Why, with her ways and her wonderful French frocks and her ten years seniority, fascinated him. He had thrown discretion aside and was plunging to his ruin, and Mrs. Bain knew it.

So she was replying to Lucy, who had written to her a wistful, word-blind little appeal for the reason why William had been so long silent and neglectful. Had she offended him? Surely his mother could tell. And Mrs. Bain was telling gently, kindly, yet withal truthfully, as she knew she needs must tell that transparent soul, certain things which she could neither evade nor temporize with.

"She'll read between the lines, poor child, and I expect she will be heartbroken," Mrs. Bain thought. "But suspense would be harder to bear than this hint of things as they are. I can't encourage her, because I can't encourage myself, to believe that William ever will change back. He's 24, and he thinks he knows what he wants; and he has quite a lot of money of his own. Eloise Van Why intends to marry him, and so—good-by to my son! If I could show her to him as she is, the little artificial, flimsy fly-by-night! And if I could show my noble Lucy to him as she is, by way of contrast! Is there anything so helpless as a man's mother when it comes to a time like this in his life?"

Another sob—another blot. She laid down her pen to repair the damage, when the door opened and William entered. He was fresh as the morning itself and a sight to please any fond mother.

"Dearest," he said, "can you be ready to take a spin in five minutes?"

"Anywhere in particular, William?" She kept her face bent over the eraser she plied. He must not see that she had been crying.

"Why, I'm taking Eloise over to Mrs. Coventry's, where she's due for a visit. It will be lonely returning alone, and I thought perhaps you'd like to go."

"Certainly I shall, William." She slipped the unfinished letter under the blotter and hastily made ready. A warm coat and a snug little hat equipped her, for it was a strong, blowy October day.

When she emerged from her own front door the car waited with William and Eloise on the front seat. Eloise looked very pretty with her flossy fair hair curling about her faintly pink cheeks. She reached forth a small hand to "William's dear mother," inquired tenderly about her comfort and hoped she would not feel lonely back there by herself.

Little Mrs. Bain's thoughts were too active for her to feel lonely. She scarcely saw the rich scenery as it unfolded about the flying car. She could only see that fanciful little head at William's big shoulder — that skilfully draped, coiffured and hatted little head forever coquettishly on the bob as Eloise laid fresh traps with sprightly conversation and laughter. She saw something working into view with fresh jolt and with every pulling breeze. Fascinated, her eyes clung to that hairpin. She remembered stories of how one tiny bit of mortar working loose had led to the crumbling of a whole dike. Once she put out her hand to stay what she perceived was about to become a catastrophe; then she drew it back with a tight pressing of her lips together. Her whole consciousness centered upon that little uneasy wire hairpin, which so evidently had business to perform, else it would not be there. A wire hairpin in Eloise Van Why's hair was as much out of place as a horseshoe hung on a rose bush in full bloom.

Suddenly the hairpin vanished. Simultaneously came a jolt and a fierce lash of wind. Eloise's white veiled sailor hat lifted like a bird and left her head; hanging to it was a mass of fair hair. And under the hair was all too plainly revealed the reason for its being worn at all.

At Eloise's shriek William turned and saw. And as he saw Mrs. Bain sank back into the seat with a long drawn breath. In that moment she was as near death as she had ever been, for William almost lost control of the car. He plunged both feet against the brakes and they held in time to prevent them swinging over the dugway.

Eloise's hat and hair were dangling down her back. She had merely been scalped. The treacherous hairpin had been her chief safeguard against such accident.

Without a word Mrs. Bain helped the widow rearrange herself. Under her rouge Eloise was pale with discomfiture. William sat with his head turned away. He never looked at her again. At Mrs. Coventry's massive stone steps he merely lifted his hat in farewell. And all the way home he drove like a fiend, in morose silence.

While he was putting the car in the garage Mrs. Bain entered the house. She went to the blotter on the library table and, extracting her letter to Lucy, tore it into bits and flung them upon the glowing coals of the fire. She would not need to send it now. William was saved. In such cases the disgusted man always turns to the right woman. The revelation had been complete. And yet —

"I feel like a wicked, designing woman," said Mrs. Bain to herself, and her lips quivered for all their smiling.

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WHAT HAPPENED IN CRAZYQUILT LAND

THE DUPLICATE CHILDREN RETURN TO THEIR REAL SELVES

ONE day, not long after the great reception given by Mrs. Ragatag in honor of Raymond and Lucille, the duplicate children were startled by the ringing of the Crazyquilt telephone at Whispering Bill's house. The Crazyquilt housemaid answered the 'phone and announced that Raymond and Lucille's real selves were trying to get into communication with Crazyquilt Land, to tell the reflections to come back to them. The duplicate Raymond went to the telephone and found that his real self was talking at the other end of the line. The boy's real self said that one of Whispering Bill's assistant inspectors had come, unknown to Whispering Bill, to see him and the real Lucille and that the assistant had with him a Crazyquilt apparatus by which communication could be established with Crazyquilt Land.

"We want you and Lucille's reflection to come back right away," said Raymond's real self to his second self, "because when Lucille and I wash our faces and hands we can't tell whether we are clean or not, because there are no reflections of us in the mirror. So please, reflections, come back to us so that we may have reflections and also know what happened in Crazyquilt Land during your stay there."

After the telephone conversation had ended, Whispering Bill agreed that it was about time for the duplicate children to return to their real selves, and said that he would escort them back after showing them a few more sights.—

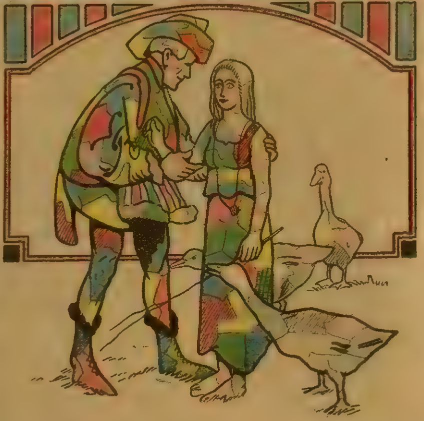
"I shall take you to see the Crazyquilt lover who was in love with Minerva, the Crazyquilt goose girl," said the inspector. "Minerva was a very poor girl who couldn't afford new patches to replace the worn-out ones she wore, and as she was too proud to accept help, she gradually faded and wore away to nothing at all. The Crazyquilt lover had been so madly in love with her that after she was gone he had a Crazyquilt statue made to resemble her, and every day the lover goes and makes love to the Crazyquilt statue, while the Crazyquilt geese waddle about him and the statue. Of course the geese think the statue is the Crazyquilt girl herself, but that is because they are silly geese."

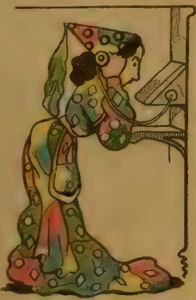
Whispering Bill then took the duplicate children to see Mr. Ragsenbones, the Crazyquilt minstrel, who suggested that the entire party go to see the little Crazyquilt bubble blower blowing Crazyquilt bubbles.

The bubble blower was seated on a Crazyquilt tree stump and each bubble she blew was in patchwork. Mr. Ragsenbones stuck his finger in one bubble and it burst into a shower of colored patches.

"Don't do that, Mr. Ragsenbones," cautioned the little bubble blower. "These are bright thoughts I'm blowing for Crazyquilt folks. You ought to be saving them instead of destroying them." Mr. Ragsenbones took the hint and did not stick his finger in any more bubbles.

"You have seen the Crazyquilt sculptor, the Crazyquilt hunter and many other of our queer inhabitants, but before you go I want you to see the Crazyquilt painter," said Whispering Bill to the children.

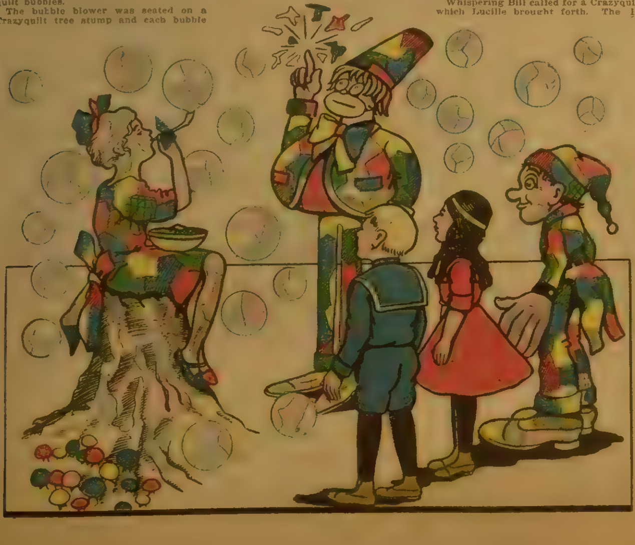


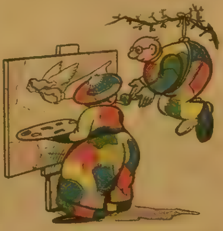


And a trip to see the Crazyquilt painter was well worth while, thought the duplicate children after they saw him. There he was painting angels while a Crazyquilt model posed for him, dangling from a Crazyquilt tree trying to look like an angel. The children laughed uproariously at the sight, but the painter went right on painting without noticing them.

Whispering Bill took the children to his home, hitched up the Crazyquilt elephant which accompanied them to Crazyquilt Land, and the party set out on their journey back to Raymond and Lucille's real selves. The real children were delighted to see their reflections again, and after the reflections had told all about their wonderful experiences handed them a small bottle of reducing oil from which to drink, so that they no longer would be larger or older than their real selves. The duplicate children stepped into the mirror, the Crazyquilt inspector uttered a few magic words and the duplicates, from that time on, were reflections and nothing else.

Whispering Bill called for a Crazyquilt, which Lucille brought forth. The inspector led the Crazyquilt elephant under the quilt and almost immediately they disappeared from view, never to be seen again by the real Raymond and Lucille.





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A Complete Set.

A 5-YEAR-OLD boy went with his mother to make a call. The lady of the house, who is fond of children, told him she meant to ask his mother to let her have him.

"Don't you think your mother would let me buy you?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," answered the little fellow; "you haven't got enough money."

"How much would it take?" she continued.

"Five hundred dollars," said the boy, promptly, as if that would settle the matter once for all.

"Oh, well, then," said the lady. "I think I can manage it. If I can, will you come and stay with me?"

"No, ma'am," he said, with decision. "Mamma wouldn't sell me, anyhow. There are five of us, and mamma would not like to break the set."

* * *

SPEAKING OF EGGS.

Little Genevieve lived with her grandmother out on the desert on a homestead, [illegible] company was a rare thing. When [illegible] did come she was almost over[illegible] with joy.

Sometimes an automobile load would stop to rest on their way thru the [illegible]. One day a beautiful br[illegible] lady stopped for a while. Genevieve and she were having an interesting time together.

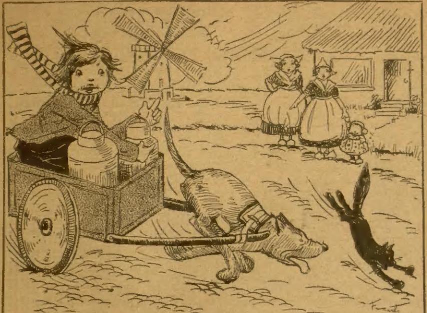
Finally Genevieve said, "You have pretty eyes."

"Have I?" said the lady. "Thank you."

"Yes," said Genevieve, "the yolks of them are brown just like mine."

YAN'S DISASTER

A Story for Children



The Cart Rocked, the Milk Cans Rattled.

YAN VAN ZAAN had a remarkable dislike for cats—a dislike that was hard to explain; for no gentle, purring pussy had ever laid a claw on him; nor had an ill-humored cat ever edged up to him with her back humped and her tail set, as if to say, "Get away from here, you ugly Dutchman, or I'll scratch your eyes out!"

More than that, Yan had a knowing and cunning Welsh cat, without any tail, poor thing, that was his greatest pet. Indeed, there was no reason, either good or bad, why the boy should be such an enemy to all cats except just this one pet.

And, of course, every cat in the neighborhood knew him—him and his dog Baar. How could it be otherwise? The boy and dog were nearly always together, and wherever they saw a cat Yan would at once shout, "Sic 'er, Baar, sic, sic!"

But Yan's particular dislike was black cats. After these the chase was always hottest. If possible, there must be a fight. Baar soon learned to know that he must never show any mercy to a black cat.

Now in quaint Holland, where Yan lived, one may often see boys, and even men, riding thru the streets on small carts drawn by a team of dogs. These are the milk peddlers, and Yan's father was one of them. Many a time had the boy gone along on the route, running by the side of the cart or behind it. When he was 10 years old he told his father that he felt able to run the milk cart himself.

"Wait a while, Yan, my boy," said Meester Van Zaan. "It is quite a task, but you are growing so rapidly that it will not be long until you are able to do it."

Yan was impatient. "Let me try today, father," he would say.

Father always said no, but Yan always kept asking. One morning, when Meester Van Zaan was not feeling well, he called his son and said:

"Yan, my son, I wish you were a little older so that I could stay at home today."

"Oh, please, father, let me try! I know every place where you stop to leave milk. I can do it perfectly. Now is just the time. Please say I can."

Meester Van Zaan was half disposed to let the boy try it, until he remembered how hard the big dog Leo sometimes was to control. Yan said quickly: "Let me put Baar in Leo's place. Baar and I understand each other. He will obey me."

Yan finally gained permission to try it. His little Dutch bosom was filled with pride as the cans of milk were loaded upon the cart, and he gave the dog the word to go. He trotted off handsomely.

Two, three, four calls were made, as carefully and as properly as if Meester Van Zaan himself had been on the cart. Yan was again upon the seat bound for the next call, when a black cat ran out of an alley.

"Wow! Wow! Wow!" yelped Baar. Instead of shouting "Sic em!" as usual, Yan shouted "Whoa!"

But Baar could not be taught a new trick so easily, nor could he so soon forget an old one. He fairly flew.

Baar barked. Yan halloed, "Whoa! Whoa!" The cart rocked, the milk cans rattled, women who saw the mad chase threw up their hands, expecting every moment to see the cart wrecked. Ahead, in the street, ran the black cat.

Before long the wheel struck some sort of an obstacle. It is a sorrowful tale now, but Yan and all his milk were spilled upon the ground. Humbly he confessed to his father that he had been too confident, and he declared he would not ask again for a whole year.

And Yan made up his mind that before the year passed he would break Baar of the habit he had somehow formed of chasing black cats.

The Gray Lady

Billy and Minnie had their beds in the sleeping porch and they loved to sit and watch the last rays of the sun go down, for they went to bed very early, having an early supper before father came home. Father would come up and play with them a while before he began to dress for dinner and then he would kiss them good night, always saying, "Now, shut your peepers and go to sleep."

Then Billy would say, "Now, watch; here comes the gray lady," and softly, softly what would look like a gray shadow to most little boys and girls, but what looked like a gray lady to Billy and Minnie, would steal across the corner of the porch. Slowly she would move onward. First she would stop at the little table where the pitcher of water stood, and then she would throw her gray veil over it. Then she would creep ever so softly, ever so softly, past the hanger where the coats hung, and while she threw her gray veil over them the shivers would run down the back of Billy and goose flesh would come out on the back of Minnie and run up and down deliciously, for the coats would turn into great giants and it was hard to believe that they were not threatening the children.

Then there would be a long time during which a band of sunshine would fall across the beds of the children and the gray lady would stand in her corner. Then, when they had almost despaired she would move towards them, slowly, slowly, softly, softly, throwing out her gray veil, and presently she would be at the foot of the bed and Billy would say, "Where are you, Minnie?" and she would say, "Here I am, close to the gray lady;" and then Billy would lie quiet, oh, so quiet, and the gray lady would come nearer and nearer, and then she would fold her veil about them and they would lie smiling all the night. Then, in the early morning, the gray lady who had watched all night would steal away from the beds, past the coat hanger and out of the window, and the rosy dawn would come in and wake them.

STORY OF A DAY.

The following extracts are taken from the "Diary of Snoops, a Puppy," which appeared in St. Nicholas. That animal seems to have been named suitably, as you will see from the story which follows:

4:30 a. m.—Ow-e-e. I'm sleepy. I've been awake all night barking at the noises. I've a nice bark, and nearly always scare the noises away—burglars, too.

4:45 a. m.—Heard some noises and sent out the best bark yet. A very strange thing happened while I was scaring the noise. An upstairs window in the next house opened and deep mumblings came forth. Then a large stick, with an interesting knob on it, landed near me. I suppose they thought it was a bone.

8 a. m.—My mistress brought out some bread and a strange bottle. With some curiosity I approached the bottle and caressed it. It returned my caress whole-heartedly. I was soaked with a fluid called milk.

9:45 a. m.—My mistress' aunt came out to pick roses while I was playing with the ground the gardener had just watered. To show her my love I jumped on her with all my paws. I must have been too vigorous, and hurt her—or something, 'cause I got an awful spanking. I was only being pleasant, too! When she left I noticed some large dark polkadots on her white skirt that I hadn't seen before. Strange!—I wonder if my eyesight is failing.

11 a. m.—I have been playing with some begonia plants. They were very stiff at first, but gradually grew more cordial and limber. Now they all seem to be sleeping in a very relaxed manner.

12:30 p. m.—I have just finished my lunch. When my mistress brought it out and was going to give it to me she saw my lazy friends, the begonias. I never knew she could be so cross. She made me very unhappy. I pawed at her feet, craving forgiveness — when r-r-r-i-p!—"You terrible puppy! You've torn my stocking." She scolded me hard, fed me and disappeared.

5 p. m.—Have had a much needed sleep. I am ready to bark at all noises, so that they won't disturb my mistress' sleep.

THE BLACKSMITH.

Robert looked sadly at the broken foot of his toy horse.

"You'll have to take it to the blacksmith's to be mended," laughed Uncle Jack, as he went out the door.

Robert's face clouded. "The blacksmith's so cross," he muttered to himself. "I'm afraid to ask him to mend Don."

He looked at the horse's broken foot for a moment, then he decided. Taking Don under his arm, he started for the blacksmith's shop.

On the way he stopped next door to tell his friend, Brenda Wood.

"But," Brenda's eyes opened wide, "aren't you afraid? You know how cross the blacksmith was and how he told the boys to keep away from his shop."

"I know," said Robert; "but isn't he the only one who can mend horses?"

Brenda had to admit this. "I'd like to take Black Beauty to him," she added; "his mane is coming off something dreadful." She patted the big toy horse beside her on the piazza.

"Maybe if we're polite he'll mend them," suggested Robert.

The blacksmith, bending over his anvil, looked up surprised at the two children who peeped timidly in at his door. Then he saw the horses. He smiled. "What can I do for you?" he asked kindly.

"We thought," explained Robert, in his politest tone, "that you could mend them for us."

"Why, of course," laughed the blacksmith, good-naturedly. He went to the shelf and took from it a bottle. Deftly and quickly he glued Don's foot so that it looked as if it never had been broken, then he mended Black Beauty's mane so securely that Brenda was sure it never would come off again.

"He was just as nice and kind as he could be; not a bit cross," said Brenda.

"No," answered Robert. "I believe it was because we were nice to him. Mother says if you're kind and polite to people, they'll be kind and polite to you."

"I think that's so," agreed Brenda.

DISCOVERED.

A little girl, about 6 years of age, generally got the name of Red Riding Hood in the village where she lived, because she wore a scarlet cloak with a hood of the same color on her head.

One day, when she had this cloak and hood on, her mother sent her on an errand to a neighboring grocer.

The shopkeeper, thinking to tease her, told her he wanted to ask her a question, and that if she answered him correctly she would receive a sixpence.

"Now, Red Riding Hood," he said, "where's the wolf?"

"At the other end of the counter, sir," came the reply.

She got the sixpence.

ANT-HILLS.

I've learned to be quite careful
  When I go out to play,
And not step on the ant-hills
  I pass along the way,
Because they're roofs of houses
  The ants make underground,
And if I should step on one
  'Twould flatten down the mound.
Ants are such patient workers,
  'Twould be a shame, you see,
That they should build them over
  Just on account of me.

The Big Item.

"Does it take much money to send a boy to college?" asked the Boob.

"No," replied the Cheerful Idiot. "It's keeping him there that takes the coin."

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For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

Abbreviations of Crochet Stitches

ch st—Chain stitch.
si cr—Single crochet.
do cr—Double crochet.
tr cr—Treble crochet.
do tr cr—Double treble crochet.
p—Picot.
sp—Space.
gr—Group.
*—Sign of repetition.

Ch st, make a loop over hook, thread over hook, pull second loop thru first loop, repeat for the length required.

Si cr, make a length of ch sts, skip 1 ch st, insert hook into 2nd ch st, thread over hook, draw thru the ch st, making 2 loops on hook, thread over hook, thru both loops.

Do cr, make a length of ch sts, thread over hook, skip 3 ch sts, insert hook into 4th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

Tr cr, make length of ch sts, thread over hook twice, skip 4 sts, insert hook into 5th ch st, draw thread thru ch st, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru 2 loops, thread over hook, thru the 2 remaining loops.

P, make 5 ch sts, catch back into 4th ch st, from the hook, pull loop thru.

Sp, 1 d c, 2 ch sts, skip 2 sts, forms 1 sp.

Gr, 1 d c into each st for 4 sts together form 1 gr.

A Doily of Tatting and Braid

BY ELIZABETH BERNE.

THIS dainty doily is very attractive and can be made separately or in sets. Tatting is one of the most fascinating of summer's work. It has never been as popular as it is today. The greatest advantage of tatting over other handiwork is that once the shuttle is threaded it is always ready for work and can be carried in one's handbag or pocket. For pick-up work at any moment it is handy, and one can ply her shuttle and continue conversation without interfering one with the other. Therefore it is a sociable occupation. Every woman who tats will tell you that it is a restful pleasure to her, and for this reason it is recommended as a cure for many nervous persons.

One bolt of coronation braid and one ball of No. 50 mercerized cotton will make several doilies. Twenty-four large portions of braid are required for each doily.

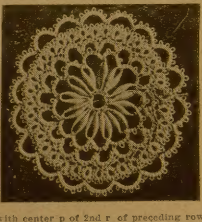
Fasten the thread over small portion of the braid, r, * 1 ds, over the small portion of braid and r, make 1 d s, repeat *, skip one small portion of braid and continue until all the braid is fastened, close r, fasten and break thread. With needle and thread sew the ends of the braid together. Fasten the thread to the opposite small portion of the braid.

First Row—* ch, ** 2 d s, 1 p, repeat ** until you have 3 p, 2 d s, 1 d s over small portion of braid, repeat *, for 12 loops, join to the first loop.

Second Row—* ch, ** 2 d s, 1 p, repeat ** until you have 3 p, 2 d s, catch into 1st p of preceding row, repeat *, skip 1 p, repeat, making 18 loops for this row.

Third Row—* r, 2 d s, ** 1 p, 1 d s, repeat ** until you have 7 p, 2 d s, close, bring thread thru next p, repeat * connecting by the first 2 p, with corresponding p of 1st r, continue for this r; for the next r connect the 3rd and 4th p of preceding row and continue the small r for this row.

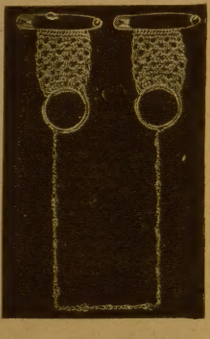
Fourth Row—* ch, 2 d s, 1 p, repeat until you have 5 p, 2 d s, ch, connect with center p of 2nd r of preceding row, repeat * for this row, connect and break thread.



To enlarge this doily use 2nd, 3rd and 4th rows, twice or three times. For a larger doily use 4 or 7 of these doilies, connecting them on the 4th row. For the centerpiece use a round center of linen hemmed. Connect the small doilies by 3 p, until you have the length required, then sew to the linen. On a polished table the set is very handsome and can be used without a tablecloth.

A Hanger for Your Dress Skirt

A DRESS skirt hanger will make an inexpensive gift if you are handy with a crochet hook, or it will make a rapid selling novelty for the church fair. All ladies' societies are constantly on the lookout for these dainty little gifts. The prettiest of these skirt hangers are made of knitting silk, but the colored mercerized crochet cottons can be substituted at less than half the price of the silk. The other materials required are two large safety pins and two one-inch wide steel rings, both of which are inexpensive. Make 18 si cr, or enough to make 1¼ inches wide, using the top of the safety pin as foundation, 1 ch st, turn, 1 si cr into each st, 3 ch sts, turn, skip 1 st, * 3 do cr, 1 ch st, skip 1 st, repeat * 3 ch sts, turn, * 3 do cr, over ch, 1 ch st, repeat * for 1⅝ inches, then crochet over ring, making 1 si cr into each st, continue making si cr to fill the ring, break thread. Repeat for the remaining pin and ring. Ch, connecting rings, * 5 ch sts, 2 do cr, back into 3rd ch st, leaving 1 st of each on hook, once over thru all sts, repeat * for 10 inches, join to first ring. One spool of thread will make many sets of these useful hangers or every crochet worker finds she has many small lengths of threads left from other work, which she can utilize in this manner.



NEEDLEWORK NOTES.

Warm little night slippers for baby can be made out of bathrobe material.

In some materials it is better to make the buttonholes with a crochet needle and fine thread.

In one corner of a dainty handkerchief is appliqued a small closely crocheted wheel, made of thread. This circle is fastened to the handkerchief all around except for an opening large enough to admit a quarter. A tiny embroidered button and loop fasten the medallion after the coin is inserted and hold it quite snugly. The handkerchief is to be used when one does not wish to carry a purse, but may have need of carfare or telephone nickels

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Good housekeeping these days is the result of system.

Keep talcum powder in the sewing room to use on the hands if they become sticky.

Mix bluing with hot water before adding it to the rinsing water and the clothes will not streak.

Soak new brooms in strong, hot salt water before using, this toughens the bristles and makes the broom last longer.

Egg stains on table linen should be soaked in cold water before being sent to the laundry. The stains come out quite easily if treated in this way; but hot water "sets" them, and makes them difficult to remove.

FASHION NOTES.

Hudson seal and velvet are beautiful combined.

Black velvet skirts are worn with spangled and embroidered blouses.

Brown shoes are coming in strongly, because of the military trend.

The Mandarin sleeve was strongly fea- satin, duvetyne, ratine, and so on, are all suitable materials for wraps this winter; in fact, one can use up the material which first comes to hand and the trimmings can be arranged from a last season's wrap.

In spite of the fact that nose veils were rather run to the ground a season or so ago, many smart women still prefer this type of veil, that terminates jauntily just below the nose, and the shops are showing an unusually attractive supply of them.

A great many women now wear bloomers in preference to petticoats—so says one shopkeeper who ought to know. If milady prefers the bloomers she may have them in crepe de chine in light colors or black satin if she wishes something more practical.

There is a definite suggestion of Empire evening gowns in the present styles. These costumes are not the Empire as we have known it and as we have abused it. It is the actual Empire of the Napoleonic days. The skirt is gathered to the band that outlines the decolletage. In truth, there is no bodice. Shoulder straps suggest that the top part of the figure must give some evidence of a covering, but that slight sop to tradition evidently satisfies the designer. One thing seems to be certain this year concerning the waist line. It is to be severely snubbed. It does not exist in well-dressed circles. The belt may go up or down, but it must not proclaim the fact that nature has curved in the body and divided it into two parts.

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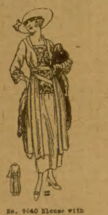
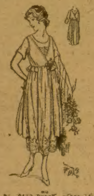
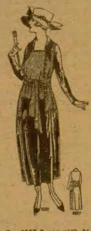


No. 9640 Blouse with Tunic. 34 to 42 bust.

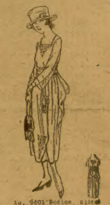
No. 9593 Two-Piece Skirt. 24 to 34 waist.



No. 9630 Dress, sizes 14 and 16 years.



No. 9587 Dress with Side Closing. 36 to 42 bust.



No. 9401 Bodice, sizes 16 and 18 years.

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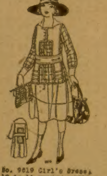
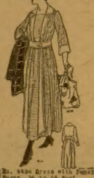
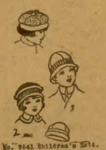


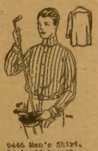
No. 9619 Girl's Dress, 10 to 14 years.



No. 9484 Dress with Panel Front. 36 to 46 bust.



No. 9641 Children's Hats. 4 to 8 years.



9446 Men's Shirt. 34 to 46 breast.

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FORDS START EASY IN COLD WEATHER if you use our new 1918 Carburetor; 34 miles per gallon guarantee; 1-3 more power. Use cheapest gasoline or half kerosene. Quickly starts cold motor, even at zero, and moves right off with full power. No spitting or popping. Slow speed on high. Fits exactly. Attach it yourself. 30 off list where no agents. Big profits selling our goods. We fit all motors. Write for 30 day trial offer and money back guarantee. The Air-Friction Carburetor Co., 548 Madison Street, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED—TOLIVER PUNCTURE-Proof Inner Tubes sell easily—our agents make $5.00 to $50.00 a day net profit—no competition. If you wish to establish a business of your own with unlimited possibilities for profit, write us for complete details. Toliver Tube & Tire Co., 135 Toliver Bldg., Denver, Colo.

SPIES BURNING BUILDINGS EVERYwhere. Enormous demands for Richmond Chemical Extinguishers. They kill gasoline or any fires. Sales managers make 500% profit. Richmond Chemical Co., Desk 202, Wheeling, W. Va.

AGENTS: SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days; profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories," home anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS—A WHIRLWIND SELLER! HARper's Fibre Broom and Ten-Use Brush Set combined. Saves broom expense—lightens housework—big profits. Write quick. Harper Brush Works, Dept. B, Fairfield, Ia.

PANTS $1.00, SUIT $3.75, MADE TO MEASure. For even a better offer than this write and ask for free samples and new styles. Knickerbocker Tailoring Co., Dept. 905, Chicago, Ill.

233% PROFIT SELLING JUBILEE SPARK Intensifiers to auto owners, garages. Banishes spark plug trouble. Sells like wildfire. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., Dept. G 3, Omaha, Neb.

AGENTS — PATENTED WASHDRAINER. fruit and vegetable sterilizer combined. Greatest household invention known. Lifts clothes all out washboiler at once. Washdrainer Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

GET DAVIS' 1918 PROSPERITY OFFER— best in 21 years—our food, soap and toilet goods cut store prices 1-3 to 1-2. Everybody buys to lower living cost. E. M. Davis, Dept. 899, 910 Lake St., Chicago.

AGENT, SEND YOUR NAME TO ANDREW B. Grodaes, Antelope, Sask., Canada. New invention. Sells to every handy workman and farmer. The woman glad to see it in the house.

AGENTS WANTED, EVERY HOME A PROSpect for our practical dish washing machine, sells on sight for $5.00, send $2.50 for sample. Dunn Mfg. Co., 180 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

WE PAY $36 A WEEK AND FURNISH RIG and expenses for men to introduce poultry and stock remedies. Imperial Co., D87, Parsons, Kans.

$9 DAILY INTRODUCING NEW WONderful invention that keeps cows from kicking or switching tail. Connell Shackle Co., Hoquiam, Wash.

START YOUR FORD WITH BEAR MANIfold Heaters in coldest weather. Price $1.50. Bear Manufacturing Co., Rock Island, Illinois.

AGENTS—$30 TO $100 A WEEK. FREE samples gold sign letters for stores and office windows. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR— Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 36 S. Main, St. Louis.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. Greatest dry goods bargains on earth. Agents and store keepers supplied.

HELP WANTED

MEN—BECOME U. S. RAILWAY MAIL clerks, $75 to $150 month. Every second week off with pay. Education unnecessary. Sample examination questions free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M30, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

BOYS AND GIRLS

BOYS AND GIRLS EARN MONEY—SELL 20 of our fast selling jewelry novelties at 10c each. You keep $1.00 and send us the other $1.00 and receive a valuable premium. Dale Manufacturing Co., 84 Weybosset St., Providence, R. I.

GUARANTEED WATCH OR GOLD PLATED bracelet free to boys and girls for placing sample packet seeds with friends. Eckert Seed Co., B-21, Cly, Pa.

MALE HELP WANTED

STOP THAT DAILY GRIND; TAKE NOSE off grindstone; be no man's slave; punch nobody's time clock; own business; I start you silvering mirrors, plating tableware; sure income; plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dept. 2, Marion, Ind.

BE A DETECTIVE; TRAVEL; BIG PAY; own boss. Experience unnecessary; write for free particulars. National Detective Institute, 600 Pontiac, St. Louis.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THORough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

BE A DETECTIVE; TRAVEL; BIG PAY; own boss. Experience unnecessary; write for free particulars. National Detective Institute, 600 Pontiac, St. Louis.

THOUSANDS GOVERNMENT WAR POSItions open. $100 month. Examinations everywhere. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M28, Rochester, N. Y.

BRAKEMEN, FIREMEN, $125-$150; RAILroads everywhere, positions guaranteed, age 18-40. Railway Association, Brooklyn, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

WANTED—A MILLION WOMEN TO JOIN "Mispah," an organization of mutual benefit to all women. Prospectus and particulars free. Representatives wanted everywhere. Mispah Society, 631 Soledad St., San Antonio, Texas.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $75.00 to $150.00 per month. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 89, Omaha, Neb.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

IF YOU WANT TO MAKE BIG, QUICK profits, investigate this. Oil company with holdings in center of biggest producing area in entire Coastal Oil Belt offers rare opportunity to secure interest on real ground floor basis. Company now drilling on property entirely surrounded by monster gusher wells that came in with initial capacity up to 35,000 barrels a day. Property already producing thousands of barrels a month. Wonderful opportunity for large or small investors; but quick action is positively necessary as present offer is limited. Send for literature; no obligation. Union Trust Company, 530 Hoffman Bldg., Houston, Texas.

$12,000 DAILY INCOME FROM INITIAL production of one well in Goose Creek Texas field. Buffalo Oil & Refining Corporation now drilling on tract 50-ft. from same well offers for limited time shares at $1.50 [par $10]; advances soon to $2.50. Write today for free prospectus. Gulf Investment Co., 451 Scanian Blg., Houston, Tex.

$1 DOES IT. MILLIONS MADE IN SOURlake oil fields. $1 monthly, ten months, gets warranty deed, may pay $200 or more monthly. Cooperative well. Full information, free maps, write today. Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 566 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

$20 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INTERest in oil well that should pay you $100 for every dollar invested; payments $2 monthly; complete information free. Address Texas-Gulf Company, 1103 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

$10 BUYS INTEREST IN OIL COMPANY that should pay you $100 for every dollar invested. Easy monthly payments. Complete information free. Wm. Davies & Company, 520 Carter Bldg., Houston, Texas.

SAVE MONEY, BUY IN CHICAGO, SAVE 20 to 60 percent. Write us what you want and we will get you wholesale price. American Buyers' Association, 1160 Transportation Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE. Small investments making millionaires. Write Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

FALSE TEETH

OLD FALSE TEETH WANTED—DON'T MATter if broken. We pay up to 15 dollars per set. Also cash for old gold, silver and broken jewelry. Check sent by return mail. Goods held 10 days for sender's approval of our offer. Mazer's Tooth Specialty, 2007 S. 5th St., Phila., Pa.

SOUTHERN FARM LANDS

DO YOU WANT A FARM WHERE LARGEST profits are made? The South's great variety of crops and wonderfully productive climate make it the most profitable farm section of America. It is the place for the lowest cost meat production and dairy farming. It grows the largest variety of forage crops. Good lands in good localities, as low as $15 to $25 an acre. Let us show you locations that will give the highest profits. M. V. Richards, Commissioner, Room 6, Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C.

WISCONSIN FARM LANDS

LANDOLOGY, A MAGAZINE GIVING THE facts in regard to the land situation. Three months' subscription free. If for a home or as an investment you are thinking of buying good farm lands, simply write me a letter and say, "Mail me Landology and all particulars free." Address Editor, Landology, Skidmore Land Co., 26 Skidmore Bldg., Marinette, Wis.

FARM LANDS

"THE OZARK REGION OF MISSOURI AND Arkansas," along the Kansas City Southern Railway, contains an accurate description of Western Arkansas and Southwestern Missouri, of the farms, crops, towns and cities, and opportunities for business in all lines of endeavor. Splendid country to live in. Write for a free copy. F. K. Woodruff, Director of Development, 610 K. C. S. Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Franklin Building, Chicago.

$100 TO $200 PROFIT WEEKLY. COMplete moving picture outfit, machine, films, etc., furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 1-A, 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

PATENTS

PATENT YOUR IDEAS. BOOKS, "HOW to Obtain a Patent," and "What to Invent," sent free. Send rough sketch for free report regarding patentability. Manufacturers constantly writing us for patents. Patents advertised for sale free. Established 20 years. Address Chandlee & Chandlee, patent attorneys, [illegible] 7th St., Washington, D. C.

YOUR IDEA WANTED. PATENT YOUR INvention. I'll help you market it. Send for 4 free books, list of patent buyers, hundreds of ideas wanted, etc. Advice free. Highest references. Patents advertised free. Richard B. Owen, Patent Lawyer, 22 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Send postal for free book. Tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly. 104 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

MISCELLANEOUS

DELICIOUS BUTTER MADE AT 7C PER pound by simple butter merging process. Instructions, 25c. Satisfaction or money returned. Norman C. Ovri, Hemet, Calif.

MUSIC

LATEST MUSIC FREE—TO EVERY BUYER of our two 1918 patriotic songs, at dime a copy, we'll give two hits free, to introduce, no fake. Knickerbocker Music Co., Dayton, Ohio.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them. Particulars for stamp. Bee Company, Kansas City, Missouri.

MEDICAL

SORE THROAT TROUBLES SOLVED BY using Hall's Sore Throat Remedy. Price 25 and 50c by mail. Hall Drug Co., Mifflinburg, Pa.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

POSTCARDS

12 COMIC POSTCARDS, 10C.; SAMPLES absolutely free. Nolen, 411 S. 11th Ave., Maywood, Ill.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

"WANTED—SEND US YOUR BARE IDEAS for photoplays, stories, etc., $50.00 to $1,000.00 for them. Experience unnecessary. Details free. Writer's Service, Dept. 10, Auburn, N. Y."

PERSONAL

TIRED OF POVERTY? IF YOU ARE TIRED of slaving for wages or salary, or the poor rewards of small business, while others around you grow rich and independent, if you have the ambition that every American ought to have and are determined not to stay poor in this land of opportunity, I want you for a partner. Plan backed by the best men and women. Not space enough here to tell about it. Don't pass this by, it may change your life for the better. Tear this advertisement out right now, this minute, send name and address and get interesting illustrated book and full information, all absolutely free. Do it right now, for this opportunity won't last. Charles V. Saunders, 310 Denham Building, Denver, Colorado.

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MEN:—SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., Box 175-BW, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY AT ONCE. WE PUT YOU IN correspondence with thousands of charming and refined ladies who wish to marry, many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward (B 520), Valley, Nebr.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MARRY AT ONCE—IF LONELY; WRITE me; and I will send you hundreds descriptions; congenial people, worth $1,000 to $350,000; wishing marriage; (Confidential); Ralph Hyde, San Francisco, Cal.

WIDOW, 30, WORTH $150,000, LONELY, anxious to marry gentleman of honorable intentions. Mrs. Warn, 2216½ Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal.

I DARE YOU ANSWER—FARMER, WORTH $80,000, lonely, will marry, for more particulars, address, Mr. Hyde, 253a Minna St., San Francisco, Calif.

FOR SPEEDY MARRIAGE, BEST, LARGEST in country. Established 12 years. Thousands wealthy, confidential descriptions free. Reliable Club, Mrs. Wrubel, Oakland, Calif.

YOUNG WIDOW, WORTH $250,000. Healthy, handsome but lonesome. Will marry honorable gentleman. Address "Mrs. C.," Box 4, San Diego, California.

LIFE READING, PHOTO POSTALS, SEcret conversation cards and lovely present, only 12c in stamps. D. Union Supply Co., Palatine, Ill.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 31, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 23, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY IF LONELY; MOST SUCCESSFUL "Home Maker;" hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; descriptions free. The Successful Club, Box 556, Oakland, Calif.

YOUNG WIDOW, BEST CHARACTER AND disposition, worth $25,000, wants kind, home-loving husband. Box 884C, Los Angeles, Cal.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL magazine published mailed free. Ladies send description, age. American Distributor, Blairsville, Pennsylvania.

JOIN THE FRIENDSHIP CLUB—RECEIVE letters, postcards, etc., from everywhere. Membership 10c. Friendship Club, Logansport, Ind.

HAVE SWEETHEARTS EVERYWHERE. Exchange postcards and letters. Membership 10c. Quality Club, Terre Haute, Indiana.

"FROM THE BALL ROOM TO HELL" mailed anywhere, 25c. J. E. Muncy, 126 E. Pleasant Ave., A. Syracuse, N. Y.

GET MARRIED. JOIN MY CLUB. MANY rich members. Information free. F. Glenn, Rivergrove, Ill.

MARRIAGE PAPER WITH NAMES, ADdresses, photos and descriptions, 25c. Box 2265 B, Boston, Mass.

WANT TO MARRY RICH? IF SO, WRITE to C. A. Rowell, Box 467, San Francisco, Calif.

FARM HAND WISHES TO MARRY LADY who owns small farm. Address Box 1391, Wapanucka, Okla.

SWEETHEARTS! RECEIVE LETTERS from lovers everywhere. Membership 10c. Copy 10c. Sarvis, Barnes City, Iowa.

MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. B. Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

GET MARRIED, BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

CURE FOR CATARRH TRIAL PACKAGE FREE

The Distress and Humiliation of Gagging, Spitting, Bad Breath and Hawking Are Quickly Cured. This Treatment Has Cured the Most Serious and Chronic Cases of Catarrh.

Send Coupon Below With Your Name and Address To-day for Free Trial Package of This Remarkable Treatment

HR-A-W-KK!

Catarrh Victims Fearfully Nauseating to Those Who Are Near Them.

The Positive Cure for Catarrh Is the Gauss Treatment. A Free Trial, to Prove It, Is Sent to All Who Write for It.

There is nothing so nauseating as to have to sit next to a gagging catarrh victim, or to talk to one of them and have whiffs of bad catarrh breath constantly blow into your face. No man or woman suffering with catarrh can avoid these things, because it is a part of the catarrh itself, though the victim may not realize or know that his very presence carries with it a certain garbage atmosphere. You can't smell your own breath, and you can seldom smell your own smell.

The constant spitting an hacking, and nose-jerking are enough to make even the members of one's own family breathe a sigh of relief when the hawker closes the door behind him. Love itself wavers, and disgust forbids the kiss. Many useless things have been given out as cures, but it remains now after the slow process of experimentation and discovery, to offer the positive, real cure, which has been born of ceaseless searching and common sense.

A Cursing Humiliation to the Victim and Source of Disgust to Others.

Thousands Praise Gauss.

This is Gauss' Combined Treatment for Catarrh. The story is told over and over again, a thousand times, of the lost birthright of health restored, of the happiness caused, of the release from a degrading pestilence and of hope and comfort and sleep returned, by the use of this wonderful, simple Gauss treatment. They tell, as nothing else can, the danger it brings, the deaths it causes, and then again there are other pictures painted in these letters of happiness and health redeemed, lost energy restored and ambition reclaimed.

Send the Coupon.

If you are a catarrh victim, don't allow yourself any longer to be avoided by your friends because of your catarrh atmosphere, to be an object of nauseous disgust among strangers, to have people you know turn their faces away from you when you talk to them, to have people move away from you and stick up their noses as you sit next to them, to have your own family hate to have you come around—all because of the catarrh odor that everywhere and always makes you an outcast.

Gauss' Combined Treatment for Catarrh stops bad catarrh breath, right off short and quick, and cures every catarrh germ in the body. If a man or woman will spend the comparatively little time and money it takes to cure catarrh by means of the sure Gauss Treatment, the little coupon at the corner of this page will be cut out and sent flying toward Marshall, Michigan, with the patient's name and address on it. By return mail will be sent the Gauss Treatment absolutely free for you to try and prove to yourself its great power. If you are a sufferer of catarrh, send coupon below to-day to C. E. Gauss, 5068 Main St., Marshall, Michigan, and get back a trial package of the treatment that positively cures catarrh.

United States Commissioner Heard From

Having been absent for some time I now take the opportunity of answering your letter. I took the treatment as nearly as I could, and would state that I am cured. It is the best catarrh medicine that I have ever taken, having tried everything that I could hear or read of; and I am thoroughly satisfied that it is the genuine remedy for catarrh, and if ever I feel the effects of this disease coming back to me I should immediately order more of your treatment. Your medicine for taking internally I think is the best I have ever used for constipation or indigestion. You are at liberty to use the contents of this letter and any reference made to me will be cheerfully answered. Edward McCaugherty, United States Commissioner, Warroad, Minn., Box 1.

Catarrh Everywhere—Even On Pike's Peak

There is no part of the land which is free from catarrh. Altitudes and latitudes have little effect in destroying this omnipresent germ. Many imagine that the climate and dry atmosphere tend to prevent catarrh. There are just as many cases in proportion to the population west as east of the Mississippi, only the disease is not as severe, because of the climatic effect upon the nerves.

Happy Together Once More, Mr. Gauss Has Cured My Catarrh.

Even on Pike's Peak, which is over 14,000 feet above the sea level, catarrh seems to attack several of the attaches of the signal station located there some years ago.

No place is exempt, no human soul is immune from catarrh. Don't imagine because you don't live by a lake or a river that you can't have catarrh, or that you have only a chronic cold when your nose has been stopped up for some time. That is usually the way catarrh starts—with a bad cold.

Better spend a few days destroying the catarrh germ right from the start than wait and putting off until you feel droppings in your throat and your nose plugged up.

The Gauss Complete Treatment will stop it and avoid for you years of future misery. Cut out the coupon below, if you have even a slight cold, or a touch of catarrh, and send it to C. E. Gauss, who will send you a free package of the wonderful Gauss Treatment so as to prove to yourself its great power.

It costs you nothing. Address coupon to C. E. Gauss, 5068 Main St., Marshall, Michigan.

C. E. GAUSS
Mankind's Benefactor

What I have done for thousands of others I will do for you. I offer you my treatment **THAT WILL CURE** catarrh free of charge.

I can do no more—the matter lies entirely with your own good judgment. Simply fill out the coupon in the lower right hand corner—MAIL IT TO-DAY, and you receive a trial package of my remedy free. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT. In a week's time you will be on the road to recovery.

Thought Wife a Consumptive

Your catarrh medicine is a wonderful medicine. My wife had it so bad everyone thought she had consumption. She used to cough all night, and could not sleep at all. One doctor gave her up. He said she would not get cured if she stayed here. I have tried all kinds of medicine and I found them no good, until I tried yours, and it acted right away. You may mention my name if you please, and they can write to me, and I will let them know how bad my wife was with catarrh. But she is a well woman once more. W. Thomas, 936 Talman Ave., Chicago, Ill.

This is what everyone says after a fair trial of the Gauss Treatment. Fill in the coupon and mail it to-day. A trial package of the only reliable catarrh remedy will be sent you free.

An Old Soldier Grateful

Mr. Gauss I have finished your treatment now, and I am completely cured. My wife says she cannot detect any of it left, and says my catarrh is gone. She ought to know, for she is a graduate nurse. I am as truly grateful to you as an old soldier can be for what your treatment has done for me, and certainly will recommend it to those whom I know are afflicted. You are certainly at liberty to use this if you want to in recommending your treatment to others.

W. B. PLUMB.

A Glimpse of The Death Roll

Catarrh in Many Cases Is the Real Death-Dealer.

Died of consumption, aged 33.
Died of acute bronchitis, aged 28.
Died of pneumonia, aged 25.
Died of cancer, aged 51.

And so on down the list. Do you find a mention of catarrh? No, because catarrh as a rule does not directly cause many deaths. "Died of pneumonia" should better be "died of pneumonia, caused by catarrh." The "caused by catarrh" is left off, what's the use? He's dead anyway. And so catarrh is looked upon as a disease of slight consequence by those who don't know. Over every catarrh sufferer, no matter whether he has been suffering a month or five years, there hanks a dark shadow which is pointing with its dark, bony finger to the silent way. Will you follow it or fight it?

Gauss' Combined Catarrh Treatment will save you and avoid for you years of future misery. Gauss Treatment permanently cures catarrh in the common-sense way. He proves it, too, with a free treatment he sends to you by return mail as soon as he receives the coupon at the bottom of this page. Cut out the coupon, fill in with your name and address and send to-day to C. E. Gauss, 5068 Main St., Marshall, Michigan.

Cure Is Certain.

You can cure that catarrh, slight or serious, once and forever by means of the only common-sense sure cure for catarrh, Gauss' Combined Treatment. We don't ask you to believe it before proving it yourself. Therefore, we send you a trial package at our own expense absolutely free to you.

It Is Not Too Late.

Cut out the coupon below, fill in your name and address, and take courage. Do it willingly and with hope. Mail it to C. E. Gauss, 5068 Main St., Marshall, Mich., and you will get by return mail a free trial package of Gauss' Catarrh Treatment to prove that it will cure you.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE COUPON

This coupon is good for a trial package of Gauss' Combined Catarrh Treatment, mailed free in plain package. Simply cut out the coupon, fill in blank lines with your name and address, and mail to-day to

C. E. GAUSS, 5068 Main St., Marshall, Mich.

Name ....

Address ....

B.W.

(Write Plainly) ....

To Boyce's Weeklies' Readers: We strongly advise you to take advantage of this exceptional offer. Send for the Free Trial Treatment and give it a trial.